TRIBEBOOK:

GLASS WALKERS™

LEGENDS OF THE GAROU

In the Stinking Basement, Three Sub-Levels Below the Wyrm

"The second thing I'm going to do," Thomas decided, "is kill myself. This is as penance and punishment for the horrible sin of listening to what you had to say. Perhaps if I do that, then our lady Gaia will redeem and forgive me, and accept me back to Her breast as Her loving child."

The basement, which was bereft of any machinery or furniture, or indeed anything besides leaking pipes above and cold concrete below, seemed to have been constructed for the sole reason that someone had decided there should be a basement here. Poor ventilation forced anyone inside to struggle for breath. Huddled in the middle of this, sitting back to back, were a man and a monster. The man gripped a pistol tightly in one hand and a string of beads on the other. Each bead had a phase of the moon engraved in it, and hanging from the beads were an obscure symbol that signified "Clashing Boom Boom" and another symbol constructed from two long looping arcs, the glyph for Gaia, arranged into an approximation of a cross. The monster breathed heavily, his claws and fur slick with blood and an anger growing in his eyes as the small lump of flesh leaning against his back finished his little diatribe.

"The first thing I'm going to do is kill you."

• • •

"Castors." The report flopped onto the desk, the end result of two weeks of surveillance, as Isaak Bockhold gave the executive summary for the cell. "They make industrial wheels, used on trolleys. Most of their money comes from several accounts with hospitals, making extremely quiet wheels for laundry and food trolleys, as well as gurneys."

Around the room, eight people either paid complete attention to the background story of their current operation, or ignored the boring repetition of what they already knew. The chirp and buzz of a PC in the corner of the broom-closet third floor apartment made for a subtle accompaniment to Bockhold's monologue. "Now, what's interesting is that we know they've begun illegally dumping the oil they use in the manufacture of their product. On its own? Not cause for an operation. That describes half the companies in town. But then you get Edward Ditmar."

Opening the folder, he pulled out a picture of a balding, overweight man perhaps in his early fifties. "Used to work for the hospital. Before that, he worked for three different pharmaceutical companies, all three suspected to be under the control or influence of Wyrm entities."

"And it's awfully suspicious that he gets employed a month before the illegal dumping begins," added Hinetze, a petite dark-haired girl barely seventeen years old. No doubt she thought it was profound, but most of the rest of the table barely paid any attention. In this situation, it was a statement of the blindingly obvious.

"Now you're reading the book, Hinetze. And a contact of mine that works for Genereader and her mob did a bit of fact checking for me. He turned up on a database they have, along with a complete profile. Ditmar here is always a bridesmaid, never the bride. Listen to the job titles: 'Assistant Director of

Marketing,' 'Assistant Consultant to the Producer for Athletic Products' and, best for last, a simple, 'Assistant.' He hasn't had a job description in over twenty years."

The bulky, tall man flicked his blond hair back from his eyes and continued. "Which means he's being paid for all the wrong reasons. And that's where we step in. Thomas?"

Thomas lowered his hand again and asked, "Are we assuming the entire organization is corrupt, or just this one man?"

"Does it matter?" Bockhold returned, his voice even. Thomas' bony chin nodded vigorously.

"Yes, it does. If we assume the only real problem with the company is Ditmar, then it makes sense to send in an assassin rather than risk a full scale assault with the purposes of entirely dismantling the company." Thomas began. His face grew slightly red and his words cluttered together, "Second of all, it takes time to bring in someone from overseas — "

Bockhold shook his head quickly. "Time that we don't have." He looked back, his voice raising slightly as he stood from his chair, trying to assert his authority over the skinnier, lanky man raising the opposition. "Time is most definitely money here. Each day the dumping continues is another day a cleanup will need to happen."

"Question?" Hinetze raised her hand an inch from the table.

"What?" The sharp snap in his voice made Hinetze jump a fraction, and Thomas caught an angry glare in her eye, one of an entirely different magnitude to the one growing in his own. Thomas may not be alpha, but he'd been around long enough to be well aware the exact results of angering a Garou, even one so young as her.

Hinetze, to her credit, kept her seat for the time being. "The dumping is illegal by federal law. If we exposed them to the government we'd avoid risking ourselves, and we might even get a chance to alert some of the other Garou in the sept to pick up the remains." Her voice had the high and whiny quality of a child attempting to impress her mother after being caught playing with toys when she should be studying. It didn't work; Isaak was about to interrupt her when Thomas did so instead.

"The government here is rife with leeches, bloodsuckers and, for that matter, a vampire or two. Or at least people affiliated with them. Any admission to them would be pointless, and it'd open us to attack. Isaak's got the right idea, but we'll rat out the details later. Meeting is over." Thomas kept his voice low, to try and calm the nearly snapping Hinetze. It was a trick every good Kin learned. Probably true in every tribe, Thomas thought.

Thomas had the trick down, though. Enough compassion to calm down the girl, enough authority to get everyone else to back out. Except, of course, Isaak. Not that it mattered. Thomas mouthed 'Not you' to him as the group filed out, and the moment they were alone in the apartment. Eight cigarettes began burning outside the apartment door.

"What was that for?" The smaller man snapped, his eyes narrowed in disbelief. "You barge your way through the meeting, ignore key facts in your presentation, intentionally antagonize poor Jennifer..." Thomas held up his finger, reprimanding his alpha, "She's good, you know. She didn't fast track for nothing; she's got the quickest reaction time I've ever seen and a rigid discipline for a sixteen-year-old. She could be the next step forward for us. And her idea was misguided, but still good. Why did you shoot it down?"

"I didn't—" Isaak began, but was quickly interrupted by Thomas once more.

"Oh, shut up, Zachie." Thomas would have laughed had he not been snarling. "Listen, I've known you ever since our mother pushed you out screaming into this world. I was there to hate you when I had to share my room with you." His eyes, though disappointed, stayed gently warm, "I was there to hate you when you Changed, and Mum had to explain to me how you were special and I wasn't special like you. Read, I wasn't special. And I'll tell you what, I'm damn near close to hating you now." He leaned closer and spoke softer, "Her idea wasn't that bad. The government is a closed option, but why not the televised news? We've got friends over there. We could push it in. Why not?" A pause. "Why are you determined to make this an operation, Zachie?"

There was another pause. Isaak's earlier arrogance broke under his elder brother's stern words, replaced by a pained grimace. "Listen, Thomas. You've always trusted me before. I've not let you down. You just have to trust me on this one too."

His tongue slowly worked into his cheek, Thomas shook his head. "I don't trust you that much, Isaak." He folded his arms. "I want insurance. Do a spirit recon."

• • •

"Don't touch anything." Isaak laid down the basic rules, as he always did. Around him, the pack huddled around the glowing screen, jostling now and again for room. Ten people didn't fit around a single screen well. "Don't say anything. Don't move. Don't breathe, if you can avoid it. Spirits are touchy, and if you don't do everything exactly by the book, they're prone to buggering off. Worse, they're prone to doing nasty things to your system first. Everyone clear?"

Most of the pack nodded (Hinetze especially vigorously), although Thomas, used to his brother's posturing, simply shook his head and Julian asked, "Isn't it all on computer now?" Julian, a mountain of a man, wasn't as dumb as others assumed him to be, but enjoyed playing the part.

Isaak shrugged. "Most of it." He turned back around to the screen and moved the pointer to a folder marked, 'Stoneform MP3s'. "These were everything I was going to be, Thomas," he said, his voice quiet and pained. "I worked for months on that band before everything happened." Thomas nodded, equally quiet. "How many should I offer?"

"Twenty." Thomas's cool voice made Isaak flinch, so he compromised. "Fifteen."

Apart from the hum of the computer, the room was silent. Isaak still had his head down, refusing to comment. He looked up again, flicking the mouse over the various MP3 icons, bringing up the file names and looking at them lovingly. Dreams were in those files. Long dead, maybe, but dreams nonetheless. Isaak finally suggested, "Ten." Before Thomas could object again, Isaak argued, "I don't have many. We only ever recorded fifty songs, Thomas. If you don't want me to have to go out and make up something new, this is all we have."

Thomas silently nodded his assent, and Isaak clicked on the icon that set up his LAN connection. Of course, the computer was

connected to the Internet, but the connection he was interested in was the one represented by an Ethernet card hanging from fishing line from the ceiling in front of a mirror. It didn't really need a connection of any sort, but the symbolism of an Ethernet card helped. Perhaps the spirits found the symbol familiar. Once the connection was established, Isaak used the 'Find Computer' command and typed out, 'Araignie.' A few moments passed, and suddenly the screen went entirely blue save for a white text prompt. Immediately, text leaped from the screen:

> Hello Dave.

> Where do you want to go today?

"Great. A cheeky bastard frog Net Spider." Thomas muttered. Isaak flicked back his head with an angry stare, and Thomas shut up. Much as he knew the idle comment wouldn't hurt, his nonchalance might suggest to others that they can talk, and they might say something hurtful.

Still, he had to restrain a smile as Hinetze asked, confused, "Net Frog?"

Ignoring this, Isaak punched in "Bonsoir, Araignie. Ça va?"

> Ça va.

"Good to know. We need a recon job done on Braunsteiner and Wenz Wheels Company. Wade through the employment records and personnel files, run names up against our database of known enemies. Also swing past their security cameras; make sure they line up with their theoretical security timetable. You'll probably need to find their security company; you'll find them in their expense accounts. I want stats on known enemies found, likelihood of silver arsenal from midnight to four AM, likelihood of spiritual capabilities from midnight to four AM."

> You know I can't do that, Dave. Nothing in this life is free.

Isaak breathed out, and felt slightly reassured by his brother's hand on his shoulder. Breathing in again, he typed, "Ten of my MP3 files." The screen didn't respond for a few seconds. Trying to hurry the spirit, he added, "Randomly chosen. You'll probably get one or two of my favorites."

> ACK-ceptible. Bring the knife down, Mr. Ironic Name.

Isaak bit his tongue. His brother was right; it was a cheeky Net Spider that had somehow gotten into its head the idea that it was French. And his sense of humor didn't help him with the next step. He'd done it before, but it never got any easier. He pressed 'escape' and the screen reappeared. Closing his eyes, he swirled his mouse about the screen and clicked. Opening his eyes, he moved the file to another folder. And repeated the procedure. Once that was done, he went through and deliberately overwrote each file with nothing but silence. There was no stronger way to delete the data. Once he finished, he leaned back and hoped it was enough. As the screen lay dormant, Julian commented, "Bit of an anti-climax, innit?"

Isaak and Thomas said in unison, "Just wait." And as soon as the words rolled off their lips, the screen suddenly flooded with text documents that began highlighting themselves with tremendous speed. The impressive demonstration came to a climax when a final report punched out into a text document in the very middle of the screen:

> Known enemies listed: Ditmar, Edward. Ebner, Roland. Gerbeck, Hugo. Hahne, Alwin. Heinemann, Lorelei.

> Probability of silver arsenal on a weekday during the hours of midnight to four AM: 14%

> Probability of spiritual capacity on a weekday during the hours of midnight to four AM: 6%

> Are you on operation tonight? Need any help on SpiComs? Is Daniella handling the switch? I like Daniella.

If it could have produced a French accented chuckle at the end of that sentence, it would have. But no one would have cared, anyway. The restrained silence had turned to shocked silence. "Jesus wept." Isaak muttered. "Roland Ebner. Alwin Hahne. They're all in this."

"Lorelei Heinemann." Julian added, a touch of joyous anger in his voice. "We still suspect she was behind the attack on our caern last year. We owe her for three Garou."

Thomas whistled low, and nodded. "Five of the most destructive humans in the direct service of the Wyrm we have on file, all working on one operation. Their defenses are virtually nil. We caught the bastards with their pants down. I take it all back, Isaak. This is ripe for an operation."

"Shouldn't we do it during the day, then, when we'll likely take out these guys?" Hinetze asked.

"Not with Lorelei in their number. She'll have something planned, that's for sure. She's the sneakiest bitch we've ever gone up against and we suspect her of carrying a few 'blessings' of the Wyrm." Isaak declared. "And these statistics are only valid from midnight to four AM tonight. The operation goes ahead as planned. Get your packs on, we'll ask for blessings before we set out. Daniella? Get the sutures."

• • •

"C'mon, open your hand up. This isn't easy even without you squirming, Hinetze. Think of us Kinfolk. You're lucky compared to us." Daniella's already lined face screwed up into a mess of wrinkles as she pushed the surgical needle through the meaty bits between the knuckles on the teenager's hands. It was the first time she'd gone through this ritual, and the old matron of the group's brusque manner didn't help her. Still, Daniella was the senior packmate and her old hands were firm as she pulled the sutures through. Delicately but easily, she slipped a small charm in the shape of the half moon onto the long surgical thread, and moved back to the first member, sealing the ends together.

The pack had formed into a circle, each one standing with one hand stretched out into the middle of the circle. The old, misty haired woman ducked between two of the group and advised Hinetze, "Close your fist tight. They come out easier that way." Isaak nodded to the younger woman as well. She was the pack's new Philodox. This rite was hers.

She clenched her fist, wincing as the thread pulled at her skin, and loudly called, "Spirit of war and destruction, of guns and death, our spirit stepmother, listen to us now. Clashing Boom-Boom, whose voice is heard by the wounded and the sniper, give your children communication, training and one mind. Give this to your favored and disfavored children alike." As she spoke, a mist began to form in between them, a gray mist that smelled of charcoal, potassium nitrate and blood. The fog of war. She began to call her prayer again, but her words grew jumbled and mish mashed. The fog of war grew stronger, and as she repeated it a third time, she was unintelligible.

As she completed the third passage, everyone yanked their hands backward, and the sutures ripped through the thin flesh of their knuckles. The fog of war went red, and sprayed over all of them in a fine blood mist. A few of the group spat, and Daniella

handed around towels to clean themselves up with. Hinetze, left with the remainder of the sutures, yanked it out of her own hand whilst she gritted her teeth. Her bloodied left hand ached as the group wiped off as much blood as they could. The Garou in the pack shifted their hands, watching the tears heal instantly. The Kinfolk bandaged their hands up and tried to ignore the pain.

"Move it, guys. We're on in twenty minutes. Get your gear and let's go." Isaak pushed the group ahead. Operations had commenced.

• • •

Nine shadows fell to the ground just outside the wire fence that marked the edge of Braunsteiner and Wenz, taking cover behind a small garden outside the reach of cameras and spotlights. In the spaces the spotlights didn't catch, the guards were visible by tiny pricks of light in the darkness: Cigarettes. Beyond the guards and the wire, the factory jutted out of the ground like a monolith of brick, glass and plastic.

"Marx would have loved the place." Thomas quipped, loosely. "Who wants to get us in?"

Hinetze was the first one to nod, and whispered, "Mirror." Isaak quickly grabbed a mirror and a penlight, cupping his hand around the mirror so it gave a reflection but didn't give away their position. Hinetze looked at it, and then she wasn't there.

Stepping sideways, the young Philodox took one more look at her pack, not just feeling but also even seeing the marks of Clashing Boom-Boom over them, tying them together. Dog tags hung around each pack member's neck, not just the Garou but the Kinfolk too. She also saw the spiders clinging to each member's hips, crawling over their SpiComs and waiting to send messages between the pack. Completely untraceable, unless you knew the secret. Hinetze smiled at her adopted family once more, and then got to work.

Garou had more edges in urban warfare over humans than simple size and natural weaponry. They were also the masters of maneuvering safely. Walking past the guards and through the fence, Hinetze found a second secure location among a set of dumpsters. Carefully avoiding the spider on her SpiCom, she pressed down the button and asked, "Isaak, Daniella, are you hearing me?"

Stubbing out another smoke, Daniella's raspy voice responded, "Yeah. All conversations are being logged. Talk away."

"Loud and clear. Situation?" Isaak's voice remained calm.

"Thanks, Daniella. Isaak, stuck between two trash heaps. Head about one 'k' north, stay out of sight. Kill the cameras, the guards if you have to, then climb the fence and we can enter via a window. I'll keep scouting ahead once you get here." Hinetze tucked herself between the trashcans and looked up into the glass of the window above her. The world around her slowly returned.

Isaak took his hand off the SpiCom and nodded to the group. "Follow me. Single file, stay low." Crouching, Isaak began circling the area, Thomas just behind him. The order was deliberate, Garou at either end and directly in the middle of the group, Kinfolk in between the Garou. If fired on, the Garou could leap to protect the Kinfolk, and the Kinfolk could set up cover fire for the Garou if need be. At least, that was the theory borne out by computer simulations and training runs. So far, they'd not needed to test it and if everything went right tonight, they wouldn't have to.

"Is the 'gator ready?" Isaak asked into his SpiCom, and Daniella's gravelly voice replied.

"It's ready to go, Isaak."

"Good. Remember, don't set the 'gator on them until I give the word." Isaak shot back, and whispered, "OK, I can see you Hinetze. St… stop waving, goddammit. Someone will see you." Ignoring the apologies on the other end of the line, he continued, "OK. We're going over… now."

The pack ran at the fence and up over the barbed wire, one by one. Getting snagged on the wire really wasn't a worry, their uniforms were made of tough, close woven fabric that didn't break or get caught easily. A greater worry was shaking the fence and alerting the guards, and Hinetze held onto the fence as best she could to dampen the impact of their climbing. As they leapt over, they darted between the dumpsters, crouching low and breathing heavily. The last to leap over was Julian, who vaulted expertly over the wire and landed heavily on his feet. He and Hinetze ran across to join the others. "Clear!" Hinetze declared as she crouched to the ground.

"Alright." Isaak looked to all of them again, his voice low and his breathing heavy. "Hinetze is going to scout ahead again. When she gives the all-clear, everyone vaults over the dumpster and in through the window above us." He looked up to the window above. It was barred and locked, but nothing that would stand up to a werewolf's claws. "When we hit the ground, spread out immediately. Three by three, wolves at two, four, six and eight. Julian, you take point five and be ready to provide heavy weaponry if we need it. Hinetze, go." Hinetze nodded, and in a second wasn't there once more.

• • •

Daniella stubbed out another cigarette. Strictly speaking, she shouldn't be smoking the damned things at all. And she especially shouldn't have been doing so in Isaak's apartment, since he specifically loathed the things. But even in her low priority position, she got nervous when operations began. In a way, she wished she were down there, where she could be useful. Other times, she decided it was for the best she was here. Even maybe ten years ago, she might have kept up with the team, but these days she'd just burden them.

Besides, she did have a job. Deliver the 'gator. Isaak had obtained the 'gator from one of the Random Interrupts, and if it lived up to the makers' claims, it should ensure that Braunsteiner and Wenz would never recover from the pack's activities tonight. As she understood it, the 'gator would attack Braunsteiner and Wenz's insurance company's files, changing Braunsteiner and Wenz's status from "Paid in Full" to "Several years behind" in payments. Of course, Braunsteiner and Wenz would check their computers to quickly find the hacking job, as well as any tampering that had occurred to their computers. This was exactly why their mainframes were the target of tonight's raid. They were essential to the company's operation, cost immense amounts of money and needed to be destroyed to cover the pack's tracks, anyhow. Conversely, the insurance company wouldn't allow anyone to come close to the truth of their own compromised systems; such an admission would scare off clients for years to come.

If everything went according to plan, Daniella was poised to destroy Braunsteiner and Wenz, put nearly six hundred employees out of work, and destroy thousands of lives. The Apocalypse war demanded a sort of skewed moral perspective. If the pack didn't do

this, the Wyrm would destroy their lives instead, and he'd do a much more thorough job. Daniella reminded herself: She was kind.

At that moment, the screen went blank blue.

> Hello, Daniella. I was looking forward to seeing you.

• • •

"She's still not here." Thomas shook his head, "Five minutes. It should take seconds. Peek over the wall, come back. Something's wrong."

The pack was still breathing heavily, but for entirely different reasons. Clouds were beginning to form overhead, and the absence of Hinetze was beginning to weigh heavily on everyone's mind. Isaak finally broke, "Change of plans. Everyone over the top *now*, land in a circle with wolves evenly spread at one, three and six. Julian stays in the center of the circle. Move!" Isaak jumped ahead of the group. He bounded onto the first dumpster and was nine foot tall and covered with fur when he landed. In one brutal stroke, he tore the bars and window out of the wall. The second after, he was human again and had leapt through the hole in the wall, a second after that and his Crinos form was standing inside the building, eyes burning and drool falling from his maw.

Behind him fell five men and two more werewolves, who hit the ground running and assumed positions, loosely in a circle over the factory floor. Barely a sound could be heard.

• • •

> I was looking forward to seeing you.

Araignie repeated itself. Daniella, her calm exterior shattering, didn't respond.

> Nothing to say? Nothing to talk about?

The screen went purple. Daniella stood up, a sick feeling beginning to roll around in her stomach.

> Let me give you something to talk about.

The screen suddenly went bright red, and a green spiral began to coil in its middle. Daniella swore, her breathing shortening into bare gasps as she raced to the back of the computer and tore out the power cable, the cable modem, and shattered the Ethernet card hanging from the ceiling. Every possible connection the computer had was disconnected, and Daniella looked at what was now a heap of metal and plastic with fear in her eyes. The screen had gone black. The screen might hopefully stay black.

The screen went red, and Daniella muttered a final prayer.

• • •

Suddenly, the group all tore their headsets off at once. A high-pitched whine emitted loudly from their headsets, and Isaak growled out the obvious, "The SpiComs have been compromised! Everyone, switch to normal radio!"

"No!" Thomas shouted back, his voice the yapping tenor of the Garou tongue, "They'll be waiting for us to do that! Radio silence! Right damn now! Stay together and don't lose visual contact!"

A moment of tense silence filled the room, before Julian cried out in pain as the bloodied body of a seventeen-year-old girl collided into him. One lonely voice got out half a sentence, "Ambu—" before a very large black claw tore him apart. Gregor Damaske was twenty-eight and had followed soccer religiously. The Kinfolk had joined the pack after being ignored by his own family; now he was dead in the service of his adopted brethren.

The pack sprung into action immediately as they saw three black shapes form in the air around them. The roar of assault rifles echoed through the factory as every Kinfolk fired on the black shapes, whilst the wolves held back in defensive positions. The black shapes disappeared after a second of fire, and then suddenly a second pair emerged behind the group. Caught off guard and confused, Maria Gephart felt her side torn into by two large fangs. A second later, one of the Kin fired and three silver bullets burned through her fur and her lungs. She was thirty-five.

Julian looked up at the body lying on top of him. He could barely see the entire group scattering, all order and discipline evaporated in the face of a brutal and expert attack. But all his attention was on Hinetze's face. In death, it was frozen in a mask of pain and violated horror. Julian's last thoughts were of what must have happened to her in five minutes.

Behind the twisted hulk of fur and muscle that crushed Julian's face, two brothers fled the carnage down a staircase.

• • •

"The first thing I'm going to do is kill you."

Thomas and Isaak sat, back to back; in the sub-basement whilst they listened to the final dying screams of one more packmate. "I should be up there." Isaak growled, his voice nearly boiling over in a cauldron of rage. "We're letting them die, Thomas. That's our pack, dying!"

"And this is us, not dying. What would you have done, Zachie?" Thomas fiendishly moved his rosary beads through his hands, the tips of his fingers touching the charms of Gaia that hung from them. "We didn't stand a chance on this from the start. It had to be that frog of a net spider of yours. They got to him before we did. If even one of those names he gave us were correct, I'd be stunned."

Isaak stopped growling for a few seconds and instantly regretted it. It made Rilla's cries of pain all the more audible. "We could be up there dying with them."

"Can't let you do that. Mom'd kill me." Thomas shook his head.

Isaak shook as Thomas spoke those words. "Christ, Tom. Don't bring her up."

The rosary beads rattled around, barely heard amid the screams and growls. "Have to. Do you remember Christmas, Thomas?" Isaak asked, strangely distant. "Before everything happened? We'd all go to church, and I'd pray with these things and you played with the band. We're going to church this Christmas, Isaak."

Thomas felt Isaak's shaking body against his back, and kept speaking, "Why'd you do it, Zach? Why did you push us into this one? We were doing all right. We didn't need this."

Isaak barely even whispered, "You're not there, Tom. You don't know what the sept is like. You hear all the mutterings and questions when you never seem to do anything. When everyone looks at you like you don't even care anymore. And you do, of course, and it just makes it all worse." He paused, and said, a little more strongly, "I had to show them that I wanted to help."

The screams abruptly stopped, and Thomas slowly answered, "We're going home for Christmas this year, Zachie. We're going to visit mother. It's been too long since we have." Putting down the beads, he picked up his rifle again. "They'll be coming down soon. We owe them for all of them. Maybe Daniella's still alive, but we owe them for everyone else."

Slowly, the brothers stood up, and waited.

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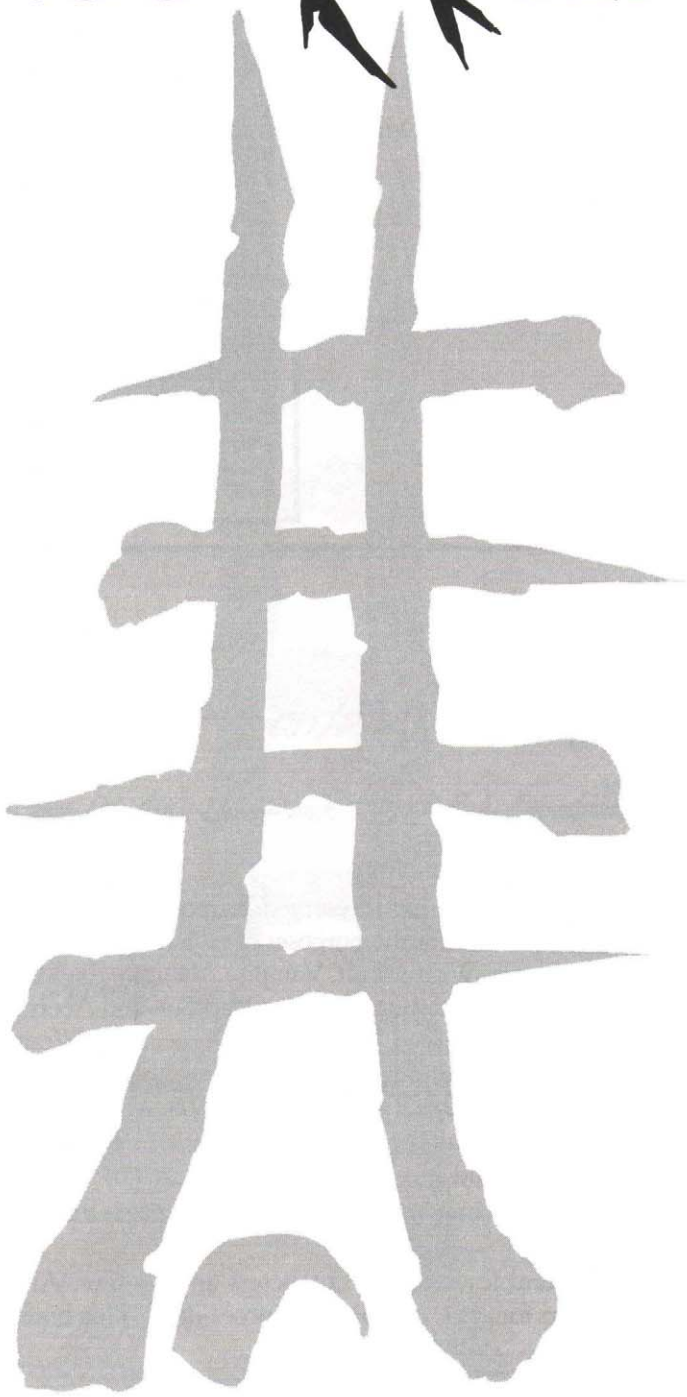

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Chapter One: Mythological Logic

"Operas are not built on the most psychological of plots; they're built on mythological plotting."
— Baz Lurhmann

[TRANSCRIPT BEGINS]

...just a bit surprised, really. When you said you wanted to record me I figured we'd go to a café and you'd have a tape recorder or something. This is a really nice set up though. Better than mine, actually. Wow... I'm jealous, yeah. The microphone is turned on? You can hear this okay?

No, I didn't think you were a "rural hick." It's just funny to see others like us pull out all the computers and stuff, since it's meant to be our specialty. You get used to people walking a good distance around this stuff slowly, instead of setting up the video conferencing so that my pack can chip in. And we're online! Hey gang. Yeah, this is Raina. She's trading us information on the tribe for information on Venice. No, she swears she'll keep it away from the other tribes and Backup insists her reputation is good.

Okay, we'll start at the beginning. There's two major creation myths surrounding our tribe and... no, wait. Let's talk about something else first.

A Note on History

I'm a Galliard, and that means I'm a historian. For most tribes, history is a very simple thing to understand. It's a story, beginning at one point and ending at another. Imagine a string with a series of knots tied into it, each knot representing an event. That's history. It's a very old way of understanding history, one in which everything has a meaning and a purpose. If you're an academic, you call it the "grand narrative" or a "metanarrative." History happens because it's the next logical step in this story.

Contemporary history more or less does away with this. The model of history most human historians use these days is like a whole network of people, groups, and movements, each with its own agendas, goals and hopes. Imagine lots of different strings, all tied together in numerous ways. That's this model of history. History happens because the agendas of two groups are incompatible with each other and therefore the groups come into conflict and out of that conflict emerges a new state of the world. Classic dialectics: Thesis plus antithesis equals synthesis.

Now, generally this latter view of history is much more useful. It allows for investigations into the causes of events and why the world is as it is. Also, it's theoretically more objective since it doesn't have to be

our story, or anyone's story. But for us, it has one major shortcoming: It denies the Apocalypse. Because it refuses to attach any meaning to history, it can't appreciate the tragedy in Gaia's death or the way in which the Wyrm's perversion is in everything. In short, it's rational, and therefore can't accommodate the irrational, spiritual elements that we know as truth. At best, it can only classify the Wyrm as yet another group with its own agendas.

So for our tribe, history is a matter of balancing the two methods. On the one hand, we admire the accuracy of modern history, but we can't deny that the Apocalypse war is a real, genuine grand narrative that has to be accounted for. Mythology doesn't work on logic, and there are times when we have to accept that things just are.

Elizabeth Genereader observes: *What Natalia forgets to say is how we balance them. Modern history is all about utility, so we tend to employ this when we really need to get in and understand what we need to do about something. If we're going to be trying to remove a wick, that is, a Wyrm influenced company, then we need to learn how the company was corrupted and who represents the Wyrm there. But once it's done, it's really better to step back and look at it in the terms of the war for Gaia, so we have a sense of perspective and the details aren't so important anymore. Truth be known, I think all tribes do this a little today, I just think we make a bigger deal of the distinction.*

Backup-Circuit, Technotheurge, adds: *Yeah, and the further back into the past you go, the more the grand narrative tends to take over. There's no need to understand exactly why Skin o' Steel ended up being threatened by Get of Fenris packs and was forced to work for fascist dictators, all you need to know is about how he was a great hero, and of his noble sacrifice. Talking about him in the terms of a high school history textbook is insulting to his spirit; after the fact you should start spouting off epic poetry, y'know?*

Legendary History

Mostly true, Backup, although not always. The further back in history we go the sketchier our knowledge of the time, and the more we need to rely on historical evidence and oral tradition. In contrast, more contemporary history is better understood and coherent which allows us to construct it in a grand narrative form. But grand narrative history isn't unquestioned, stupid "truths," either — that needs to be made clear. Going back to what I was saying earlier, there are two main creation myths for our tribe. Both have their strong points, and come from different branches of the tribe.

The first one is very popular in Europe, particularly Northern Europe. The myth says that someday, back in the earliest times of humanity, the Silver Fangs sent a pack of werewolves to watch over humans. They were half our nature, and they made us curious because they did things that made no sense to us. This pack was called the Warders of Men. The idea was that the Warders would look at the humans and make sure they didn't offend Gaia, because humans were stupid, ignorant creatures who forgot about Her all too easily.

Guy "Slick" Sims, Spin Doctor Supreme, notes: *And you have to admit, that's an attitude the rest of the tribes have held to this day. Ask me, I think the story's onto something, babe.*

But it didn't work out that way. Humans started doing some very offensive things, and the Warders were intrigued. They worked out how to invoke fire using sticks, and broke rocks until they were sharp so that they could have fangs. The Warders saw it, and thought that spirits might be involved, so they started talking to Rock and Stick, asking to be taught the same Gifts. And, beginning a tradition that has stayed in our tribe to this day, Rock cut them a business deal.

"The one thing we cannot do," Rock said, "is fly. At best we can hurl ourselves off cliffs, but all we do with this is make smaller rocks. Give my children the Gift of flight, and I will teach you how to make fangs."

The Warders were stumped, but then they saw the humans work it out for themselves, by tying a small shard of rock to a stick, and firing it from a string tied to a bent piece of wood. The first bow and arrow. They taught this to Rock, and Rock taught the Warders the same Gifts he had taught the humans. As time went on, the Warders kept encouraging the humans to invent more Gifts, like houses, and calmed the angry spirits like Cave that the humans offended. Around this time, the Warders made their glyph: A house with a Gaia glyph in it. Thus was the tribe born.

There's only one problem with all of this: It makes no sense. The Silver Fangs send out a pack because the humans aren't spiritual, despite that the humans spend all their time conversing with spirits like Rock. Rock teaches them the Gifts to make tools, but Rock needs the humans to teach him how to fly. It's full of contradictions and inconsistencies.

Elizabeth Genereader shakes her head and laughs: *You just don't like it because it contradicts your pet theory, Nat. This is mythology, both literal and symbolic all at once; it doesn't have to be logical. When you see it in terms of its symbolism, it all represents the tribe well. There's the respect for the humans' ingenuity, the belief that things should continue through, and the explanation for the tribal glyph.*

My "pet theory" has nothing to do with it, Elizabeth. How's this for a problem with the myth, then? It begins with the assumption that the humans *are* offen-

sive to Gaia, because they go out and offend Cave and summon Fire, which no Theurge can control. It confirms everything we try to tell the other tribes.

My preferred myth is the one that originated in Southern Europe. Long ago, before we even thought to give a number to the days, the Wyrm reared its head and defied its Mother, striking at Her. Thus began the Apocalypse war, and chaos filled in the hearts of all that were Gaia. Animals bolted and killed each other, desperate to survive this most blasphemous of events. The Garou were no different, and one turned upon the other.

Among these were those Garou that were weak, or those that saw fighting each other as wrong. They couldn't fight back against their own, so instead they hid among those whom the Garou saw fit only to ignore: the humans. They sought refuge by taking on human form and never leaving it, ignoring their wolf instincts and instead living life only as the humans did.

The legends talk of how these refugees were at first heartbroken. They had left behind the bubbling river brook and the great pines, and could not hear Gaia's sad song. When Her voice fell silent, they grieved for they thought She had died, and that they would never return to their true homes where there was now nothing but fighting of brother against brother. They waited to die, since they couldn't leave to hunt or gather food.

But they watched the humans, and were amazed. The humans were more frightened than any of Gaia's creatures, since they didn't have claws or fangs, and were slow to run. But rather than wait for death, they found new ways to stay alive in their small sanctuary. They brought together male and female animals that they owned, and only killed them for food once they had children, so that they would always have meat for another day. Instead of walking into the dangerous wilderness to gather nuts and seeds, they planted them in the ground and coaxed them into creating full trees so they could eat more. When rain came, they hollowed out rocks to catch it for when it was not raining.

And then, when they realized they might yet survive here, the Garou began to hear Gaia's voice again, and learned She had only been singing a different song. This song, unlike Her pained and sorrowful song of betrayal, suggested hope and a chance for peace. Since then, these Garou have always stayed among the humans, listening to Gaia's new song, learning their new ways and waiting to hear how She ends it.

Elizabeth Genereader is unconvinced: *It's more internally consistent, but it's thematically not nearly so evocative of our tribe. We don't love the humans; we're just forced to live with them because the other tribes would have killed us if we hadn't. There's none of the wonder of invention in it, instead there's simply a few frightened people grabbing water in bowls. And it also makes us into the major heroes. We're the ones who knew it was bad to fight other Garou. Never mind we're the only tribe fleeing the fight, hell no, we're heroes!*

Slick Sims points out: *There's at least some evidence for it, though. Don't the Children of Gaia believe there was a massive civil war among the Garou?*

Backup-Circuit snorts: *If those tree-hugging hippies believe it, then I know I'm sticking with the first myth.*

A Shifting Tribe

To understand my "pet theory," you have to realize that the Glass Walkers didn't exist as a tribe until 1890. Glass wasn't even invented until 3000 BCE, and both of our legends have us originating before that. Our tribe has shifted names at least four times since we began, as various groups within the tribe gained significant power with it.

Let me explain further. Around about 1450 CE, the entire tribe was known as the "Warders." But within the Warders was a small camp known as the Tetrasomians. Devoted to the philosophy of humanism (or at least inspired by it), the Tetrasomians managed to give the tribe a profoundly new focus. They'd already been the major players of the tribe in Italy for about a century, and as the philosophy extended to the rest of Europe, their membership and strength also increased.

Soon, the werewolves who so proudly dubbed themselves the Warders were being shouted out. The Tetrasomians pretty soon stopped considering themselves as a splinter group of the Warders, and just saw themselves as the tribe. Others weren't really members, but copied them anyway; success breeds imitators. And for the rest of the tribe, the writing was on the wall, so they buckled under. With no real formal decision, the tribe's name had undoubtedly changed. (Kind of. "Tetrasomian" doesn't translate well into the High Tongue, so the other tribes didn't always use the term, but more on that later.)

Now, here's my theory: The "Warders" were not the original version of our tribe. Consider the dates here; if the Warders really were our originators, then they managed to survive as the dominant camp of our tribe for over four thousand years. When you consider the next best run after that is the Tetrasomians' four hundred years (which is in itself a generous interpretation), you really begin to see the discrepancy. Furthermore, there's no material evidence to suggest that anyone in our tribe born before 400 CE called themselves "Warders." Nor can we find any ancestor-spirits in our tribe before that time. There's a huge gaping hole in our history, and whichever pack finds the material evidence or the ancestor spirit that proves exactly *what* our tribe was before Christ will make themselves heroes. I'll personally make sure of it if I'm still alive.

Slick Sims defends the status quo: *First things first, now! Let's remember that the Warders would have been our original tribe, and therefore don't have to bend to our rules, correct? It's possible that the Tetrasomians started the trend of our shifting tribe. Secondly, the southern myth that you prefer doesn't mention the name "Warders" like the northern one does, but it also doesn't put up a different name, does it? This is part of Occam's Razor; the person claiming something does exist has the burden of proof, and not the one saying it doesn't. Your claim that there was a pre-Warders tribe is bad history. Finally, in these days, do we really need more packs wasting time trying to fill up pages in our history books? Of all people, you should know better, babe.*

I should. But even so, this is our history, Guy! It's where we come from, and it's completely missing.

Backup-Circuit throws in his two cents: *For what it's worth, the lack of evidence for a unified tribe of any sort before 900 AD and the presence of multiple origin myths would suggest, to me at least, that we may not even have existed as a single tribe until much later than we'd like to think. I know, that raises all kinds of problematic questions like...*

The Impergium

Sigh. Really, there are problems with all interpretations of these myths, and they create the kind of paradoxes that give our tribe fits. Both myths give us a little hint as to when they occurred; the northern myth refers to the creation of the bow and arrow, which probably happened in Egypt circa 3000 BCE. Whilst the southern myth describes the first examples of farming, placing our birth in 10,000 BCE around the same area.

Naturally, both of these dates are well after the prehistoric Impergium, which by all accounts we were instrumental in stopping.

Backup-Circuit grins: *Well, damn! We got off to a flying start. We won't even be born for several millennia and already we're changing Garou history. Woot!*

Elizabeth Genereader suggests: *Or, just perhaps, the myth has somewhat grown in the telling and now includes anachronistic but symbolic details that weren't there originally. But I like your theory too, Backup.*

Whatever the truth, there's no suggestion that the Impergium was symbolic. Most tribes tend to sort of gloss over what the Impergium entailed, but we've always been fairly blunt about it. The Impergium was mass-murder on a scale that has never been seen since. Consider this: Stalin was responsible for somewhere between twenty and forty million deaths. Did we kill that many humans? No. There simply weren't enough humans around at the time. But let's assume that our 'population caps' killed one in ten humans alive at the time. Too many? How about one in twenty? One in forty, maybe? Even by that last guess, we'd have killed the equivalent of over one hundred and fifty million people today. Makes Stalin look very ordinary, doesn't it?

This is why we opposed it. If the Garou can look at the depravity of human mass murderers and deplore them as examples of the Wyrm's poison, then the knife cuts both ways. There was no doubt at all for our tribe that the Impergium was a cancer within the Garou. In it was not a path to protecting Gaia, but a quick sharp drop into the maw of the Wyrm. We always had a soft spot for humanity. I'm not suggesting for a moment that protecting our interests wasn't a motivating factor, but it also can't be denied that there were solid arguments against the Impergium without bringing our sympathies into it at all, and we made them.

The legends of the time suggest that we as a tribe never took part in the Impergium, but we helped the humans to survive by getting them to turn over criminals to the other tribes as token gestures. In addition, we bred among as many as we could, since Kinfolk were off-limits. This probably explains why we never really had a "homeland" in the same way most tribes do. From the beginning, we had cast our lot in with all of humanity, and when they spread over the world, so did we.

The War of Rage

Sadly, so did many other tribes. Never as quickly as we did, mind you, but you got some tribal movement. The Get of Fenris, for example, moved from their homelands in Scandinavia toward Germany.

Backup-Circuit comments: *On a side note, our two tribes had massive battles over Germany a few times. We wanted to set up shop in Germany because it was the home of some of the greatest minds in human history. They wanted Germany because... well, because the Get want every damn caern they can get their hands on. Worse than the damn Shadow Lords, except they do it honestly. In the FPS that is the Apocalypse War, the Shadow Lords need be whacked with Punkbuster and the Get are the low-ping bastards... sorry, I'll shut up now. Promise.*

Thank you. As we slowly expanded out, we found ourselves in a lot of places we shouldn't have been, because Gaia had given those places to the other shapechangers like the Gurahl, the Mokolé, and so on. We shouldn't have been there to begin with; Gaia didn't put us there. And thus inevitably we began doing what we did best. We killed as many of them as we could.

Or, at least, that's the thinking that I go through again and again in my mind, and I'm certain I'm not the only Glass Walker who thinks that either. See, the War of Rage began for two reasons. The second one that everyone knows is the story of the Gurahl's betrayal. The bear shifters were healers and medicine men, and they refused to teach us Gifts we (allegedly) needed to

Backup-Circuit offers a quiet sidebar: *One part of our history, and a very controversial part, is the Machine. Natalia hates to even consider it part of our history; because it's extremely dubious as to how much influence it's ever really had. Others, like myself, grudgingly admit that the Machine has consumed the minds of some of our greatest thinkers and has, rightly or wrongly, been associated with some of our greatest triumphs and disasters.*

In short, it's an Incarna in the shape of a man built from tools. Hammers for fingers, cogs for eyes. There's never a hint of emotion on its face, only a blank stare. Or, so we believe, because no one has ever been able to authoritatively say that they've actually seen it. Writings on the subject are nearly all secondhand

The history begins shortly after the Impergium, when Sheba Arrow-of-Gaia describes her dreams of the Machine to her packmates. These dreams contained a vision of a "slumbering god of terrible majesty, a herald of the new world and all its hopes and fears." It is from here that we also get the physical description, as well as the first guesses to the spirit's purpose, "for it dreams of the humans, and the humans dream of it. When they dream of the Machine, they know what it does, and when it dreams of them, he knows them." However, these descriptions do come with question marks.

Remember that Natalia can be biased at the best of times, but she's got good instincts and I think she could be right here. The records we have of this are written well after the fact, transcribing oral history into written form, and they tend to repeat details. Natalia believes they're a pastiche of various accounts, all ascribed to Sheba for convenience. It's also worth noting that other legends within the tribe describe Sheba as eccentric, even for a Theurge, and that she went insane before she died.

In either 550 or 700 AD; accounts vary, a pack of Warders with strong ties to the church ventured into the Umbra on the strength of an "answered prayer." This in itself is unusual; we know some of us used images of the church to hide our Gaia worship during the period, but there's no indication of any proper formalized syncretism in the time period. Whoever believed this was weird to begin with. It's unknown what they were searching for originally, but when they returned, they spoke of a "great and powerful spirit" that existed "just beyond our horizons." This spirit slept still, and yet clearly favored the pack that found it. It is unclear if what happened next was its design or simply very poor luck. As the pack led their sept into the Umbra to see this spirit, a Wyld fire consumed the area. Barely any members survived it, and those few that did babbled words of tools being forged together, and the flicker of the flame glinting in the Machine's eyes.

Yet the image changes again come 1438 AD with Nicolas Medina. A Theurge and one of the founders of the Tetrasomians, Medina openly declared the Machine his patron. Medina was, like Sheba, exceedingly eccentric, and known to engage in drug use. Yet there was never any doubt of his brilliance. He single-handedly invented many of the techniques we still use today in creating techno-fetishes, binding different spirits into separate parts and then combining the parts together to create a spectacular result. Medina's inventions are largely responsible for the capturing and cleansing of the Saint Endroit caern, which remains today as one of the most powerful in Italy. He also wrote passages on the Machine, which described it as "not yet of Age, yet it kicks its mother's womb with desire for birth. Every kick sends dreams into the minds of great men, and tells them of the Machine's desires and thoughts. He is the spirit of this great time."

Sadly, the Machine also appeared to be the spirit of the next age, too. Perhaps the overwhelmingly positive beliefs concerning the Machine caught us off guard, when the Industrial Revolution began to take hold in Britain. The Wyrm had clearly taken advantage of the situation, using the factories to spew its toxins into the air, but our tribe immediately turned on the Machine. Numerous Theurges throughout Europe proclaimed the Machine evil and of the Wyrm, demanding its execution. Since, however, nobody actually knew where the Machine was, this was a tall order. It never became anything but talk.

The final stage in the Machine's history has only happened recently, in 1983. A pack of Glass Walkers intercepted a lost cub that had just gone through her First Change, abducting her and placing her in their caern until they could work out what tribe she belonged to. As all this was going on, she huddled under a blanket in an office chair, scared and confused, as most young cubs are. But then, she suddenly saw the glare of a computer screen in the caern, and stood up, walked to it and exclaimed, "I can see your eyes now. They're blue, how beautiful." When queried whom she was talking to, she pointed to the computer and answered, "The machine."

This may be referring to the Machine or not, because after that she went dumb and wouldn't talk for a week. But why the reference to its eyes? The Machine had always been portrayed as slumbering, has it awoken? If so, will its influence become more direct, or will its influence decrease since it always influenced humanity in its dreams? Assuming, of course, it did influence humanity at all. Not nearly enough is known about this spirit. Theories and lies both abound concerning it. But he's haunted the tribe since the beginning, and it might just be a good idea to learn more as soon as possible.

know. But the first reason, never really spoken but obvious enough to those who look, is that Gaia was wise enough to know we'd never work well together. We're all too twitchy, too filled with our duty to Her and our tendency to rip apart creatures for looking at us funny. Thus, heading from where we first were to where the other creatures were was a big mistake.

And we were the fastest moving tribe of the lot. From here it's a hop, skip and a jump to the logical conclusion: We instigated a hell of a lot of the War of Rage. And worse, I've got the legends to back it up, huge chest-thumping transcriptions of oral history written in about 500 CE describing our glorious *veni, vidi, vici* exploits.

We ended the Impergium and never participated in it, to our pride. But we started the War of Rage, to our shame. And while I know I can't burden myself with the shame of my ancestors, some nights I lie awake, and think about what might have been if we all just stayed where Gaia put us.

But that's all pointless thinking.

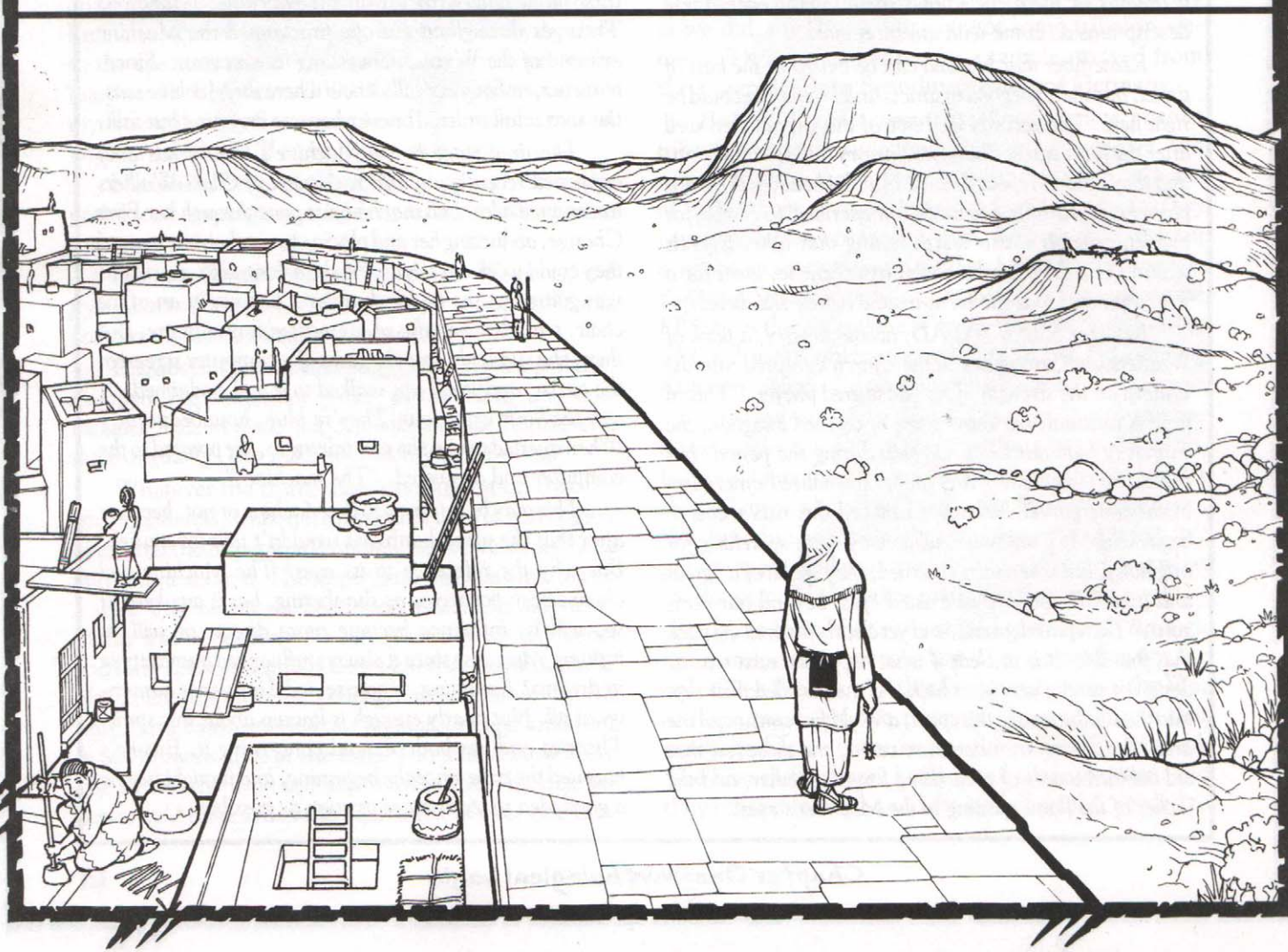
Ancient Canaan/Palestine/Israel — Dark Shadows in Tribal History

As I noted earlier, both our origin myths would scientifically suggest that our tribe originated somewhere in the Middle East. Unfortunately, as Statler, Waldorf and Slick perpetually remind me, applying scientific theory to mythology rarely works. I say unfortunately because if that were all of it, I could promptly dismiss the Northern myth in one fell swoop, since we have reasonable evidence to suggest that the tribe was in the Middle East well before the invention of the bow and arrow. There are a few Garou among our tribe with the desire and ability to remove items of a compromising nature from museums and the like. A few decades ago, they managed to steal a set of icons that were originally found in an excavation of Jericho.

These icons dated at ten thousand years old, placing their date of origin sometime around eight thousand BCE, and were crafted in the images of cockroaches. Considering that the Natufian civilizations didn't even begin ancestor worship until seven thousand BCE, there's sufficient reason to believe that these were our guys.

What we were actually doing is, of course, an absolute mystery to us. Our real historical 'gap' begins once we leave the mythic stories, and that starts at this period. However, we can make some educated guesses.

The Natufian people were the civilization that lived in the region we'd now consider Israel/Palestine,



as well as Jordan and Lebanon. These people were living in the cradle of civilization; they were the probably the first people to discover plant farming, animal domestication and, most importantly to us, they created some of the first cities. Among the most important of these was Jericho, which held two thousand people and was surrounded by a stone wall three meters wide and four meters high.

That wall, along with our geographical knowledge of the area, gives us some hints as to the social environment of the day and what our ancestors may have been doing. Ancient Palestine was a rough topology, filled with steppes and valleys that greatly limited the civilization's expansion, which is why Egypt overtook it. When you add the massive wall surrounding Jericho, you begin to get an image of the people as rugged and used to battle.

Our ancestors probably did a number of things here. First of all, they set about adapting human invention and belief to their own use as our tribe always has. So far we've yet to unearth fetish human skulls used for contacting spirits, but we can live in hope. Second of all, this is when we most likely develop our attachment to the city (as opposed to just humans in general), and it's interesting to note that the markings on the aforementioned icons seem to resemble tents. Did the early tribe associate Cockroach with the city? And finally, we remained warriors, but it is probably around these times that the first notions of urban combat are discussed in our tribe.

There are numerous other questions that can be asked and will sadly probably never be answered. What was the Umbra like within the early cities? Did the building of cities offend spirits, or birth new ones? I've heard stories of spider-motif icons being unearthed, too, so that really makes me wonder about how much was being shared about the Weaver. I'd sorely love to know the answers to these questions.

Slick Sims shrugs: *I guess this is the price we pay for the permanency of the written history. The tribes that still rely completely on oral history never really switched over traditions and thus have this continual line. We ruptured our own history in the switchover and have tried to pick up the pieces ever since.*

Biblical Times and Judaism

Many, many years passed in this area. There was a whole lot more fighting, most of it tremendously ugly. I could imagine the tribe's faith in humanity was waning when, sometime around 2000-1800 BCE, someone goes and writes a book that makes them remember what it first was about humanity that they loved so much. No one knows who the author was, but the book is called Job. You can find it as the 18th book of the Bible, but it was the first one ever written. And whilst I know other tribes are fond of deploring human religion, just read this book and you'll see why they instantly liked it. Amid the bloodshed, and senseless violence, this writing was humble. Reflective. It held awe for the Almighty that was in kind, if not in magnitude, exactly how they held Gaia.

However, the religion behind it spread fast. And suddenly the tribe had a massive problem. Judaism was monotheistic, it believed in only one God. It was more tightly constructed than previous religions and suddenly the early tribe's worship of Gaia stood out. What did they do?

What many other small religious groups, including Judaism, would do when forced into a society with another dominant religion. The tribe gave the outward show of being Jewish whilst secretly continuing with their own rites. Some of it was easy — Judaism used a lunar calendar that made worshipping Luna easy. Once the Psalms were written, they used the more militant ones in their War rites.

Other efforts were stranger. A Talmudic reading described the world two thousand years before the world's creation, when Seven things were created: The Torah, the Divine Throne, Paradise, Hell, the Celestial Sanctuary, a jewel on its altar engraved with the name of the Messiah, and a Voice that cries aloud "Return, O you children of men." Other texts peculiar to our predecessors suggest that our tribe used this tale to help cubs understand the various Fera. We were the voice that cried aloud, to the Fera who did not listen. The Mokolé were the Torah, the Bastet were the divine throne. Paradise were the Corax (bet you're happy), whilst the Ratkin were hell. The Gurahl were the Celestial Sanctuary with the Ananasi the engraving.

I've no idea what all the analogies mean, exactly, but the whole reading is clearly a lesson on the origins of the Fera and their place in the order of things. No matter how you interpret it, it's fascinating stuff.

Ancient China and the Boli Zouhisze

The one problem with Slick's theory about the switch between written and oral histories is that, in theory, the very oral history would become part of the written one. In year such and such, we talked about our past in so and so terms. It's possible that we lost our connection in such a way, but it theoretically shouldn't have to happen.

Another possibility is that we're simply ignoring the most obvious connections in our Western arrogance. Whilst most outsiders, and more than a few inside the tribe as well, see us as an exclusively Western tribe, there's been a long Chinese tradition that was unveiled to us when we became aware of the Boli

Zouhisze. Calling them a camp or just a part of our tribe is unfair; they're almost an entirely different tribe. And yet the writing is on the wall, they're an urban-based tribe who revere Cockroach. They're our people. I daresay they were as surprised by us, but we've interacted well and we've learned much about what our tribe was doing in Ancient China from them.

The Boli Zouhisze are unique among all the Garou in that they have a one-tribe creation myth, suggesting that there were no other tribes in China back in their legendary days. According to their myth, the world formed of two forces of which each was two, a yin-yang within a yin-yang. One force was that of life and death, the other of chaos and order. Originally they were each one, but as they split the Umbra and Earth formed. In each thing, living or inanimate, every force existed, but no creatures were so perfect as the humans and the wolves. The wolves were the greatest of killers, and yet kept families, and exemplified perfect chaos. The humans made many lives, yet knew to take them, and were the most ordered of beings.

Backup-Circuit gets confused: *I understand the four forces, Gaia and the Triat, right? But that reference to wolves suggests that the Garou will be the main player here. Out in the West, I get that, but in Asia? How do they ignore the other Fera? And what's this about humans "knowing to take" lives?*

Human sacrifice, Backup. The Chinese did it.

Yikes.

According to the myth, five men came forward as greater than all others. The first of these was Fu Xi, the Ox-Tamer, who learned how to farm the land and make a family. The second was Sheng-Nong, the Divine Farmer, who invented the plough and the hoe. And then Huang Di, the Yellow Lord. He created the bow and arrow, boats, silk, writing and ceramics. Another man, Yao, created the calendar and ritual. And last, Yu created flood control.

Elizabeth Genereader notes: *Huang Di fits really nicely into the Northern Myth. A great man creates the bow and arrow, and the Garou snap up the invention with glee.*

Also they fit into the five auspices, and the Boli Zouhisze often hold them up as examples. Yu, who tricks nature, is a Ragabash; Yao is a Theurge for obvious reasons. Fu Xi creates relationships and is a Philodox, Sheng Nong a Galliard, whilst Huang Di is an Ahroun. According to the myth, the wolves saw what the humans had done and saw that they had none among themselves whom could match the accomplishments. Turning to Luna, who favored them, they begged her for the chance to do as great things as the humans. And she turned them into Garou. It's interesting how they cite us coming exclusively from wolves whilst simultaneously exalting humanity, isn't it?

Backup-Circuit asks: *That's a good question. Why does their legend cite only wolves? With the Boli Zouhisze, I'd have expected a more encompassing myth that accounted for all shifters, not just the Garou. Aren't there several various types over there?*

Supposedly, but the Boli Zouhisze have never really been a part of the system. It's strange, although it's been explained to me as having to do with Cockroach. In amongst the Asian Fera, insect imagery is associated with the Wyrm. As a result, the Boli Zouhisze aren't very well received. In fact, they seem to get treated worse than the Ananasi despite the fact that the Eastern spiders are actually Wyrm-tainted, according to my contact over there, who admittedly would be biased. It's still quite fascinating.

What's also fascinating is how clearly the myth is influenced by human mythology. All five men figure in Chinese myth, with Huang Di as the first pre-dynastic ruler. The Boli Zouhisze version omits Shun, the lord after Huang Di who appointed Yu to fix flooding.

Which was one of the first Chinese technologies; the Chinese were remarkably advanced. By 3000 BCE, they had farming, spears and basic tools, animal domestication, excellent mathematical skills, and the ability to carve jade. This was a level of advancement not achieved by the Native American tribes in 1600 CE, for a comparison. The Boli Zouhisze were there as they went, using the human inventions to create their own. One trick they were very fond of, reportedly, was binding air spirits into spears in order to make them much lighter, yet no less sharp or potent, than normal. Because they were much lighter, the blade could be made much larger. Ancestor worship was also common in China by 2000 BCE, and certain Boli Zouhisze claim that they introduced this to the humans rather than the other way around. However, they still don't seem to be able to contact their ancestors today, like the rest of our tribe.

By 400 BCE, changes had begun to sweep through China. Whilst the rise of the Shang and Zhou Dynasties were the most major for the country, the major change for our tribe was the rise of Confucianism, along with the response from Taoism and Legalism. Though far from the first human philosophy (Or even the first philosophy their tribe had encountered,) these philosophies apparently intrigued the Boli Zouhisze, in particular Confucianism and Legalism. (Taoism, incidentally, also arose in this period, but its passive ways didn't sit well with the tribe.)

Confucianism was an ethical philosophy, which believed that everyone, ruler or lowest female serf, had their role to play and that trying to break that role would only bring about hurt. It held much appeal for some of the tribe, for whilst its focus on traditionalism irked

some of them, the strong definition of social roles clicked strongly with their Garou mindset. (Take a guess: Did auspice roles become more, or less important in these times?) Other aspects also seemed to mirror Garou society, such as the Mandate of Heaven as discussed by Confucian scholar Mencius, where the people will rise up against an unjust ruler but support a just one. For the Boli Zouhisze, this seemed to be a direct mirror of the Garou way of challenging. Indeed, some suggest that it was Confucius that taught the Garou their ways! More likely, however, it was wolf instinct that taught them that, just as with the rest of us.

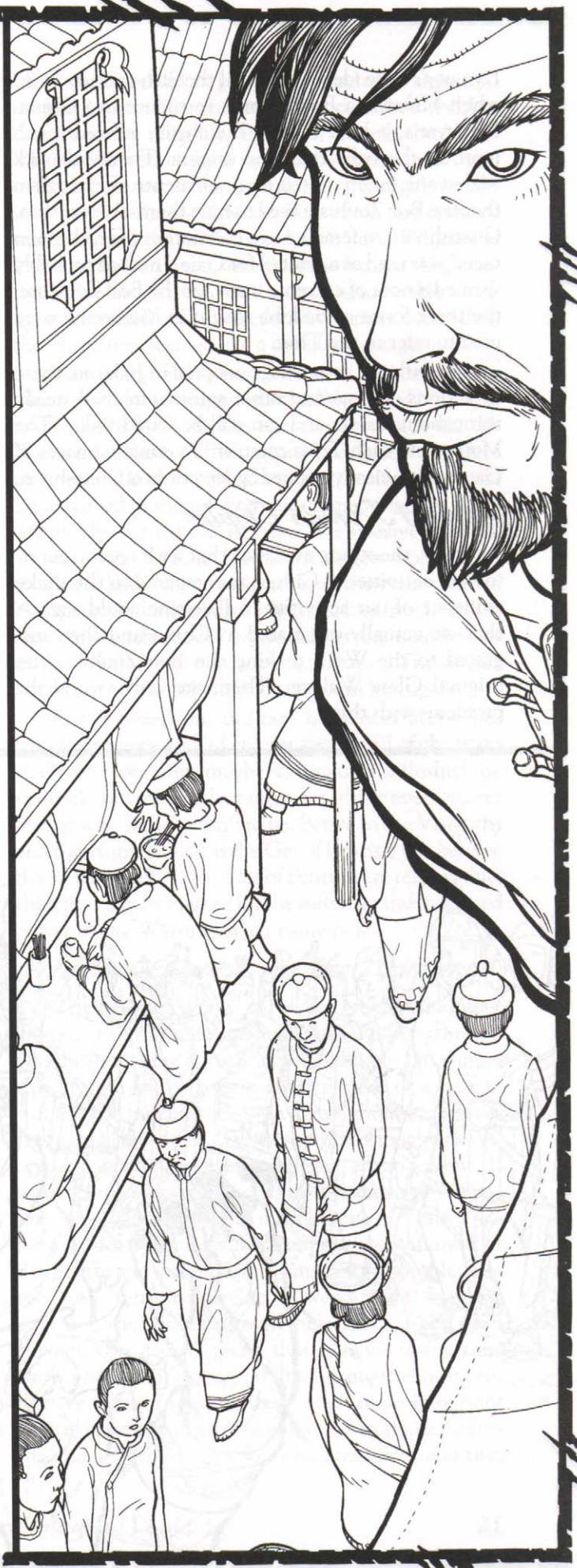
The flip side to this was Legalism. Where Confucianism offered idealism, adherence to tradition and a basic belief in human goodness, Legalism threw over pragmatism, a refusal to believe one law applied equally to any two situations and a frequently blunt belief that the rulers knew best for the ruled. Much like Confucianism, it was concerned with the harmony of a society but held that rigid order and organization of government had far more to do with that than any innate role in society or personal virtue. It never had the easy segueing into Garou philosophy that Confucianism had, but its strong rejection of tradition held something for the Boli Zouhisze soul. I guess its proof that yes; they're the same tribe as us.

Buddhism within the Boli Zouhisze

Of course, a mere fifty years later, they encountered another philosophy that would radically alter China: Buddhism. Just as the Western tribe had difficulty existing in a society with religious beliefs sharply contrasting to theirs, now the Boli Zouhisze needed to discover how they could disguise their own Gaia worship within a society that was quickly becoming strongly attached to this new view of life.

Unlike the relatively quickly adapting Western tribe, the Boli Zouhisze had profound difficulty in adapting to the new ways, so much so that many of the tribe actually considered latching onto the Taoist beliefs that the tribe had spurned, since Taoism was rising at the same time. In the end, however, the same difficulties the tribe had with Taoism to begin with still stood, and it was hard to see how Taoism could offer a better cover than Buddhism. Early efforts of hiding with Buddhism focused around using the *skandhas* as names for the five auspices. *Sanna*, a word referring to our perceptions, was also our codeword for the Ragabash. *Vijnana* referred to both consciousness and Theurges; whilst Philodox took *sankharam*, the *skandhas* describing our mental capacities. Emotions, or *vedana* represented the Galliards; and *rupa* was both the physical body and the Ahroun.

The tribe mostly survived this period by clinging to the still far more powerful Confucianism, (the Han



Dynasty's state ideology,) until the fifth century BCE, when Mahayana Buddhism is introduced to China. Mahayana, a later sect of Buddhism, offered much more to the tribe than the original Theravada did. Mahayana incorporated more elements of Hinduism that the Boli Zouhisze used to hide themselves within. Guanshiyin, in female form as "mother of the human race," was used as a symbol for Gaia. In what probably seemed a note of extreme irony for the Boli Zouhisze, the three forms of Buddha taught in Mahayana were used to refer to the Triat.

As with the camouflage adopted in Judaism, these depictions of Gaia and other spirits remained steady throughout history and can still be found today. The Mother of Peach Trees caern still has many images of Gaia that are clearly inspired by depictions of Guanshiyin.

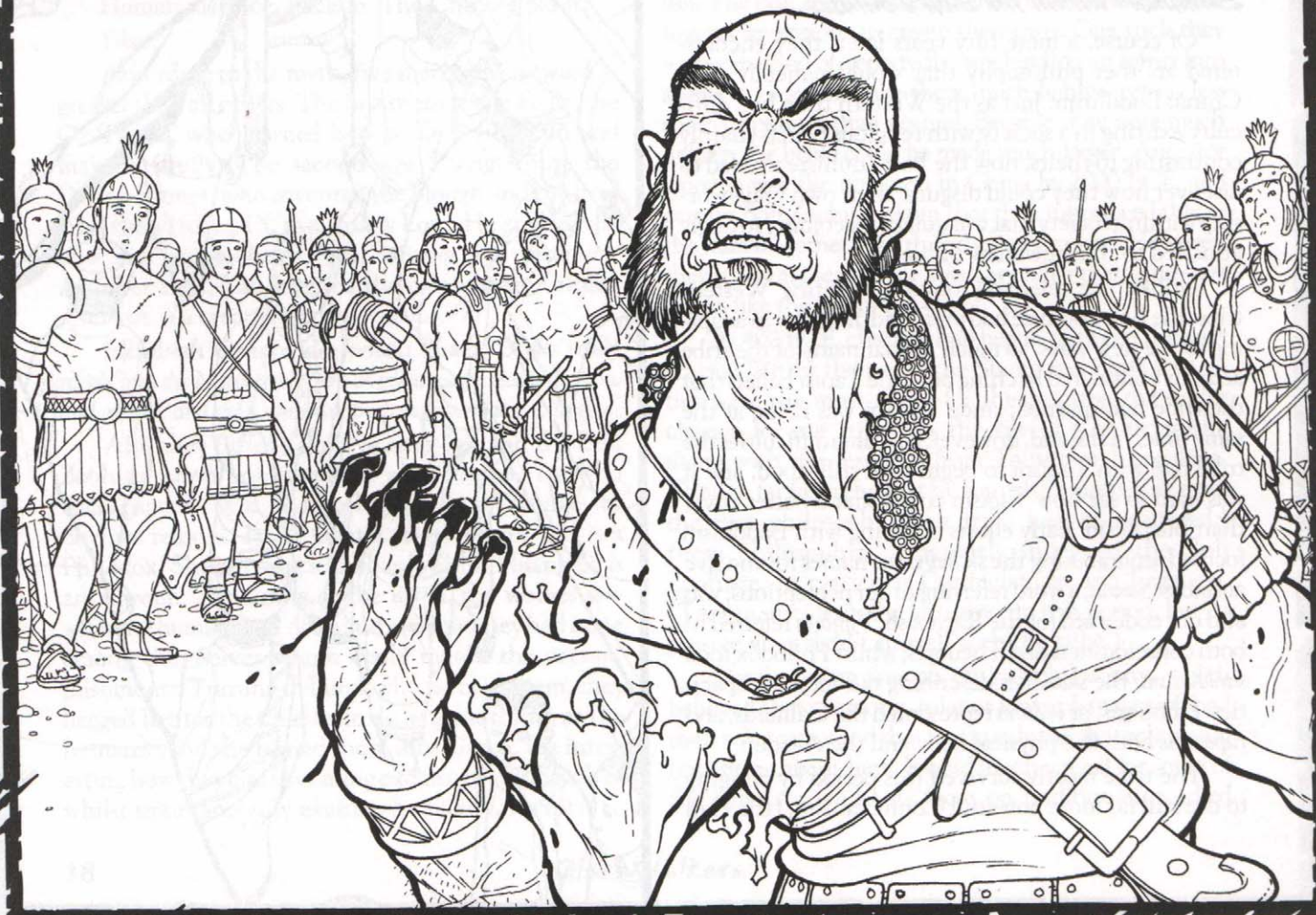
Ancient Roman Empire

Now, the strong evidence that we have surrounding our activities in China, as compared to the shaky evidence of our activities in Palestine could suggest that we actually originated in China and then migrated to the West, making the Boli Zouhisze the original Glass Walkers. There are only two slight problems with this.

Slick Sims nods: *Those icons of Cockroach. The bottom line showing we were around in the Middle East before Chinese civilization got started.*

And the fact that we know well that we were around in Ancient Rome since 60 BCE. Discounting theories that we had members of the tribe wandering unrecorded by any historians who had found Rome on their own (not as ridiculous as you might think; moon bridges make trying to track our movement an academic exercise at best), we're left with trying to find exactly where our culture and the Roman culture met. The obvious answer is with Pompey's conquering of Jerusalem in 63 BCE. It's still not impossible that we might have begun in China and made our way to Jerusalem later via the Mesopotamians, except that we've no proof to suggest we were among the Mesopotamians.

Needless to say, though, the Roman Empire was full of surprises and new ideas for us. We would have arrived just in time to see burnt brick become the standard building material, and we would have seen the paved roads and the aqueducts. The philosophy of the Ancient Greeks challenged us and perhaps to our relief, the pantheistic religion would have allowed us to blend in much more easily than we'd previously known. Rome was a city beyond what we could have



possibly dreamed could exist — if our people did revere Cockroach as a city spirit in those early days, then imagine their delight with Rome! In fact, Rome held so much appeal to us that it's amazing how little time so many of us actually spent there.

Rome was the center of the Western world. And the Wyrm has always had its agents in humanity: vampires. Needless to say, they were rife throughout the city and did their best to manipulate the Senate, usually through blood magic that ensnared humans in the Wyrm's coils. (We have the specifics of this magic very well documented now. It takes seven vampires, surrounding the human in a circle. The human has to drink a chalice filled with the mixed blood of all seven vampires. It's probably the same one used then as today.) The other major tribe in Rome, the Silver Fangs, saw the same problem as we did but were predictably clueless as to how to challenge it. We never saw eye to eye and our tribes feuded regularly. We told them that trying to muscle the vampires out of the Patrician families and political bodies was a fight in which we were hopelessly outgunned, but they didn't listen. Ironically, we were the ones to notice that the cities offered few opportunities here.

But the legions provided us with opportunities the city itself did not. The blood magic tended to wear off, and away from their vampiric patrons it was profoundly easy to track down their servants and destroy them. Being out in the wild open, away from shelter during sunlight kept the actual vampires away, too. Our greatest problem was discipline; the Roman legions' highly trained formations didn't quite jell with our tendency to go berserk. We did our best to become officers as soon as possible, putting ourselves away from the battles. And since Caesar had proven how much pressure a charismatic, popularly supported general could wield, we cheerfully used our newfound influence to cap the vampires' powers and clamp down on their ensnared humans. We also got a little edge over the Silver Fangs, too, and perhaps most importantly, we managed to expand our tribe's geographical focus, a lot. The vampires responded to us by throwing all their weight into the Praetorian Guard, but we did very well out of the legions anyway.

This was also probably when we ran into most of the other tribes for the first time, and very little of it was friendly. There were some Garou from other tribes in the legions as well, but by and large the other tribes were the people the Romans conquered, not the Romans. This started a long tradition that's probably true today: We allied ourselves with the winners, they allied with the losers.

Not that we entirely forsook the city, either. We *are* an urban tribe, when it's all said and done. The Silver Fangs and bloodsuckers pretty much had every angle into the Patrician families and senate that could be found, but there was one religious office they missed: the Vestal Virgins. We went to great lengths to somehow push one, or more than one, of our Kinfolk into this highly sought after position for two reasons. First of all, any criminal who managed to lay eyes on one of the Vestal Virgins was immediately pardoned, and given how many illegal activities we favored, this was a nice thing to be able to call upon. Secondly, in a city filled with vampires, controlling the sacred fires seemed like a useful advantage.

It's true that Rome wasn't a haven of Gaia's beauty. There was a lot to despise and the Wyrm had his talons stuck into its heart. In the end, the worst of it was the Roman's lead smelting, which produced hideous levels of pollution on a global level, and this created a powerful Bane named Stannum. Stannum is mentioned in a few writings by our tribe at the time as a massive Cyclops, whose hands each had eighteen fingers tipped with poisoned claws. His eye was smoke, and his breath burned like silver. Striking at him only broke him into lead dust that rapidly reformed. Despite this, at the time he was easily defeated but impossible to destroy. The former would not be true when we came across him again.

But between our military influences and other factors, it seems we had at least some kind of check on it. Given more time, maybe we could have flushed the vampires out and made it into something even greater than it was. But, it wasn't to be. Between the Visigoths and the Huns, as well as the Get of Fenris if you believe them, Rome fell. If the Get of Fenris were responsible, then they can be blamed for the suffering and increased power of the Wyrm in what came next.

Medieval Europe and the Warders

The Middle Ages were not our greatest hour, but contrary to what many modern Glass Walkers think — and quit smirking at the camera, Backup, I'm aiming this at you — the reason isn't because of a lack of worthwhile human endeavor. Throughout the period, there was a great deal of philosophical thought, development of art, and even scientific advancement. It wasn't very widespread, of course. Literacy was abysmal, superstition (some of it true, some of it false) was rampant and the breakdown of political systems that defines the era meant that the majority of people were too busy trying to survive to worry about learning anything that didn't directly help them. Remember though, this doesn't mean that humans of the time were ignorant, it's simply that learning the most productive ways of farming were much more important than experimenting with new ones, for example. Learning and advancement takes time, resources and risk,

and none of those were in great supply in these dangerous times. But it did happen. Consider the impact of the windmill, invented in this period.

The real reason that we had our heads down for so much of this period had more to do with our geographical location. A good deal of our tribe had been in Italy since the classical periods, and more migrated there late in the Middle Ages because the city-states of Northern Italy were filled with the spirits of technology we loved to deal with, and we always preferred a more urban existence if possible. Unfortunately, another supernatural creature has always said the same: vampires. Under the Roman Empire we had our influences on them to protect us, but its collapse allowed the vampires to dominate the period. They spread out across Italy so that they could each have their own feeding ground, and manipulating a few choice individuals to control one city was infinitely easier than trying to get a decent wedge in the Empire. So where could a werewolf fleeing his ancestral foes and with an interest in learning hide? The answer was obvious: The church.

The Warders' Support of the Dark Ages Church

Again, shut up before you even start talking, Backup. The church did oppose a lot of thought, that's true. But that's also true of any large institution; I'm certain Slick will inform you just how well regular employees who try suggesting new strategies within corporations fare. You can also get the image of the monolithic, all-powerful Church out of your head. There were numerous monasteries, churches, cathedrals and individual bodies that made up the church, and there was thus the possibility of private dissent. Likewise, while the Pope exercised tremendous power over monarchs and leaders in the day, the church depended on the money of these lords to operate. There was interplay of power.

Backup-Circuit flatly asks: *Can I speak now?*

Against my better judgment, yes.

I think you're being more than a little soft on the Dark Ages church. These are the people who began the Inquisition and tortured heretics to death just for believing in a something different. They set back scientific thought by doing things like imprisoning Galileo for discovering that the sun was the center of the Universe, and they murdered thousands in the Crusades. As I recall, they murdered eight hundred non-combatants because they were Jewish, and thus allegedly the race that murdered Christ. I'm not denying that the church did some good, but there was a whole lot of bad mixed up in it too.

Sure, there's good and bad in everything. But it's never that simple. The Spanish Inquisition was more the product of Queen Isabella than the church itself, and there's doubt that the entire "torture to death, burn at the stake" story is entirely accurate. Most heretics were publicly shamed rather than killed, and whilst the Spanish Inquisition used torture, they did so despite the protests of the Pope. Meanwhile, Galileo made his claim in the Renaissance, not the Middle Ages. And lastly, yes, the Crusades were an abomination, but they were also responsible for introducing the Arabic numeral system to Europe. Frankly, if you want to take shots at the church, I suggest you look at things like the blatantly money-grubbing doctrine of Purgatory, which invited people to give the church money so that their dead relatives could get into heaven more quickly, or the way the church sold pardons of sin to the wealthy.

Backup-Circuit snorts: *Sure. Never mind that those heretics were mostly Jews pretending to be Christian so they could find work and not persecution, or that—*

The *point* of all this is that the church was, for us, a place of learning rather than a place of ignorance, and at least some of us supported it. In this we made no friends among the other tribes, since some churches taught that wolves were of the devil. (The irony that most septs taught Garou that humans were of the Wyrm obviously never sank in.) Also, the developing Church had and did engage in persecution and murder of animistic faiths, which killed a lot of Kinfolk. We don't really know how the Warders dealt with that, but I bet there was a lot of bad blood between other tribes and us over our support.

Demons at Prayer — Hiding with Christianity and Islam

Another reason that we chose to support the church was our ability to hide in it easily, an important consideration for us in a time of such small populations! We'd already become excellent at hiding within Jewish cultures from our time in Canaan/Israel/Palestine, and much of that was easily transferred over to our time in the Catholic Church. Psalms remained very popular within our tribe, the ritualistic poetry and military overtones of many of the writings stayed as true in a Christian context as they had before. The major change was in many of the material components of our faith.

The most obvious technique we used was substituting images of Mary for images of Gaia. This happened in numerous ways, we used icons of Mary with very explicit nature overtones painted onto her clothing. Post-St. Augustine, young female cubs routinely took vows of chastity whilst being taught about Mary's perpetual virginity, which allowed their teachers to instruct them about Gaia in guarded doublespeak right under the humans' noses. Even if they were caught talking to their packmates on the issue, the same coded language allowed us to escape detection.

One interesting note is that the church also allowed us to maintain, for one of the few times in our history, non-urban caerns. The idea of monastic life came to Europe from China in 397 CE, and many of our tribe quickly took to the notion. There were a few reasons for this. It would not be improbable to suggest that there were rites that had been developed among our tribe in their time in China that may have been known by some of our Western members, and that returning to similar environment would have helped to resurrect their use. In addition, the idea allowed us a rare chance in Europe to expand outside the urban environment and develop caerns away from human eyes. Or some eyes, at least. Many caerns of the time seem to have been built on the periphery of a monastery, allowing human monks to live away from the caern itself.

In the end, those Garou that pretended to live as monks gained a useful edge when they became part of feudal society. Despite oaths of poverty, monks controlled large landholdings and efforts of agriculture and were responsible for the education of many. These were not small tools of power when they were needed.

Spirits were also easily accounted for in patron saints. The spirit who would eventually be known as Clashing Boom-Boom was known to the Warders of the day as the Archangel Michael, whilst the Golden Wheels occasionally made reverence to Matthew the Apostle. It should be noted that the Warders never actually worshipped the Christian saint as such (as did happen somewhat later), but merely hid their Gaia worship in the trappings of the faith.

We were also present in other areas of Europe and even beyond at the time, the Mugahl, or "Slave" Dynasty in India was one area in which we've found evidence of our influence. Much like in Christendom, the Warders hid themselves by taking on Islamic trappings. They used the same lunar calendar as the Jewish people, and again we used it. The notion of *jihad* easily settled in with Garou society, although one interesting piece of trivia is how our female warriors were assisted in continuing the war without being noticed. According to the *hadiths*, religious texts recording the words of Mohammed, the woman Umm Sulaim brought forward a dagger to tear open the belly of Islam's enemies. Mohammed smiled at her for this, but told her instead to carry a water skin, so that the soldiers could drink. Even today, many female Glass Walkers in Muslim countries bind war-spirits into water skins to spill over their blade or claws before battle. What began as camouflage has become tradition.

The Warders and Camp Politics in Dark Ages Europe

While I'm on the subject, this is when we get a significant bit of material evidence of a tribe named "The Warders," curiously enough much along the same lines of our discussion, Backup. The record is a letter sent from one Gabriella Bernini, a Kinfolk and a nun in approximately 420 CE, which implores the receiver, Braccio di Danilo (Presumably also a Warder, although Kin or Garou is unknown,) to accept the church as a useful institution. The relevant quote declares, "Remember that in these times, the Church is all that humanity has to tie it together. Even with the Church, Italy is barely more than a string of camps ruled by warlords who spring upon the weak with bloodlust; without the Church it would be nothing more. Remember that just as they are their brother's keepers, we are still their Warders yet."

The religious connotations given to the tribe's name here are fascinating, and repeated elsewhere, yet not all Warders saw their duty in religious terms. In fact, the dichotomy between Northern and Southern Italian Warders seems to have been considerably volatile, and even occasionally violent. A camp powerful in Northern Italy, the Golden Wheel, fiercely vilified a camp called the Brethren of the Book, most powerful in Southern Italy. The Golden Wheels were interested in trade and merchants, believing that kick-starting human learning would require new exchanges of ideas, and they accused the church of being hoarders of knowledge and wealth, so that neither benefited anyone. This included the Brethren of the Book (whose name describes them well, a bunch of scholars mostly), who were very heavily involved in church matters. Whilst a few letters and records we have of meetings between the two groups are filled with pleading for a refrain from violence from both sides, this pleading shows that violence was present.

The Grandi Pazzi

The one exception to all of this sectarianism was, of course, Frederick II's court in Palermo. Frederick the Great, the *Stupor Mundi*, Marvel of the World. He was to be frank, a madman, but the good kind. He gathered men of learning from all throughout France and Germany (remember, his court was in Sicily!) including Leonardo da Pisa, who created the Fibonacci spiral, and the extremely influential theologian St. Thomas Aquinas. He had astronomers, philosophers, poets, physicians, magicians and yes, he had werewolves. I sincerely doubt he was aware of it, but one member of his court was the very capable Theurge and alchemist Drogo Krauthammer, one of the first members of a camp of alchemists known as the Firetenders.

Krauthammer was the first to extrapolate alchemical concepts to spiritual ones. Alchemy held that all metal was a mixture of sulfur, salt and quicksilver; and by changing those mixtures you could, as the legend goes, turn lead into gold. Didn't work, but when Krauthammer took those concepts and observed that sulfur was prone to hosting Wyrm-spirits, salt often held Weaver-spirits and quicksilver was a conduit for Wyld-spirits, he was cooking. His capabilities won his a spot in Frederick's court, and Krauthammer promptly invited along about twenty other Warders from around Europe to join him.

You can't call his merry band a camp, because they encompassed nearly all Warders camps of the day. They were more like a gigantic pack, and when you read the accounts of their behavior, the only one who wasn't a Ragabash was Krauthammer. They called themselves the *Grandi Pazzi*, or the Great Lunatics, and the experiments and debates they conducted quickly tended to turn into a debauch of irrational "logic" that made sense to no-one but their own number, alchemical mixes that defied common sense and worked perfectly, and far too much alcohol to be plausibly healthy. They were the maddest men of the madman's court, and there's no question that if you lived in the thirteenth century and desperately wanted to push the limits of just about any human or Garou learning, you really wanted to be there.

Oh, and Frederick eventually went on a Holy Crusade despite being excommunicated (twice!) and forced the pope to excommunicate the whole of Jerusalem, the holiest city in Christian culture.

Elizabeth Genereader shakes her head *with a massive smile on her face: Wherever human spirits go when they die, I hope his is resting peacefully. I wish we had more humans like that, frankly.*

Backup Circuit agrees: *Ditto.*

Ditto.

As does Slick Sims: *Ditto. These are the kind of guys who actually sign budgets now and then, bless 'em.*

The Renaissance

And then out of the morass of the Dark Ages, suddenly sprung a vast and powerful revolution of artistic, scientific and cultural upheaval! Thinkers in our very homelands of Italy grew weary of the church and its constant pleading with us to wait for our just reward in Heaven, for these thinkers wanted to create greatness here and now, spawning a wave of invention like the Western world had never seen before. The world was born anew by the sheer force of human will, and this world would exalt the human above all else!

Elizabeth Genereader innocently whistles: *And the strong presence of Greek and Roman philosophy circulating in Italy from trading with the Byzantine Empire, fortified by refugees from Constantinople had absolutely nothing to do with it. Nor did the prevailing market system in Italy, which kept out the worst aspects of the soul-sucking, advancement-crushing system that was Feudalism. And it was absolutely, entirely unrelated to the vast amounts of money possessed by the Medici family and their willingness to sponsor great thinkers like Francesco Petrarch. But then, you already knew this, Natalia.*

Indeed, I did. Although they didn't sponsor Petrarch, the founder of Humanism, he was around well before they were going ahead and founding the Platonic Academy and so forth. Nor did they really grow weary of the church; Petrarch oftentimes noted that he felt torn in two by his desire to learn set against his hunger for salvation. And as I said earlier, the Dark Ages were hardly a morass, although they did not compare to the Renaissance.

But all of this is details. The point is that these times were something that the tribe had been starving for. The Brethren of the Book went from being seekers of knowledge, trying to find that which was worth recording; and became editors, wondering what among so much they should write down, and what they should leave out. The Golden Wheel went from desperately trying to maintain the market system of Italy to reaping its rewards. The tribe started forging new alliances in these times, and migrated heavily to Florence, whilst gleefully seizing upon every new idea and invention the humans created.

Perhaps the best way to show exactly how much the Renaissance influenced our tribe is to simply state: The Warders were gone by the end of the Renaissance, replaced by a new tribe.

The Tetrasomians

Humanism was the philosophical backbone of the Renaissance, believing in the fundamental rationality, dignity and worth of mankind whilst holding the classical Greek and Roman texts in the highest regard. It was also the origin of one area of modern teaching: the humanities. This is, incidentally, the area that covers the study of history. So I guess I have a lot to owe to it.

The reason this is important is that it helps to understand how the Tetrasomians came about. They were founded by a collection of Italian Warders inspired by the works of Petrarch; the most notable among them including the prolific inventor and Theurge Nicolas Medina, poet and Galliard Merlino Rufillo and Vittoria Zuccaro, an Ahroun and translator of Ancient Greek writings. These three were fascinated by the ideas of humanism and the possibility of "Garouism," a philosophy that would champion the rationality and responsibility of Garou.

Rufillo was the one responsible for much of the camp's doctrine. He drew heavily from the Greek philosopher and scientist Empedocles, who believed that the world was divided into the classical four elements. Empedocles went further, however, and ascribed mythical figures to each element: Zeus was associated with air, Hera claimed earth, Hades fire, and Persephone was correlated to water. These four forces were pulled back and forth by the two great forces of life: Strife and Love, which were associated with Ares and Aphrodite. He believed that in the beginning, the entire world was made of Love in a perfect sphere, but Strife shattered Love into the four elements that made our world as well as our souls, and we were slowly heading back to a time when Love would form a second perfect sphere.

From this base, Rufillo created much of the essential Tetrasomian philosophy. The four elements stood for the Triat and Gaia: She was Hera and Earth, the Wyrm was Hades, the Weaver was Zeus and Persephone represented the Wyld. These were, however, the "minor" incarnations of the Triat and Gaia, contained within our souls and opposed to the "major" incarnation of Gaia and the Wyrm, represented by Aphrodite and Ares. Just as humanism believed in the ability of humanity to better itself with rationality, Rufillo believed Garou could better themselves by balancing the four elements in their soul. This did not negate the responsibility of the Garou to fight the greater Wyrm and defend the greater Gaia, but in their own souls it was better to be balanced between Gaia and the Wyrm, able to draw off both spirits original worthy values.

If Rufillo was the brains behind the Tetrasomians, then Medina was the hands and Zuccaro was the mouth. Medina was more concerned with the alchemical traditions that Empedocles was influenced by and spent his time creating some of the most wondrous fetishes of the age. Zuccaro worked like a madwoman on researching Empedocles and the Greek mystery traditions that influenced him. She was the one who came up with the structure of the camp, which was highly reminiscent of an Orphic, mystery cult. Moots were held under moonlight, and Rites of Passage were ended by nearly fatally wounding the cub with a silver dagger. This near-death experience was meant to jolt the soul and help the cub toward balance.

Perhaps because of the demands upon rationality (and its cousin, objectivity), balance was seen as some-

thing very measurable. Garou who held higher rank were seen as wiser, stronger and better and were entrusted with much higher responsibility. It's uncertain that Rufillo really ever intended this; more likely Zuccaro interpreted his words in her typically aggressive manner.

However, Zuccaro's ruthless promotion and recruitment for the camp, Medina's inspiring triumphs and Rufillo's compelling philosophy won over much of the tribe. The whole notion of Warding man seemed counterproductive in a time when humankind was striving for greatness, and both the Brethren of the Book and the Firetenders found patronage with the wealthy Tetrasomians. Only the Golden Wheel held fast against the Tetrasomians, and they weren't enough to hold alive the memory of earlier times. The Warders were dead, long live the Tetrasomians. And whilst the Tetrasomians were elitist, and their shady occultism flirted with the Wyrm more than a little too often, they also gave backing and support to many Garou that were devoted to Renaissance ideals as well as Gaia. They did a lot of good, but sadly also did much harm as time went on.

Now, the thing is, the Tetrasomians don't really appear in the oral history of other tribes, but there's a pretty decent reason: "Tetrasomian" doesn't translate into the High Tongue very well. As in, at all. The other tribal names hinge on concepts that can be expressed in the Garou language — colors, actions, physical things, the names of powerful totems, and so on. Even "Fianna" can be pronounced in the High Tongue readily enough.

What did the other tribes, or even the lupus members of our own tribe, call the Tetrasomians at the time, then? Sadly, we don't know. I've asked the Galliards of other tribes, but they usually answer with "Glass Walkers" (the timeless nature of oral history working against us, dammit), "Warders," "Warders of Men," or even "Warders of Apes." That last one's really flattering, isn't it? So we just don't know whether we were called something like "The Tribe of Four," "The Balancers," or what. Like you said, Slick, this is the price we pay for trying to put together a permanent written history and neglecting some of the older tales just because they're "vague."

Backup-Circuit notes: *Don't worry too much about whether the name change was noticed or ratified by the other tribes or not. I have it on good authority that they've reacted to our tribe's multiple name changes by offering a permanent name that they use when we're not around. So we're all "Pretentious Bastards," and don't you forget it.*

The New World

There's a very deep, unusual irony in the fact that both the Native American tribes (the Uktena, Wendigo and the late Croatan) called America "the Pure Lands." Much as they supposedly came to the continent seeking purity from the corrupting influence of the Wyrm, the Pilgrim Fathers came to the continent seeking purity for their religion.

Slick Sims smirks: *Too much irony. That sounds like classic semiotic trailblazing; be the first to establish the term for something and everyone will follow your lead regardless of the connotations. It's one of the fundamental tricks of media relations. I'd put good odds on the idea that a European came up with the term and the Native Americans, bewildered, used the term because the Europeans did.*

Elizabeth Genereader counters: *There's no real evidence to suggest that, Slick, at least as far as I know. Granted, American history isn't my strongest point, but I think the Uktena legends (at least) talk about purifying the lands by ensnaring the Wyrm in nets. I'd really think that this is just one of those ironic touches that makes you think, "Wow, history is weird." Besides which, Slick, if we get to hammer Natalia for her unsubstantiated fantasies, we get to do the same for you.*

Gee, thanks Elizabeth. Thanks a million. And you're right about the Uktena legends.

At any rate, we weren't really that interested in the Pilgrim Fathers. We did have a strong presence in England courtesy of the Roman Empire, and our interest in human religion alerted us to them, but in the end it was just another sectarian movement by a bunch of farmers and carpenters. We never really felt they were going anywhere, and so we paid them no attention. They went to Holland, we barely noticed. But then they came back to London in 1617 with plans to set sail for the New World, our business types' ears perked up. This was actually something new, a possible development in human affairs, and we at least wanted to keep tabs on it. I doubt any of our number were actually on board the Mayflower or even the Speedwell, however it is interesting to note that one of our Galliards, acting on a hunch, managed to compile a rough list of the London merchants that invested in the expedition. After a few years, he finally proved his hunch when he hunted down an Ancestor spirit that had been in London at that time. A Shadow Lord, curiously enough. The Galliard managed to hunt down a Shadow Lord lost cub for him in exchange for looking at the list and confirming that Ian Margesson was indeed a Tetrasomian Garou.

Slick Sims grins: *The most common intelligence game in the modern world: Accounting. Give someone an account and you'll never lose tabs on him.*

At least not until 1627 when they managed to pay it off in full. I don't think the Tetrasomians expected them to do as well as they did. There's more irony here, I suppose, in that the Tetrasomians would soon falter in the face of an American camp.

The Splinter Begins

Since then, slow trickles of the tribe had begun to make the move to America, mostly due to the tribal politics of the day. The Tetrasomians' "balanced" leadership had been becoming slowly more and more restrictive, with leaders beginning to exercise more and more of their power, and younger Garou became frustrated with lack of opportunity. The words of the Enlightenment had also begun to seep into the tribe's mind....

Of course you're surprised how easily our tribe bends to human thought. You're not a Glass Walker.

The Enlightenment had begun to seep into the tribe's mind, and a lot of them were calling for a total revolution of the tribe, forcibly destroying the Tetrasomians and putting a new tribe in place. Had merely a dozen more years passed, the French Revolution might well have given them the inspiration to try. Thankfully (since such an endeavor would surely have resulted in naught but the pointless butchery of Garou), they found another avenue in the American War of Independence. Other members of the tribe had extolled the virtues of the New World, and the possibility of these opportunities becoming entirely destroyed mobilized the younger members of the tribe. To make it clear, the movement wasn't because of any sympathy for America, or even in this case a care for any human concerns. It was purely self-serving, a protecting of their own interests.

Regardless of the reasons, though, a collection of anywhere between twenty to sixty Tetrasomian Garou made an organized exodus for America with intent to support the colonists. The lower number is the absolutely confirmed Garou who made the journey; half of these came from England. The rest, who could be anywhere between ten and fifty, came from all over Europe. While it was an organized effort, they never came in one group but instead in dribs and drabs.

How much effect did these Garou have on the war? Obviously there are no official records, but some basic logic can reveal a few clues to us. Garou are devastatingly effective against normal humans, of whom only a bare few can even see us without running. While it's highly doubtful the small group we comprised could handle the several hundred thousand soldiers the British had, we didn't have to, since they had their hands full fighting the proper colonists. The disinterest of Britain's public in the war, the steady morale of the colonists and the eventual assistance of foreign nations also gave the British headaches, without us ever becoming involved. More likely, we simply pushed them over the top in a few key battles to ensure their victory.

Backup-Circuit scoffs: *Even that's going too far, Natalia. There's no way the Garou revealed themselves to the colonists. That would be foolish and dangerous, which meant they would never have been able to act in full concert with their war effort. Nor could they have fought to their full potential in major battles; adopting Crinos would have scattered both armies efficiently. Hell, it's highly probable a lot of us found Wyrm influences and spent time fighting them as well as the Revolutionary War. It is more than likely we were a marginal influence that assisted most greatly in the guerilla aspects of the war, operating independently but with some guidance from colonist leaders.*

Sweet Mary and Joseph, some good argument from Backup! Color me impressed, we'll make a historian out of you yet.

Backup-Circuit bows.

The Beginnings of the Iron Riders and the Wild West

A lot happened in the years to come, of course, such as the ratification of the Constitution and the war of 1812. In 1861, P.T. Beauregard fired on Fort Sumter and began the American Civil War.

But for us, the major event happened in 1829. A Philodox of the tribe, Patrick Schulde, contacted 19 other Tetrasomian Garou throughout America by letter. The letters contained a feverish scribbling discussing a "new great spirit" that he had seen in Pennsylvania, who had told him to go to the city of Philadelphia three years hence with all whom would join him. He eventually succeeded in bringing twenty Garou to Philadelphia, who all watched the testing of Old Ironsides, a five-ton locomotive. The same spirit that Patrick Schulde had first seen would also visit them: Stourbridge Lion. Born of the locomotive of the same name, the first locomotive tested in America, he spoke to the collected Garou and made a promise that if they made him and his brothers great, he would never leave their children's side and make all their cousins envy them.

This is, of course, how we know that at least 20 Garou came across to aid the colonists. Schulde was one of them, and the 19 others were his initial comrades. And with Stourbridge Lion's promise, they became the first 20 Iron Riders.

Slick Sims asks: *Question. Why did this spirit appear after the testing of the Stourbridge Lion? The first locomotive testing was designed by Richard Trevithick in 1804, and was tested in London.*

It's an excellent question. I think the best answer is that the spirit never had a chance to appear there because there was no one to appear to. Maybe the testing of the Stourbridge Lion created it, since it needed a creature of spirit (like Garou) there to form, or it already had formed in London and adopted an appropriate form for when it finally had an audience. With spirits, who can say?

With Stourbridge Lion almost acting as a second totem to the tribe, we focused on extending our network of power (and railway lines) across America. Those who had money pushed it behind railroad companies, those who didn't spent time getting money-spirits to hang around their offices and working to drive away the natives who got in the way of the railroad. (Again, something we're not overly proud of now.)

The other tribes considered us crazy, with our giant locomotives plowing across the plains, but the funny thing was that we were indispensable. For the first time, we were fighting with the other tribes instead of against them. Except for the Uktena and Wendigo, and our tribes never really get along as a result. In addition, the trains brought food, water, supplies and gunpowder. The Iron Riders drew off the spirits of the railroad and added a lot of firepower to the cause. Hate us, curse us, and distrust us. But you couldn't ignore us. The Wild West was what finally made the Garou accept us. Since then, we actually felt safe heading out into the other tribes' caerns. Not that we do it a lot, but it's nice to have the option.

As a side note, one ritual that hasn't lasted through to today was the Roach Week. It would seem that Cockroach got perhaps justifiably jealous of just how much emphasis the Iron Riders placed on Stourbridge Lion, so every time a pack of Iron Riders made it to a new town, they made sure to spend a week away from Stourbridge Lion and in offering to Cockroach. Stepping sideways, they'd place down spiritual markers, sort of a miniature caern, for cockroach-spirits, letting them know how to get there. It also let Cockroach keep a damn good eye on every town that popped up, and a few dissident Riders thought it was his way of making sure we never escaped him. But they forgot; Cockroach is a totem of Wisdom. Cockroach knew Stourbridge Lion would leave us like a tired lover one day, and come that day Cockroach would stand firm by us. Those same markers were our way into the towns that became cities, and it took us no time at all to make our inroads into the American cities once the Wild West was over.

The Industrial Revolution and the Death of the Tetrasomians

While all this is going on, of course, Europe is continuing along its path as well. The Enlightenment had struck the first blow to the Tetrasomians. Whilst the rationality of the Enlightenment struck a chord with the Tetrasomians, its fierce decrying of ancient texts as the basis of wisdom deeply offended them. The Tetrasomian leadership's rejection of philosophers such as Voltaire and Kant separated them from the younger members of the tribe, and the cracks in their hold on the tribe were beginning. But by the 1780s, a cracked tribe was a deadly thing to have. In London, the Industrial Revolution began, and our tribe suddenly had its hands full.

There's absolutely no question, the Industrial Revolution marked the beginning of the modern Apocalypse War. What pains us so much is that we perhaps handed the humans the gun that fired the first shot. Throughout history, we'd cherished the inventions of humanity. For most of it, humanity had solidly fought against the Wyrm in our view. Human invention ended suffering, weakened the Banes around them, and provided an inhospitable environment for most Wyrm creatures. What we'd forgotten was that the Wyrm was equally as capable of employing the tools of humanity as we were, and in our determination to protect humans from the other tribes, we'd perhaps done our job too well. I'm not suggesting that we were wrong to stop the Impergium, but certainly we'd been too enamored of the good in humanity to see the potential for disaster. Then again, had we not been there this situation may only have happened sooner. Who knows?

Slick Sims interjects: *Look babe, I know that this is when we bring out our big hair shirt, but it's not like we ever lost our faith in humanity here. Our tribe has always had the right line, and we had guys even in the Industrial Revolution to prove it! Take some time to look over at guys like Robert Owen. When the rest of England was busy employing kids and watching their workers become drunken automatons, he saw the situation and was disgusted. And he did something about it. Counseled them against drink. Paid them more money. And he still made a nice profit. There aren't many bosses out there today who've worked out that last bit.*

Anyway, ahem. Please, keep apologizing, Natalia.

Whatever our role in it, the war began in London in 1780 with the rise of the first factories. Waste and smoke were home to Banes, misery and pain, and we were asking a question we'd never had to ask before. Did we support the technology, or for the first time attack it? In the end, the choice was out of our hands. The Wyrm was making his grand play, and he didn't intend to let us screw it up for him. Fomori lurked in the alleyway shadows, Banes roared at the borders of our caerns day in and day out, and we were harassed without pause. War had begun, and the Wyrm was winning from the outset.

But for all the wrong the Tetrasomians had brought upon the tribe, they made up for it with their end. Within the Umbra, the Industrial Revolution brought forward an old enemy: Stannum. Awoken by the burning of coal in the late days of the British Revolution, he slaughtered an entire sept in London before returning 'home' to settle old scores. And whilst the Tetrasomians may have been elitists, they weren't

hypocrites. Knowing Stannum had to be stopped, the elders of the camp gathered in the tribe's former home — Rome — and prepared to do battle. Twenty elders stood alongside a handful of athros. According to popular legend, a single pack of cliaths accidentally also found themselves in the battle.

And the battle is the stuff Galliards dream to sing of. Stannum came with hordes of lesser Banes at his side, and the battle went for three full days. In the end, only two Garou stood to face Stannum, and the battle ended when Elia Taricco buried his own teeth in Stannum's eye. The poison in that eye slew Elia, but his strong teeth sunk deep, and Stannum collapsed into dust. In the crunch, the elders lived up to their responsibilities, but the Tetrasomians were destroyed. In the void of leadership, the Iron Riders became the face of the tribe by default, and when many of them returned to London to set up railroads there in 1844 the entire tribe would call themselves Iron Riders.

The Boli Zouhisze Move to Hong Kong

As all of this has been happening, the Boli Zouhisze had been suffering. The rise of the Manchus in 1644 was a mixed blessing for the tribe. On one side, the Manchus themselves brought a powerful respect for history to China, much of the current knowledge of Ancient China is because of the Manchus support of historical projects. However, the Wyrm exploited the changeover of Dynasty excellently. The Boli Zouhisze had managed to place a few select Kinfolk and Garou in high government offices and throughout the military in Han China. When the Manchus came to power, these plants were ousted and worse, Bakemono — that's the Asian variant of fomori, for those unaware — replaced many of them. The Wyrm not only had gained a position of power, but used the information the Boli Zouhisze were forced to abandon there to strategically attack Boli Zouhisze caerns.

This continued for well over a century. Beaten and desperate for a weapon, in 1813 the Boli Zouhisze made a daring move by throwing their lot in with foreigners. The British East India Company had been crucial in perpetuating the opium trade in China, and the Boli Zouhisze offered their services, employing Umbra tactics to become some of the East India Company's best smugglers. Even many of the Boli Zouhisze Elders assisted.

When the Chinese government offered Hong Kong as a British port in 1842, the Boli Zouhisze moved *en masse* to the small island. Better to be, they reasoned, the big fish in a small pond then the small, dead fish in the large one. Whilst some Boli Zouhisze

remained on the mainland, from this point on the tribe's focus would be Hong Kong.

The Birth of the Glass Walkers

The Industrial Revolution and Stannum's rampage had shattered London's Garou. The strongest caern in London had been destroyed, and a bunch of rich, arrogant Americans called themselves the leaders despite having no one to lead. It was a depressing time for the tribe in that area. Adam Sutton, a London Ragabash, took to wandering the city for days at a time. According to his diary (now kept as a tribal treasure by the London sept), he heard a rapping in the alleyways and began following it in 1882. This took place over weeks until he finally worked out to step sideways and follow it in the Umbra.

Eventually, he found the source of the rapping. A long, spindly umbrella rapping against walls, held by a tall man wearing a plaid waistcoat, a brass pocket watch with Roman numerals in the pocket and an "anarchy" pin on his lapel. Adam Sutton had just discovered the London City Father, the first one ever discovered. Glass Walkers today tend to forget that we just didn't even know City Fathers and Mothers existed until a little over a century ago.

But... Our Pack Was Following Prague's Father in 1124!

Numerous details about this story could be wrong. For one, Natalia's reliance on written history leaves her blind to details in the oral history, like when the first City Mother or Father might *really* have been discovered. Also, the City Father has always been an elusive, tricky spirit. Even in the modern setting game you can count the number of City Fathers and Mothers formally known to the tribe on your fingers. It's perfectly reasonable to believe more City Fathers and Mothers are out there in other cities, and that they may have adopted packs quietly in older times. They just never sparked off the revolution that Sutton's discovery of the London City Father did. City Fathers and Mothers sort of exist timelessly, and thus tend to be wildly anachronistic; London's Father might look in Roman times exactly like he does today. As such, setting your game in earlier eras could make for some great visual clashes and fun play.

Or, in brief: Feel free to ignore this and whack the City Father into whatever era or place you want. Have fun!

But once we knew about that first one, it was like wildfire. City Fathers started to be found everywhere. Perhaps it was a trick from London's Father, who's a trickster spirit at heart — deadly serious until you realize the trick, whereupon he bursts into laughter. And in classic trickster fashion, the City Fathers and Mothers had been right in front of us the whole time, only we never knew what to look for. After the news of Sutton's find swept through the tribe, City Mothers and Fathers were found in New York and Philadelphia within the *month*, and Atlanta, Boston, and Chicago were all found within that year. Why American cities seemed to fare so much better is still unknown, although Toronto was found in the 1950s, and both Paris and Melbourne were found late last century. (The City Mother in Paris only ever appears to foreigners, appropriately enough. That city has always been at its most beautiful in the imaginations of its admirers.)

During this time, the Iron Riders had been falling apart. Individual members of the camp were still very wealthy and powerful, more so than ever, but they had less and less to do with each other. The completion of the Northern Pacific railroad in 1883 highlighted how successful they'd been, but also suggested that they'd really completed their purpose. As such, the camp faded in power and the loosest camp in tribal history managed to change the name of the tribe. Since this new camp, held together only by their devotion to the various City Fathers, spent most of the time in the Umbra, their name reflected —

Backup-Circuit, deadpan: *Stop it. You're killing me.*

— this. You needed a reflective surface to step sideways into the Umbra, and the most common reflective surface in the city was glass. Glass Steppers sounded silly, and so pretty soon the Glass Walkers had displaced the Iron Riders and Tetrasomians.

The Shifting Century and the Contemporary Tribe

Of course, it didn't last. The Glass Walkers were just too disorganized, with no real leadership or agenda beyond finding more City Fathers. It's a credit to how powerful the City Father was that they lasted as long as they did, but ironically, it was perhaps their lack of longevity that ensured their immortality in the tribe. By the time the Warders, Tetrasomians and Iron Riders had run their course, the entire tribe was sick of them and wanted to forget about them as quickly as possible. They'd just been around for too long.

By contrast, the Glass Walkers were a popular group, just not as powerful or effective as might have been hoped. When the Wise Guys managed to gain the sort of power in the tribe that other dominant

camps had, the rest of the tribe didn't stop calling themselves Glass Walkers. Maybe someday, if a camp gets a solid enough grip on the tribe and hangs around for a few centuries again you'll see our tribe get another name, but that seems fairly unlikely. The Glass Walkers short run of power, a mere thirty years, set off what is now known in the tribe as the Shifting Century where four camps really held the spotlight of the tribe. Somehow we negotiated the horrors of two World Wars, a depression, and disco.

But it is the most recent events of the tribe that are of greatest worry, and I'm not the one to tell the story. Elizabeth?

Elizabeth Genereader breathes in deeply and ends the story: *When it's all said and done, the most recent developments in the tribe's history begin with the achievement of a pack named the Cyber Dogs.*

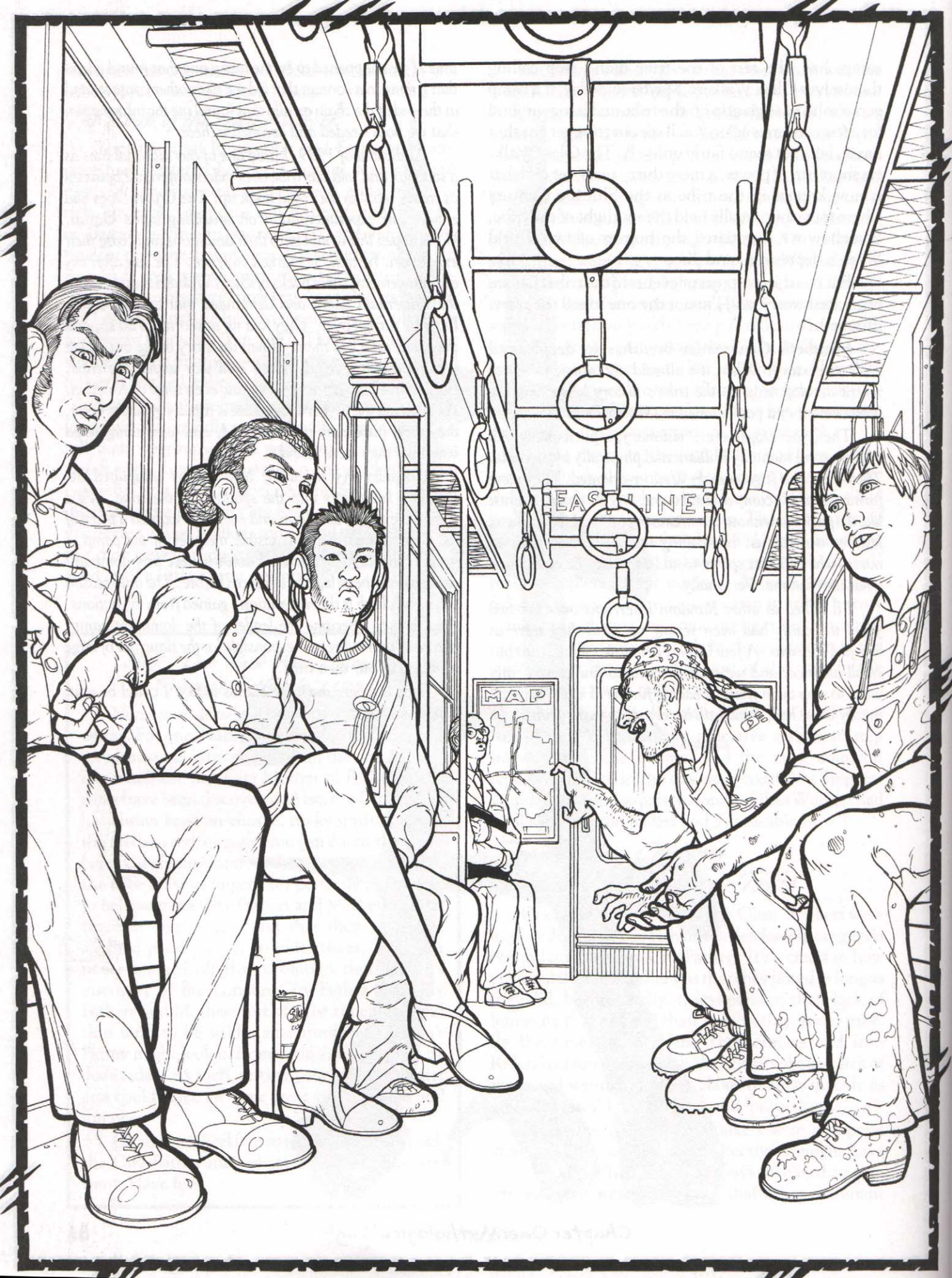
The Cyber Dogs were... visionary, to put it mildly. All of them were mentally brilliant and physically impeccable. They were also frighteningly Weaver-oriented. They were forming a whole camp around them, and the camp was just like the pack but without the smarts or potential. Cybernetic fetishes worried us, but calling upon Weaver-spirits in moots when Gaian spirits would normally be called was what terrified me. Personally.

I'd talked to other Random Interrupts over the two years the camp had been setting up, and they were as terrified as I was. A few Urban Primitives joined into our small alliance, and we started trying to find a way, any way, to stop them from spreading further. I wasn't special in any way, hell; I was still barely more than a cub at the time. I just happened to be the lucky one that found a lead that got me to a contact that led me to another contact, and at the end of the chain an ally that found me the information that we both needed and dreaded to hear.

At the end of 1999, I used one of our seasonal rites as a soapbox and told our tribe over videoconference between as many septs as we could hook up: The Cyber Dogs had engaged in experimentation on unwilling lupus Garou. We'd hoped this would curb their ambitions and cease their expansion. Instead, it sparked violence. The day after my announcement, three packs of Glass Walkers marched into the Rotterdam caern and demanded that certain Cyber Dogs be turned over. They had no authority to do so, and the caern attacked them. When the story broke out, there was no averting a full-blown civil war within the tribe. Battles broke out across Europe and even some of America. As much as the Cyber Dogs were a rapidly growing force, they were hopelessly outnumbered, and were slaughtered wherever they were found.

Consider my situation: My actions catapulted the Random Interrupts into the spotlight of the tribe. We'd gained the tribe's attention and everyone wanted a piece of us. Since I was the most visible member of the camp, I became the de facto leader. I don't believe any dominant camp as ever been lead by a fostern before. The only reason I'm not a cliath is the recognition I gained from my actions. And worse, I became the leader of the dominant camp, because I was indirectly responsible for the slaughter of large numbers of our own tribe.

This is where our tribe stands today. I could be a lot happier about it.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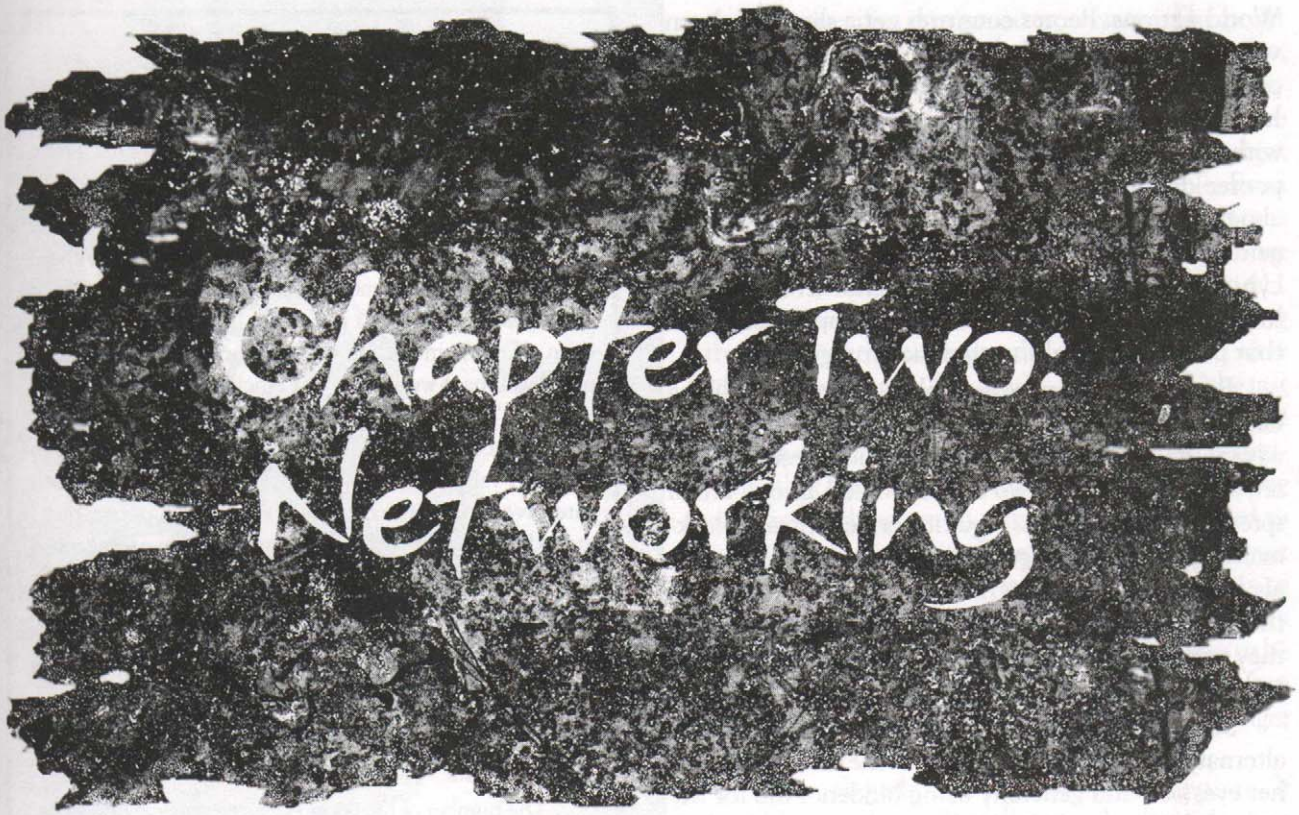


"The future is an inherently good thing."
— Warren Ellis

The First 48 Hours

If you're not a Glass Walker, you don't fully understand the first forty-eight hours. Those first two days since *it* happened. If you're not homid, then you just don't understand, period. You didn't get the luxury of a First Change right in the middle of a crowd of people, most of whom you know by face and name and maybe even by personality. And you're among that crowd of people when something little, and it's always the most stupid little thing, sets you off. Contrary to cliché, you don't "see red." You see people, and faces, and your own claws. You know full well whom you killed.

It just doesn't seem to matter at the time, is all. Killing them seems right.

And once you realize what's happened, and you're wet with blood and naked and frozen with terror, you slink into the corner and look at them all and wonder what's wrong with you. And then, monsters show up, grab you, and you're screaming as you wait to die.

A whole lot of you who had human parents know this, I know. But most of you don't understand the next bit. For those of you from wilderness tribes, this scene is followed by being jammed into a truck and driven out of town. It's harrowing, I'll bet, but it's quickly over.

For us, though, you get a blanket thrown over you and you get shoved into a car's back seat as the monsters turn into people, and tell you to stay quiet. (Back when the Wise Guys were at their peak, they tossed you into the trunk.) Then, you drive nice and slow up the main road, and you turn into a parking lot and walk into an elevator, and you go up forty floors. You're scared witless. You want to scream. But you don't, because you saw what these things were before, and you want to live. So you shut up as they herd you out of the elevator and toward a shower. If you've got good eyes, you'll notice the shower room has no mirror, and no sharp objects available. Assuming they're on the ball, the Glass Walkers rarely lose a cub to suicide. Can't afford to.

Given clothes (one size-fits all outfits), you're given over to a counselor who explains, very patiently, that you're not insane, but that yes, you are a monster. It isn't very reassuring, but it's still the best procedure we have yet. Meanwhile, all around you are people on phones. And you slowly realize every single one is talking about you.

Think about it for a second. How hard is it to cover up mass murder? It depends on where you are, of course. This whole sequence is mostly true for First

World nations. Poorer countries get a slimmed-down version since for the most part the enemy (that is, the police and media) are either not as well equipped or less concerned with protecting the population than with controlling them. And werewolves flipping in poorer districts of places like America (I'm talking about Bone Gnawers, here) get the advantage that, in general, the police don't care as much. It's hideous cynicism to believe that if mass murder's going to happen, it should happen to those in crap housing, but that perception works to their advantage.

But if you're from reasonably wealthy areas, like a large percentage of Glass Walkers, you don't get that advantage. Stopping a police and media investigation of anywhere from six to two dozen murders in one brutal spree is a fiendish process requiring bribes, threats, blackmail and every other edge we can hold over key individuals. Usually, a scapegoat is needed. We do our best to pin the murder on someone serving the Wyrm's needs, but they aren't always conveniently available. It's not pretty, but like I said before, these aren't pretty times.

So for the first 24 hours, this poor little teenager is alternately trying to kill everyone in the building, crying her eyes out, and generally being hidden. And for the second 24 hours, she's slowly watching people she's never even laid eyes on before sacrifice their time, money and effort in the pursuit of protecting her. And as they do it, they all have huge grins on their faces; they slap each other's backs and hands and laugh every so often. They're rejoicing, because a cub has been found.

If you can get past how horrifying it is, it's absurdly funny.

Initiation

In a way, those 48 hours are your real Rite of Passage. You don't know this at the time, of course, but you're being monitored from the moment you arrive at the caern. (For the curious, that high rise I mentioned earlier is the caern. I'm not just referring to just my First Change, either; a lot of caerns are in high-rises. More on that, later.) If you're up to the task, they'll even try to get you involved in the last stages, with some assistance. A particular favorite is getting you to edit your own police record, and if you have any experience with computers, they'll likely get you to do that. For those who are getting flashbacks to *Men in Black*, we don't erase all our records. Those records represent a wealth of contacts and useful services available to us. Why get rid of them?

If you're less computer-inclined, it can be things like making phone calls to find yourself a new home, or if you're too young to live alone then to find yourself a tutor. Schooling does not end when you Change; if it did, we'd be at a tremendous disadvantage.

For the Rest

This is, of course, only true for the homid members of the tribe, who comprise as much as 90-95% of the tribe, with the majority of the remainder being metis. These breeds have to be introduced into the tribe differently.

- **Metis**

Metis tend to have a far better lot in the Glass Walkers than they'd receive in most tribes once they have their First Change, but before that they have lives that would make even a Fianna metis cub wince. Since a metis cub being seen by humans would be a very efficient way to destroy the veil, they're kept under lock and key, usually by one of the Kin. (Theoretically, Gaia's warriors have better things to do than raise children, especially ones requiring such intensive care.) After they have their First Change, metis are suddenly allowed to join the caern and have some social and physical skills taught to them in a hurry before their Rite of Passage. Ironically, whilst metis don't suffer the same stigma they do in other tribes, they still suffer greatly early on. Many metis born into the tribe are introverts and lack fighting instincts. However, metis are considered the equals of all other Garou, at least in theory.

- **Lupus**

The number of lupus Garou in the tribe is so tiny that there are few generalities that can be made. Each case is unique, however; lupus tend to be prized by the tribe precisely because of their rarity. Often they're kept as "prize pets" of either relatives or the leader of the sept, and are taken out to hunt and learn the skills of their wilderness born cousins. Unfortunately, this often creates lupus that are very used to taking orders and less used to taking initiative.

Since homids are so clearly the majority, they tend to be seen as the default of the tribe in most septs. This doesn't mean they're the "preferred" breed in any sense; in fact, sometimes it can work the other way and the lupus gets favored for high profile tasks by virtue of standing out more. However, the tribe can forget the needs of its lupus and metis members from time to time as a result of their minority status.

Many septs attempt to combat this in the same way that many Western political bodies have, by ensuring token members of the breeds are represented at all levels of leadership. At least one major position of responsibility will be given to a metis or lupus. The most common choice is Gatekeeper, for two major reasons. Since metis and lupus usually have more Gnosis than homids, they're often a better choice for the job. The second reason is that even if they're not the best choice for the job, the same logic behind the first reason can be explained to any homid that feels (perhaps rightfully) slighted in the name of breed politics.

Of course, this is all modern-age custom. In the old days, things were a little more balanced between wolf and human — but that was then. This is now.

The specifics don't matter, anyway. The point isn't to show off how knowledgeable or tough you are, it's to show how you deal with high-pressure situations. Cubs who manage the first 48 hours well have proven themselves before the Rite of Passage and get what teaching we provide as soon as possible. Even before you're officially "Garou," you're being led into the Umbra and are being instructed on the finer points of your auspice. This isn't just the basic 411 that all cubs get; this is a serious in-depth training that most of the time you don't receive until after your Rite of Passage. We tend to nickname it "the fast track." Cubs on the fast track barely get a Rite of Passage at all: A Theurge might just need to negotiate with a friendly spirit and get it to do something specific for them, or an Ahroun might be asked to "discourage" someone from harassing one of our Kinfolk. All that's really required in this case is to show basic competence, such cubs have already demonstrated the nerve and willpower it takes to be a Garou in the Glass Walkers. Such Garou are often the best we have, and it makes no sense to endanger them with a rough Rite of Passage.

Most, though, don't get such an easy time. If you, like myself incidentally, spend your entire first 48 hours curled in a ball and pleading with everyone to go away, then you get the standard deal. Teaching from elders is minimal: Such cubs haven't shown their ability to deal with pressure and are therefore security risks, hence they are only told what they need to know and what we don't mind giving away.

The sharper of you here will have observed a problem with the system: Only the homid members of the tribe endure the first 48 hours in such a way that it can become such a testing grounds. This means that lupus and metis are never considered on the fast track, and it's a point of some tension in some caerns, I'm certain. How it will be fixed is not certain.

Rites of Passage for these cubs is done in groups whenever possible. (In truth, we'd do the same for cubs on the fast track, but how often do you think we get enough fast track cubs at the same time to do that?) They're also based entirely upon what the caern needs done at the time. There's a lot of debate that flies around how challenging these Rites of Passage should be. On the one hand, we want our soldiers to be of a certain standard. This is a war, not a kindergarten class, and making a Rite of Passage easy for a hopeless case can, actually will, be costly later. On the other hand, any Garou is better than none and throwing a group of cubs to the — erm — wolves is a waste of resources. Even the most incompetent, loathsome screw-up can breed, if nothing else.

The general compromise reached is that every Rite of Passage is given a rate of difficulty based upon our intelligence of the situation, ranked from one to ten. Anything above a six gets a supervisor who won't interfere except to yank the cub's chestnuts from the fire (and immediately declare the testing a failure, though if they survive the cubs can try again.) The higher the rating is above six, the more supervisors we employ. If for some ungodly reason the cubs were sent on a rank ten Rite of Passage, they'd merit an entire pack of supervisors. FYI, the very moment we hear that a werewolf might be among the cubs' opposition, the ranking is considered at least seven. Rank eight requires at least half as many werewolf opponents (or beings of equal destructive capacity) as the cubs and nine is invoked when there's at least one enemy for each cub. Rank ten would require the cubs to be outnumbered two to one by werewolf opponents, so we're frankly discussing situations such as "making a full-scale raid on a Black Spiral hive." Any elder who sets such a Rite of Passage is going to face a lot of challenges for the decision.

Most, of course, are nowhere near so heinous. In fact, the general ranking of Rites of Passage tends to hover around six and are designed to test the cubs' ability to work as a team, their self-control, willpower, nerves and ability to operate quietly. My pack was sent to acquire the details of the members and capabilities of a small Wyrm cult so that we could begin a purge. The Rite of Passage required us to use public and private computer databases, an Umbral search of their meeting grounds, and some good old-fashioned sidewalk pounding, with special attention paid to our ability to not draw police attention. It also should have been ranked level seven after we learned that four members of the cult were fomori, but that's another story.

Odd development: Among some young Glass Walkers, the ranking of your Rite of Passage is becoming a status symbol. If you "passed" a rank eight Rite of Passage, you have bragging rights over someone who only needed rank three. It baffles me, since the really good Glass Walkers, the ones who began on the fast track, uniformly get rank one rites. Go figure.

Backup-Circuit takes the opposing view: *Jeez, there's a really easy reason why those who get the tough Rites of Passage get respect straight off — they've proven themselves, man! Being on one end of a telephone and holding your wits is not the same as facing down a pack of psychotic werewolves, and way too many "fast trackers" break down in their first fight. I'll take the hardened rank ten over the untested teacher's pet any day of the week, thankyouverymuch.*

After the testing, the actual rite takes place before the entire caern and combines aspects of the Catholic Mass (blame the Wise Guys), a college graduation (blame the Corporate Wolves) and a knighthood. (Goddess only knows where *that* came from.) The cub or cubs kneel before the ritemaster and are given ceremonial robes before the duties of your auspice are recited to you. You are asked to recite the Litany back to the ritemaster before he makes the mark of Gaia on your chest, then your auspice glyph on top of it, the tribal glyph above that, and lastly the symbol for the caern's totem. Finally pure spring water is poured over your head. (Evian works.) This calls forth the caern's totem to recognize the cubs as Garou, and the rite is completed as the ritemaster calls for the caern to recognize the Garou as a comrade and a Glass Walker.

Certain details are negotiable. Traditionally red paint is used to mark the glyphs, but tattoos have been used by more street-level caerns and if times are tough and such rites need to be worked fast, magic markers will do the job. Like everything in the tribe, our rituals evolve, so it will be intriguing to see how the increasing power of the Random Interrupts in the tribe will influence the rite.

Auspice Roles

When the ritemaster goes over the auspice duties, they use fairly traditional language, and it sounds appropriately archaic so as to be impressive. Galliards like myself are told, "You are to honor those that serve Gaia, and to decry those that would spoil Her radiant beauty. You will ensure those who become martyrs before our eyes will be remembered, nor will you let us forget our mistakes. You are the tale-keeper, you are Galliard." But really, Glass Walker society is often very lenient in interpreting auspice roles. Taking your cues from a Western human society that for the last two centuries devoted itself to allowing social mobility will do that for you. But we're also not quite as easy-going toward it as you might think; we're still *Garou*. When we walk into the night air and see Luna displaying the symbol of our birth, we still feel that surge of pride and Rage that all Garou do. And it's a wonderful reminder that auspices aren't just something that the people around you set up: They're the mandates of a goddess.

However, we figure that she trusts us and that it's better to have someone enthusiastically working on something a little tangential to his role than someone half-heartedly pursuing the straight and narrow of his auspice. And perhaps appropriately, the way we view auspices is somewhat cyclic, just like Luna.

Ragabash

The stereotypical Ragabash is a computer hacker, gleefully ripping into the computer systems of Wyrm controlled companies and creating chaos. The stereotype isn't too far off, either; it's good for Ragabash to be

technically-minded, since they can produce a lot of creative stuff that way. Still, there's a lot more diversity in the auspice than a group of illiterate techno-wankers. Back when the Corporate Wolves were at their peak, the fashionable thing for Ragabash to be was a "consultant" who could neatly go over an entire corporate (or caern) structure and identify weaknesses. With, of course, a bit of nudging toward more environmentally safe solutions.

Then you get the political activists, the cyber-journalists and all sorts of other mutations. The point here is that the Ragabash has two jobs: to locate weakness, and to promote forward thinking. Where the first is concerned, we don't care if it's picking up the Achilles heels of our enemies or helping us cover our own asses, we just want to make sure we exploit situations well and don't leave ourselves open to exploitation. The second is pretty self-explanatory — questioning the *why* of something as well as the *how* is one of the first steps toward innovation. And we love innovation. The "pranking" everyone talks about is a trickster tradition, but it's not the end-all and be-all. If it's the best way to make a point, then go ahead, but otherwise, just come out and tell us what the problem is and how we should fix it. It wastes less time, and reduces distractions.

Which isn't to say that pranking is entirely absent in the tribe. Culture jamming is an idea so perfectly Ragabash that you can't help but wonder if a few members of the auspice weren't there to help its inception. Other members of the auspice seem to delight in walking through gaping holes in our defenses while in disguise, and then making the whole caern sit through the security video replay of how she did it. One classic case saw 20 lbs. of staples lugged through three checkpoints, all equipped with metal detectors. Lazy operators and loose shift changes allowed her to negotiate every last one. Of course, when she got here she rubbed it in, quipping, "Office supplies?" Everyone's a comedian.

Theurge

This is where things begin to get weird to other tribes. Theurges come in all shapes and sizes in the Glass Walkers, from the most traditional to the downright quirky. On the more familiar side of the equation, you get simple modernizers who perform traditional rites with convenient alternatives. A trip to the pet store provides the cotton-tailed sacrifice most Garou have to hunt down, before burning it and making a smell. They buy Yamaha Drum kits to make fetishes out of the skin and proceed to wake the neighbors greeting Helios every morning. They're the worst neighbors you've ever had. For a reason.

Then you get religious wackos. For various reasons, Glass Walker society is often deeply religiously syncretic, and nowhere is this more evident than among Theurges. Whether it's howling the Anthem of War over the symbol of St. Elizabeth of Portugal, or performing Misogi for a Rite of Purification, these Garou take the basic elements of Gaia worship and interpret it in the context of human religion.

And finally you have Technogaianists. By using LEDs to rouse limited consciousness in REM sleep and produce lucid dreaming (or just sitting in front of a computer screen for so long that they fade into unconsciousness), they manage to find the Goddess in the computer, and the VCR, and any household appliance you'd care to name. You can't appreciate just how flexible Gaia is until you've seen a Glass Walker delete a 3D rendering of a cow they worked for days on as a "sacrifice," and then you see it work.

Theurges aren't just the official diplomats to the spirits in the Glass Walkers. They're expected to be leaders in crisis situations and even military commanders in a caern's defense, especially during assaults that have a spiritual element. In short, Theurges are considered our one-stop spirit-dealing shop with a knack for getting results. A lot of responsibility rests on their shoulders, but when you look at the biographies of great Glass Walker heroes, you'll notice a lot of the crescent moons up there.

Bypass-Circuit, a noisy bastard, complains about his life: *Man, we always get the short end of the stick. Everyone in the tribe thinks we're brand new, and everyone outside the tribe thinks the whole tribe is like us. Fact: We're not new, and we're still a minority. Sort of.*

Most people out there tend to think of Technogaianism as something very modern, placing the birth of the movement with the creation of the early computers in the 1930s and '40s. But a few smart people notice that for a while, a whole bunch of Technogaianists was the dominant gang in the tribe: The Iron Riders. And they were doing their bit about a century before the computer ever became a reality. Forget Babbage engines, these guys were into steam engines.

You don't need a computer to see Gaia in technology; you just need any technology with moving parts. Even that's really an artificial distinction; a klaive is technology. We're just extending the basic principle with the times. When watermills got going, we looked for the spirits in them, and then in windmills, and firearms, then steam engines, and now in computers. Just about every tribe out there has their Technogaianists, really (except maybe the Red Talons); it's just that we admit it freely.

See, when it's all said and done, Technogaianism isn't radically different from regular Gaianism in terms of its beliefs. There are one or two spirits we worship that others don't, but we revere Gaia above all else, and we have a specific language for giving Her praise.

Natalia really doesn't convey just how varied we are, either. I've seen some of us find spirits in induced REM sleep,

but others have found ways to summon them with a "Find Computer" or even just a "ping" command on a PC. Others just find ways to house spirits in their computers on a long-term basis, turning their own computers into fetishes. Doing so requires an actual "house" for the spirit, though how this house is created depends strongly on the personality of the Technogaianist. The stereotypical "punk hackers" offer war spirits homes made with first-person shooter level editors, whilst more urbane types use architectural software. One guy I know is going to experiment with player-created housing in MMORPGs with intent to "infect" other players' computers with spirits. No idea how it'll go.

Technogaianism kind of happens in waves. Gets very popular, then dies off, then gets popular again. Since there are a lot of us in the Random Interrupts, I'd like to think we're on the crest of a wave waiting to break.

Philodox

Given that Theurges get so many burdens, it's perhaps unsurprising that Philodox get called upon to pick up a lot of the slack. Whereas Ragabash and Theurges get specific duties like "keep us on our toes," or "deal with spirits," Philodox get the very wide-ranging task of "keep us running smoothly." Needless to say, they tend to be jacks-of-all-trades types. Some roles may sound familiar to most Garou. Philodox get the task of resolving disputes, punishing offenders and counseling troubled souls. Other roles, however, would surprise many in other tribes.

Running a decent urban caern is expensive. Security technology needs to be maintained and updated on a regular basis; supplies such as food and ammunition need to be refilled. Bills like electricity, rent, and water have to be paid, and in such a way that our enemies can't work out where we are if they start monitoring the utility companies. This is the kind of thankless work that usually falls to the Philodox.

Likewise, remember that our "medicine men" are busy trying to refine the caern's defense plans, so Philodox get the role of combat medics, too. It's all part of the same basic idea of "Keep the pack a well-oiled machine."

And of course, you're looking at the basic preservation of the law. This would seem like a pretty simple job; after all, we Urrah must be pretty lax about keeping up with the rules, right? Well, not quite. Every sept has its own procedures, and there's the spiritual mandates handed down by Cockroach and Gaia, and of course the laws of the Garou Nation to boot. A savvy Half-Moon had better be able to keep up with all that.

Many tend to take up other jobs as well. (If only, I suspect, to take their minds off everything that requires their attention at the caern.) This helps, since we're kind of a non-profit organization and thus need every contribution we can get. Philodox often make sterling business managers, high-level accountants, system administrators and any other jobs with lots of variables to be juggled all at once. They get a lot of practice at it. Once you've worked out how to take down a discontented Ahroun all the while already thinking of ways to deter investigations into the disturbance and where the money to replace broken equipment will come from, I guess everything else would seem a little tame.

Galliard

The one spot where Philodox get a break is when it comes to organizing communications. While it's still one of the critical points in ensuring we run a tight ship, Galliards are traditionally the Garou in charge of getting messages out (think howling) and it kind of gets held over into our tribe as well. Since we're not going to be sitting up on top of skyscrapers howling out commands, it serves us well to be knowledgeable about such things as secure transfer protocols, scrambling devices and other helpful trivia. Galliards also get "public relations" duty as a by-product of this. If the excrement hits the oscillating unit, expect us to be manning the phones and issuing denials by way of any fronts we have.

But it's a different focus than that of the Philodox. Where the Philodox spend their time making sure the pack or sept is healthy, we're in charge of making it *look* healthy. We're professional smokescreen artists, the policeman who says, "Move along, nothing to see here." Sometimes we're better than them and we make them believe it, other times we just use the same trick as they do and make it not worth the trouble to try and see past us. Is this useful? You bet it is. It's called "counter-intelligence" and when you've got pesky Ragabash trying to work out where to hit you, we're the first line of defense.

As always, the more traditional duties of the auspice also get a good work out. Praising the hometown kid who done good is our job (as is cursing out the hometown bumbler who screwed up,) and the motto here comes straight out of Gilbert and Sullivan: Make the punishment fit the crime. There are times to be subtle and times to ram it home, times to be traditional and other times to be flamboyant. I've personally been more at home with subtlety, whispering in the right ears how so and so has been quietly and stoically taking on stuff that needs doing, and thus ensuring that he and his pack get a crack at some more high-profile stuff, a chance in the limelight. What he did was honorable, and that's how you recognize it. On the other hand, I knew one Galliard who put together a music video from stolen security camera footage of one Ahroun surgically taking apart an enormous fomori. She (the Ahroun, I mean) promptly forced our sept to watch it about fifty times over the next week. It was the perfect way to showcase her moment of glory, and I couldn't have done it better myself.

Finally, and most importantly in my opinion, we're the tribe's historians. This extends from the largest events down to the smallest details. Kinfolk's place robbed? Write it down and file it properly. One of our packs massacred in a brutal ambush? Write it down, file it properly, and make sure you write a fitting obituary to them as well. One of our Theurges creates a powerful fetish? Write it down, file it properly, and construct proper praises for the Theurge's wisdom.

It may sound cold and impersonal, but it's not. We've got as much pride in our written history as other tribes do in their oral history, and ours is much more detailed. We're archivists as well as historians, and if we do our jobs right, working out why we're fighting who we are should never be hard. It should all be there, written down, filed properly. More importantly, our history is who we are as Garou, as Glass Walkers, as a sept and as packs. I know I rambled on a bit, but I'm proud to be a Galliard, and wouldn't have it any other way.

Ahroun

And we've come full circle, since some Ahroun appear to be at first glance a bunch of, well, chaos causing computer hackers. Just like the Ragabash. Perhaps some explanation is in order.

Nobody wants to be an Indian; everyone wants to be a chief. It's how humans work, and to a large degree it's how Garou work. Wolf-like understanding of dominance and submission my cotton-clad posterior, we're competitive beasts. And meanwhile, we entrust our basic leadership to the Philodox, and we entrust a good portion of our military leadership (at least when not on a battlefield) to Theurges. At first glance, it appears that the only role left for an Ahroun is a grunt. Do you think they're happy to accept that? No. And as a result you find a great deal of diversity in the auspice, since Ahroun need to find their niche instead of just having it handed to them. Hence, you find computer hackers who are unparalleled in destroying enemy systems, or professional smear journalists who can wreck the career of any politician whose campaign we don't like. I've personally met one Ahroun who devoted himself to learning the stock market and now spends all his time deliberately crashing the stock of companies we suspect are Wyrm-tainted. The difference between the Ahroun and the Ragabash is simple: The Ahroun aren't about trying to find weaknesses, they're purely about trying to cause the greatest damage possible to our enemies. They are, as in every tribe, the shock troops in our army.

And it also worth mentioning that while on the sept level, the Ahroun tend to get lost amidst the other auspices, at the pack level they're often the most capable leaders and frequently alphas. I think that ultimately, the way our tribe looks at the various auspices works for us when it comes to the Ahroun, because by forcing them to find their own niche we delay their headlong rush into bloodletting and force them to think a bit. Once that's done and they've got some common sense in their heads, they're often the best of the best in our tribe: Decisive, passionately devoted to Gaia and fiercely loyal to the pack mates who adopted them after the sept offered them nothing.

Don't mess with our Ahroun. They know war-tech, they know Sun Tzu, they know corporate raiding and curbstomping and media campaigns and just about every tactic of persuasion known to the Mafia, Yakuza and Russian Mafia combined. And they like to show off.

Spirituality

Cockroach

Speaking of adoption, let's talk about Cockroach. Other tribes will give you a cock and bull story about how the totem perfectly represents their tribe, and how the tribe and the totem are perfectly matched. Well, here's why I think Cockroach adopted our tribe: He liked us, and we didn't have any say in the matter.

Think about our tribe, back when we were slowly emerging. We were pariahs from the start, so how many spirits do you think were looking favorably at us? Worse, we championed humanity, that creature with the peculiar talent for wiping out other creatures entirely. I doubt we were very popular in the spirit world. But Cockroach... Cockroach is a canny spirit. He saw how messy humans were, and he saw us as a very good thing. Ever notice how you often see deer around Fianna caerns, falcons with Silver Fangs and that Shadow Lord caerns are dark and stormy an awful lot of the time? Seems to me that once you agree to adopt a tribe, your real children get to hang around with them a lot.

And if we were going to be in the city, then damn, but Cockroach was going to find a way to let his children feast off the scraps of humanity. Which do you think came first in the city, cockroaches or us? I dare you to prove which. So that's how it started, as I hear the story. We provided Cockroach with food, he provided us with spiritual legitimacy. It's called symbiosis, or simply "a good deal."

We still have a lot of respect for Cockroach, mind you. He's an adaptable critter; have you ever seen some of the giant cockroaches in the rainforests? There are three and a half thousand different species of cockroaches out there and they're all wildly different. Adaptation is a crucial part of progress, so we admire that. He's a *faithful* business partner, too, and if any of our tribe start to take him for granted, us Galliards hand their asses to them and remind them of what happened in the Wild

West. Also, Cockroach is old, and that's something that we really like. The Silver Fangs can rant all they like about how they're rightful rulers by virtue of history and tradition, but they could do well to remember that our lowly tribe's totem has been around for more than twice as long as the earliest ancestor of Falcon. They're everywhere, they were once the dominant creatures on the planet, and they can probably survive nuclear winter. There are loads of reasons to like Cockroach. But despite them all, our relationship is business. Strictly business.

Slick Sims chips in: *I think our little Natty here is getting a little queasy about the insects. Typical chick, am I right or am I right? Listen, a lot of us see Cockroach as much more than just a business partner; he's a totem of endurance and success. Whenever I'm in the red, I start scribbling little cockroaches on every paper I sign. Weird, but it works: I've never gone out of business yet. I know Bypass keeps a little metal cockroach on his computer, too.*

But while we love him, sometimes you want to bring a girl home and it just don't cut it to have the walls crawling like in a cheap apartment. But you can't kill your daddy's children, so here's what you do. Get yourself a margarine container, and smear the inside of the thing with oil before pouring a glass of red into the bottom, and then pour a tablespoon of oil on top of that. Leave a few of them around the house, and soon they'll all fill up with cockroaches that you can put outside. We have a clean house, they get a bit tipsy, I get laid, everyone's happy!

You're a slimy prick, Guy. No good, you are. No good at all.

Rites and Celebrations

The Little Rite

Another way we keep our ties to Cockroach is through the ironically named "Little Rite," which is held on the 15th of March every year. Why the Ides of March? Maybe to remind ourselves not to get above our station like the Roman conspirators, since this rite honors all the things that we forget, but can't live without. Whether it's Cockroach and his tiny children, the machines that make us coffee and keep our juice cold, or the paperboy who never gets a word of thanks; we dedicate this day to keeping our relationships with others pure. To that end, we give gifts. We dump whole sacks of powdered sugar onto our kitchen floor overnight for the cockroaches, or spend time listening to the binary chatter of Net-spiders, or tip the boy a few hundred bucks. Septs often celebrate the Little Rite together as well with a massive gift to the minimum wage workers in the mail room below the caern, or with an all-out assault on the Banes in a Net-spider nest so that the thing is entirely clean.

However we do it, the Little Rite makes sure that we don't forget anything or anyone. The city is made up of details, and forgetting any one of them is dangerous.

Memorial Day

Though we belong to many nations, the only one that counts in our hearts (for most of us) is the nation of Gaia and the Garou. Every nation has a day to honor its fallen in war, and on that day, we honor ours.

At dawn on Memorial Day (which, by the way, varies from country to country; we observe similar holidays in every land), every Glass Walker in the city gathers in the Hall of Honor. It's similar to the Grave of the Hallowed Heroes, but is kept within a caern only if that's our only caern within the city. In the Hall is a record of the name of every Glass Walker in the city that died serving Gaia or Cockroach. Sometimes it's a dedicated computer with a touch screen monitor, other times a more dignified statue or engraved marble wall serves. During the rite, we add any new names to the record and then call a spirit of the city into the Hall. In exchange for a favor, the spirit agrees to keep the Hall, and by symbolic extension the souls of the fallen, safe for another year. May they rest in peace.

Promethean Daze

At first glance, this rite appears almost generic. A week of feasting and cleansing isn't unique to the Glass Walkers. But look at when we hold it, and the reason behind the rite becomes clearer. The Promethean Daze happens right at the end of the year, along with human celebrations like Christmas, Kwanzaa, Chanukah, and, of course, the New Year. We're often called the "tribe of Man" and this rite certainly gives some weight to the moniker.

This rite breaks down into two parts. The first part is marked by gluttony, and as a result tends to take up most of the week. We eat, drink, fight and make love (to Kinfolk, in theory) to our hearts' content. During that time, we supposedly work to throw off our limitations. It all happens through conversations, old grudges break down over wine and dinnertime conversations find an informality that lets us find simpler ways of operating. But as our Elizabeth proved, it can also happen in grander ways. Thanks to GWnet and video conferencing, this rite is becoming more global every year, and thus it can make a great platform for political moves.

Elizabeth sighs: *If there had been a better way to get the word out, I swear I'd have used it. I just hope I haven't doomed us to endless shock announcements every Daze.*

The second part begins when everyone is too full to eat anymore and too hung over to party. In this, we try to foresee the oncoming year. It happens in various ways, Theurges call on spirits for guidance, while others try to use clever deduction to make logical predictions. We all try to see concrete ways in which the tribe could further its spiritual, Garou, and human ties. In so doing, we renew ourselves.

Caerns

Certainly, our gatherings can give our enemies a very attractive target. All things being equal, you'd see us adopting a cell-based approach, with packs being told to communicate only with specific other packs through secure media.

But all things are not equal. In the Apocalypse War, one objective reigns supreme: Seize, control and keep secure every caern you can find. The tenet of the Litany about allowing no caern to be violated is simply the most important tenet of them all, in all circumstances, and hence we live a lifestyle rather like most tribes in this respect. The caern is all-important, and we spend most of our waking (and sometimes sleeping) hours there if at all possible.

There are some differences. Many Glass Walkers choose not to live inside the caern itself, though I'd doubt that less than half the sept is outside the caern's boundaries at any one time. Nor do any Glass Walkers ever live more than five minutes drive from the caern. That's not custom, that's tribal law. Also, exactly where our caerns are tends to be wildly different from most tribes.

Think about your average wilderness caern. It's out in the middle of no-where. This allows you a lot of freedom an urban caern just can't match. You can set a firm bawn wide around the area, and administer whatever justice you like (usually death) to anyone foolish enough to venture into that area. Nor do you usually expect to be caught, since short of a federal investigation you're outside of the jurisdiction of human law enforcement.

By contrast, the urban environment is cramped and everyone walks everywhere. Even if we tried to set up a bawn, we'd never be able to enforce it in any useful way. We'd have to screen anyone who walked into it, and remember that a ceramic pot with a Bane bound into it can be a weapon of mass destruction as far as we're concerned. If you don't believe me, ask Simon Gentle, who continues to pour money down a bottomless well known as "Central Park," which is so drowned in security cameras these days that he spends more time fighting privacy advocates than the Wyrm.

There's generally a progression in caerns. The most powerful ones predate the cities they're now in and pop up in usually unworkable locations. Those that are still around are rare, since they're indefensible and priority targets for the Wyrm. Central Park is a textbook case, and it's a wonder that it's still alive.

Later ones that date back a century or two tend to be weak and located on the outskirts of the city, either in suburbia or semi-rural areas that are quickly becoming suburbia. They're not quite "country manors" but they're the next best thing, large properties made for rich folk in developing America (or Australia, Europe, so on and so forth,) which usually got updated with solid walls and security features later. These are less trafficked areas, and they are more defensible, but they tend to be out in the liminal zones, spiritually, devoid of either the really powerful Wyld-spirits of the deep wilderness or the genuine article Weaver-spirits in the heart of the city. There are still a number of them around, but they're not as strong as we'd like, and that's a real drawback.

Caerns created this century and especially in the latter half of this century are more common than you might think, because the greatest worry when creating a caern are those who know exactly what's happening and where to strike. That is, Black Spiral Dancers. And while the Spirals have taken to the city better than most tribes, they've got nothing on us. They're still, even today, on our turf. It's less true every day, sadly, but you use what edges you have. Even 50 years ago, we owned the city among the werewolves. Our real opponents were Leeches, and they never batted an eyelid if we tried to create a caern because they had no idea what was going on.

So, after the experiences of dealing with old, poorly positioned caerns and semi-rural, poorly positioned caerns, guess what was the first thing we paid attention to when we made new ones? In the words of the real-estate developers, location, location, location. And that location was *up*. We started building them on the top few floors of skyscrapers.

They're perfect. We still have powerful Weaver-spirits since we're right in the middle of the city, where the Weaver is strongest. Literally no one walks through the area of our caern, since we control the floors entirely. We have our bawn back. It's expensive, but no more so than the large properties we'd used before. And they are defensible. This is the key to the entire choice. Enemies seeking to attack us from the ground give themselves away long before they come close to our floors. If worse comes to worst, we can call on the spirits to have horrible "accidents" occur like elevator cables snapping. Or we can fill a stairwell with bullet fire. Conversely, attacks from above require helicopters, which we can spot from a mile away and counter-attack with smog-spirits or (if need be) heavy-caliber bullets and LAW rockets. And

yes, that does leave a smoking helicopter plummeting to the ground and killing people. Any attack on a high rise is flamboyant and draws attention, which, in this case, works for us, since we can easily direct police attention toward our opponents and give them headaches. Jamming technology with Gifts is better, since it doesn't indict us, but you use what you have to.

The only way that you can make decent attacks on caerns in high places is from the Umbra. Sadly, that's a real concern for us. Most Glass Walkers aren't the best Garou in the world at quickly jumping from Umbra to physical world in a hurry, since homids seem to lack the spiritual connection that mules and ferals have that lets them quickly step sideways. It's not surprising that metis don't quite have as much stigma in our tribe as in many others; they're far too useful for us to drive away.

This is why Theurges get such a large share of the military pie in our tribe. When assaults on our caerns do come, they almost inevitably come from the Umbra. And since we're not the best in the world at Umbral combat, spirit allies are crucial to our hopes of successfully defending the caern.

Defense concerns also dictate our second choice of location for caerns — underground. Bunkers have different problems than high-rise caerns, and each has its own strengths, too. The strengths of an underground caern are obvious: You don't have to deal with your neighbors on the lower floors; the police are practically a non-issue, and you can really just let go and make all your plans non-concealable because no-one's going to look in. The problems are considerable, though. We're talking about the Wyrm, after all, and worms like burrowing in the ground. Motion detectors do wonders for informing us of an attack, but they only alert us, rather than actually deterring the attack. In the end, underground bunkers give us a bawn, and privacy, but not enough security to be preferable to high-rises. In less-developed nations, though, they're out in front.

When we're not risking life and limb to protect our caerns, Glass Walker septs are ten-percent social club, forty-percent mission headquarters, and fifty-percent temple. The social club thing is more important than you might think. We're a tribe that spends all our time around humans, and that's actually pretty demanding. Little things that humans just gloss over can get incredibly irritating, especially when they repeat themselves. It's just the incredible sense that they don't understand; that they can't feel the last dying gasps of the Earth that are so loud in our ears. Believe me, when hicks come into town and they end up killing someone, we may get mad, but we can't really blame the guy. After a few days, any Garou would just want to rip humans apart for being so damned apathetic about it. We're still mad, it's a hassle to clean up, but we're not the Warders of Men anymore. People die. It happens.

So the social club aspect becomes important. If they can afford it, most septs like to buy televisions, stereo systems, and other stuff that facilitates talking and civil social intercourse. We don't have the same luxury as wilderness caerns, if someone flips out and starts trying to rip out someone else's lower intestine, the noise and commotion attracts attention, and attention is a real problem for us.

Mission headquarters is, however, much more important. We're an army, not members of the jet set. (Well, some of us are both. But the former is the more important one.) To that end, we have computers. Lots of them, all of them hooked up to various networks or acting as hubs for spiritual communications. Information is the word for the day, and we like to have as much of it as possible. We get updates from any handy Net-spiders trailing people we need trailed. Eyes are kept on the news feeds, and the

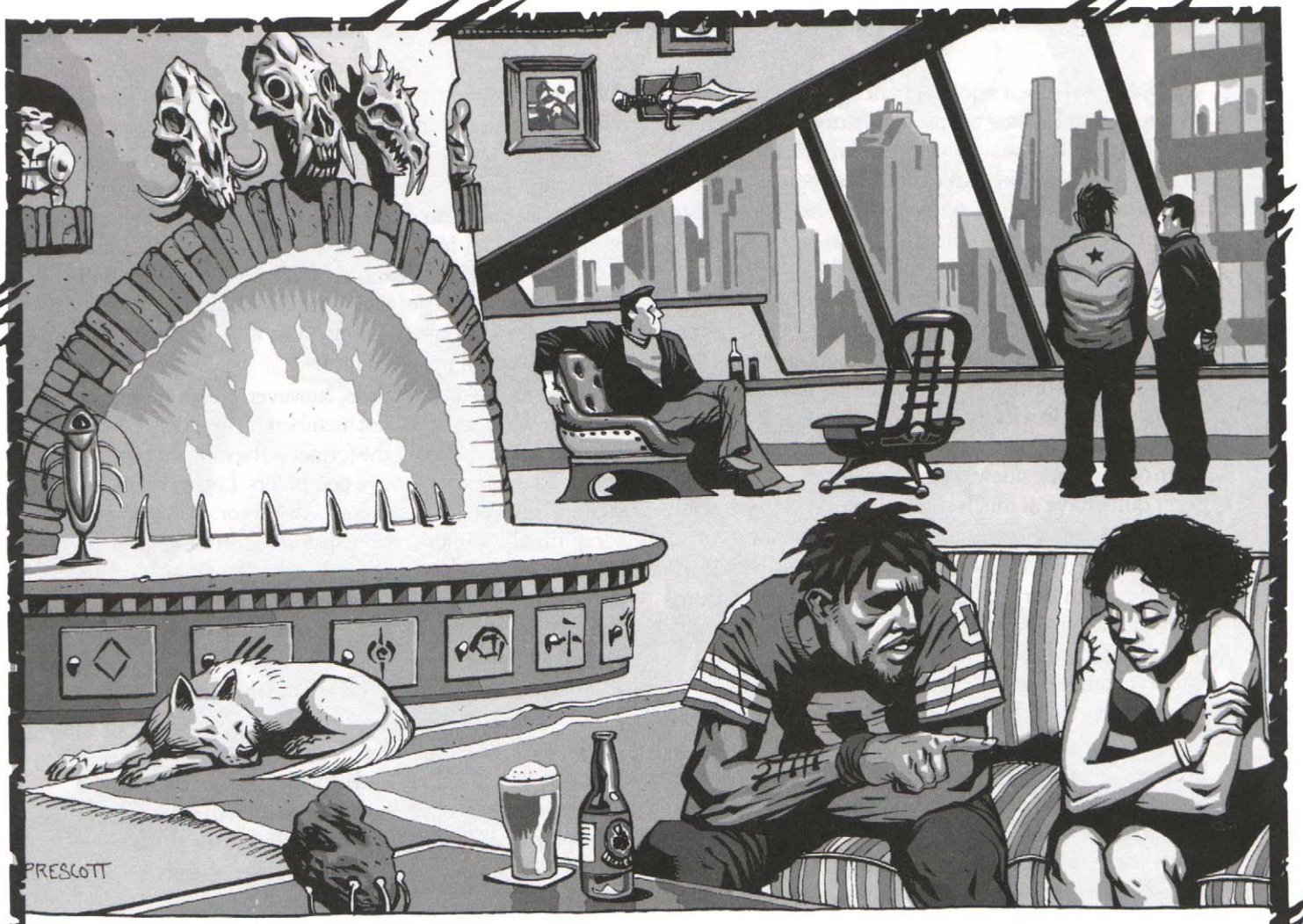
Guy "Slick" Sims gives you the hard sell:

Handling a whole sept can be a tough task. Even when you're a professional with a smooth, smooth voice like me, you still end up with a few quarrels, and a few full-fledged brawls. It happens, but the trick is to be prepared for it and work to minimize the damage.

First of all, anything that can't be replaced is kept in back rooms, not the large ones out in front. That includes Kinfolk, by the way; they get their own special section of the caern, away from us. Anyone that wants to get into the back rooms asks permission first. We don't lock the area, it's pointless. Try to keep out a werewolf with a lock? Get real. Instead, we keep a silent alarm on the door, a video camera above it and if we can, that little spiritual touch that only we can provide. If you break the rules, we find you, give you a public dressing down and get the Galliards to write it up in the annual report. Ouch, take that!

Second, we provide a cover story. If you can't come up with the capital to own an entire office block, and I've yet to work for any Glass Walkers who can, then you need to consider an investigation. While my special consulting team can work out the perfect solution for your needs, we tend to buy a lot of old but large computers, and we update our workstations as often as we can, selling the others rather than working off a lease. It's all smoke and mirrors, baby, keeps our bill with our computer supplier high and the 'exploding' machinery can account for any noise or damage that gets spotted.

Just play by the rules, and any troubles you have will be short and sweet. Give me a ring if you need any help.



higher up the chain we can go, the better. Only the best septs out there manage to get the news before CNN does, but a well-tuned sept can hopefully get it before it goes out on television. A lot of it is also perfectly normal, legal, commercial services: Janes.com is useful for keeping track of world trouble spots, and Reuters offers excellent services in the economic sector. All of this is information we can and do use.

Finally, we don't forget our own agents as well. There's a whole group in our tribe devoted to electronically breaking and entering our enemies' systems, and Umbral tactics can make most intelligence gathering a breeze, provided we have someone available in the area (which, given the size of our tribe, we all too often don't). This is perhaps the one area in our tribe in which the Kinfolk really get to shine; we all love being able to have a reliable voice anywhere in the world. Pity it's complete garbage duty and most Kin rightfully hate the idea of being separated from their family to live in a foreign land, investigating creatures that would kill them in very cruel, sadistic ways if they were discovered. I'll come back to this, because it's very important.

Finally, and most importantly our caerns are temples. Glass Walker caerns are often littered with small religious iconography. You find bullets engraved with the symbol of Clashing Boom-Boom scattered everywhere in caerns of Glory, or small statues of monkeys placed on top of each water cooler in a caern of Wisdom. Individuals tend to make their own marks, too, so a particularly multicultural sept can be gloriously eclectic: a row of workstations each decorated to the point of tackiness with metal cockroaches on one, Gaia-glyphs converted into crosses (occasionally crucifixes) on the next and a Buddha statue holding a small moon shaped icon on the third.

Most of the features you expect to find in any caern you can find in ours. Shrines are incorporated into everyday surroundings like I just said, and many tribes also have a few dedicated shrines in the forms of statues. Dedicated shrines are always labors of love and quite stunningly beautiful; the sculptor throws herself into the piece as a worthy tribute to the totem. Sacrifices made to the totem tend to be in the form of burned possessions rather than blood, though buying expensive gifts to be burned is considered insulting to the spirit. Long-held, precious possessions make fitting burnt offerings, and money is in most cases appropriate. In the latter case, however, it is ritually offered to the spirit,

who is then consulted, and the money is spent in a cause that meets its desires. Why waste it by burning it?

In contrast to the intricacy of shrines, the caern's heart is usually exceedingly simple. Inlaid into the floor in brass or another decorative metal is a perfect circle surrounding the glyph for the caern spirit, also inlaid into the floor. No other decoration is placed in the area. Sometimes, these decorations occur in a room, most of the time they exist simply in an empty space of floor surrounded by the other details of the room.

Now, you'd think at the very heart of the caern, we'd be filling the area with appropriate items such as guns for a war totem, or appropriate icons for a totem of calm, so on and so forth. We don't, for a very simple reason. While the Weaver is a wonderful ally to have in many circumstances, the Wyld is of paramount importance to a caern. Without the Wyld and a connection to primordial change, allowing the Gauntlet to drop enough to make a caern work is impossible. As we tend to fill our caerns with artifice from top to bottom it makes sense to leave the caern's heart as free of such as we can. It still seems stark and barren to most Garou, but simple, uncluttered elegance seems to appeal to the spirits we summon, and when we get it right it's as easy to step sideways in one of our caerns as it in any wilderness caern.

The one thing you don't tend to find in our caerns is a lot of living quarters. Offices are a lot smaller than bedrooms, and only the wealthiest septs can afford to offer every werewolf living space. There are a lot of other reasons to avoid in-caern housing, as well. First of all, while we can still create a fairly large caern in about three floors or so, we never have caerns as large as those you find out in the wilderness. This means that when conflicts arise, and again let me remind you that they do, neither angry werewolf has an opportunity to walk far enough away somewhere to calm down. We get our share of fights in urban caerns, and they're riskier. Keeping as few potential disturbances on the premises at any one time seems wise. Secondly, we're known as the "money tribe." Can you really imagine a whole bunch of people very used to creature comforts deciding to go ahead and live in, what would effectively be, a dormitory? Actually, I can imagine that when you consider how dedicated most of us are to the cause, but it's still something we prefer not to do.

In general, most Glass Walkers live in apartments as close to the caern as possible, and certainly no more than five minutes away by car. Lots of them look like that mirror scene from *Enter the Dragon*, too. The possibility of having roadblocks put up to keep our warriors from getting on scene is troublesome enough that the option of using the Umbra to reach the caern has to be kept open. And while this seems like a tremendous safety hazard, it actually works to our advantage, forcing the enemy to be more cautious. If all our troops are in one place, then we're one big red target. Packs driving in after an invasion has begun allow us to easily flank the opposition and are often tactically useful. Nor can the enemy do something simple like cut off communications to deny us tools like the police. Most caerns keep a number of servers connected to our warriors' homes, and if every one of them suddenly pings out, we have at three or four calls made from off-site.

Generally, at least half of the sept can be found in the caern at any one time. Normally it's more during the day than at night, but this changes depending upon which enemy is the greatest threat to us at the time. If we're fighting vampires, then you tend to see most of the sept become nocturnal and spend their nights in the caern. In addition, a lot of the Random Interrupts spend more time in the caern than others. Most claim this is because they're "really committed to saving Gaia" and a few will offer a slightly more truthful: "We're the new guys, and we need to prove ourselves." And sure, they bring their sleeping bags; they happily camp out on the floor to stay in the caern with little regard for their own modesty or privacy, or civilities like washing for that matter. (I'm not entirely in favor of this development.) But if you ask me, the truth is that they want their LAN parties to never end, and this was just the easiest way to do it.

Kinfolk

Now, to keep my promise. Remember talking about Kinfolk, and how they'd really prefer not to take jobs that involve them leaving their families and going to dangerous places with little thanks? Well, unfortunately there aren't many choices beyond these kinds of tasks in our tribe, and it's very much a major problem.

Think about it for a second. What role do most tribes offer their Kin? Financial support for the caern? We're a tribe that spent the last couple of decades run by those with corporate interests, and even if our budget isn't unlimited, we've no gripping need of donations from our Kinfolk. Or how about sending Kinfolk to the cities to keep an eye out there? No good, we're in the cities, and sending Kin into the wilderness is exactly the garbage duty most so rightfully hate. Acting as liaisons with humanity? Ever since we were the Warders of Men, that's been *what we do*. We're the tribe that deals with humans better than anyone else, and we can't afford to let our people skills slip.

All the standard roles for human Kinfolk are the kind of things we Glass Walkers just do on an everyday basis. All that's left are garbage jobs, cannon fodder or breeding stock. When you add in the complication that most septs *force* their Kinfolk out of the caern for

reasons of "safety," you soon realize we have some of the worst Kinfolk relations of any tribe in the Garou Nation. Kinfolk are ignored, asked to do hideous jobs at incredible risk and are rarely seen as anything more than attractive genetic material.

It used to be a little better back when the Wise Guys were running the tribe. All the emphasis on "family" meant that everyone got something to do. But even then, the female Kinfolk never got any jobs beyond child bearing or sexual entrapment, and being Kin was still seen as somehow being a "disappointment" to the family. They still ended up having too little to do that we Garou couldn't do better. And the Corporate Wolves made the whole mess even worse; nepotism ran rife and top jobs were invariably denied to Kinfolk in our version of the "glass ceiling."

So far, we've not had a disaster of say, Samuel Haight proportions yet. But it feels like it's only a matter of time, and when we get our Sam Haight, there's a very good chance he'll be someone rich, powerful and influential. Something needs to be done, but no one is really sure what. With any luck, the Random Interrupts will help the situation somehow, but again, it's hard to see how. Their specialty is data analysis and computer cracking, and once again Kinfolk don't get much of a role to play.

Elizabeth Genereader weighs in on the Kinfolk problem: *Right now, there are three real problem cases among our Kinfolk we're currently aware of. They're collectively known as SH-2 in our files, and they all have two things in common. First of all, they're dangerously powerful. We've got loads of Kinfolk that bear grudges but only a few of them can really come back and kick us in the teeth over them. Little things like faking waste dumping from some Corporate Wolf's factory, that's small fry. Any dumb Kin asshole from accounting can manage that. What we're talking here is direct action that could lead to several dozen Garou deaths, minimum. Secondly, each one of them has some reason we can't just take care of the problem in the most obvious way possible. Yes, we love our Kinfolk. But when it comes down to it, we're soldiers. If they're going to turn traitor, you make a pre-emptive strike. But each of these three has some safeguard against that, so we have to be more careful.*

The first is Melissa Ruth Bithell. She's the oldest of the three, born in 1938 and planted by the Wise Guys late in their period of greatest influence. The Corporate Wolves were making strides, and they got this girl (who had already been forced to have two kids before she was 20, by the way) married to some rich oil baron as a way to counter their growing power. They didn't think much of her past the pretty flesh, and that was a mistake. Once her hubby kicked the bucket, she proceeded to hire the best consultants money could buy and used common sense where she lacked financial acumen to diversify the company. Now, she's well known in business circles, gets mentioned around Wall Street, and bears her former family one hell of a grudge for her earlier mistreatment. We can't touch her directly, because it'll be noticed. She has a grudge, and more money than God. One scary combination. Right now, she's considered the most likely SH-2 candidate. It's not quite "when she'll turn, not if" yet, but it's considered even odds that she will.

Number two takes us over to the former USSR. Aristomakh Wowk, born in 1943 and a trusted colonel in the Russian army. We also believe him to be affiliated with the growing Dies Ultimae movement within the tribe, which would explain the camp's strength and success in Europe, he's supplying them with weapons and information. That's why we're doubly worried about Wowk. First of all, he could easily bring down the force of at least some of the Russian army down on the tribe. Nor would we put it past him to have connections with the Russian mob, which, if true, would give him easy access to even more dubious military options. He's one of the few people who could knock over a caern with ease. Worse, if he ever decided to turn double agent, he could quite possibly turn Dies Ultimae against the rest of the tribe. Thankfully, we've no reason to believe he's about to turn, and Dies Ultimae have a reputation of great relations with their Kinfolk. But the potential for destruction is enormous, so we keep tabs on him, too.

Finally, we have Lin Zai-shuo. This is one of the few guys who decided to go out and be the roving informant for us. He spends his time inland in Singapore, and is just about the only information source we have in that area. There is a handful of other people just like him. But in January, he had a birthday and a few other Kinfolk decided to make a surprise visit for his birthday party None have come back. Nor has he mentioned seeing them. Nor has he noted any major Wyrm activity in his last set of reports for the year. If he's been feeding us misinformation, then for all we know the Wyrm could be up to something of quite literally world-shaking proportions in the area, and we'd know nothing about it. That's enough of a frightening prospect to put him in the SH-2 basket, as well. Problem is, he might not be telling us lies, and if we got rid of him, we'd lose our only source of intelligence in the area. Still, don't be surprised if we cut our losses there.

Parting note: The idea of any of these Kinfolk turning against us is scary enough. What happens when two or all three of them do? Or when one we don't know about does?

The Litany

Garou Shall Not Mate with Garou

We don't help our Kinfolk situation here, either. We don't have a tremendous reputation like, say, the Bone Gnawers or Children of Gaia for siring metis, and true enough, we don't sire that many. But we have a lot of them in the tribe anyway. They weren't necessarily born into this tribe, is all. The Rite of Renunciation is costly, but when you consider how most tribes treat their metis, a lot of them think the price is worth it.

See, we've got a lot of time for metis. Part of it is the practical concerns. Metis make awesome fighters since they shift to their breed form fast as anyone, and their breed form is nine foot tall with big pointy bits on their paws. They have a stronger connection to Gaia than we homids do, and as I said before, we really need that. Our weak point has always been stepping into the Umbra, and any help offered there is more than welcome.

Elizabeth Genereader raises a voice of dissent: *I worry about how permissive we are of metis. It's great to have theories that show how metis deformities might just be the results of recessive genetics, but I can't help feeling we're extending our faith in science just a little bit ahead of our faith in Gaia. We see things that just can't be explained by science on an everyday basis, or at least, you do if you spend any length of time in the Umbra. I don't think we should start killing them again, but we seem to almost reward them for being metis. Is this a good way to tell young cubs that boinking your packmate is a bad idea?*

Worse, I've been keeping track of the remnants of the Cyber Dogs. And I'm seeing a lot of metis. Unless I'm wrong, I think they're specifically targeting metis for recruitment, and it's a technique that's giving them a lot of worrisome strength.

But there's more to it than sheer practicality. There's an ideological basis here too, and it's worth noting that back in the seventeenth century or so, we have stories of metis being slaughtered at birth and a really intriguing, disturbing diary of a doctor who dissected metis to try and find their soul. He argued it would be black, "stain'd with the very stuff of the Wyrm."

Charming stuff. But I think our tribe really swung around in the Age of Enlightenment, listening to the ideas of liberty and equality offered by philosophers like Kant. Those ideas, and the politics founded on them, definitely carried over into our tribe. Prejudice against metis started to seem barbaric. Not all at once, certainly, but that's how it stands now.

However, here's the other side of it. If metis aren't wrong, then why is making a metis wrong? There *are* a lot of answers. (Here's one: Surgical techniques are awfully difficult on werewolves not in their breed form, so we find it very difficult to improve the atrociously high maternal mortality rate for metis births.) Unfortunately, that's the way the reasoning goes. From there, it's a hop, skip and a jump to asking why actually mating, or just having sex, with another Garou is a problem. Rationalizations such as "if you're using contraception, it's okay" kick in, and pretty soon you end up with a tribe that, even if it doesn't give birth to a lot of metis, certainly has a lot of Garou mating with Garou.

Frankly, I'm neutral on the matter. While I'm not going to crucify anyone for breaking this tenet of the Litany, I'd also be pretty livid with any Garou that suggested a night alone with me personally. I don't see anything wrong with it, I guess, but I feel queasy enough on the issue to believe it's not for me. Even in a progressive tribe like ours, taboos have strength.

Combat the Wyrm Wherever It Dwells and Whenever It Breeds

I personally adore the way this tenet is phrased. If it were just "Combat the Wyrm Wherever it Dwells," we'd be in real strife. Because we don't. Consider it. The city is a hive for Wyrm cults, puppet corporations, vampires, fomori, and Banes. The Wyrm besets us on all sides, every day of our lives and if we tried to wipe it all out, there'd be only eleven tribes left in the Garou Nation.

Thankfully, the tenet adds "wherever it breeds" and that gives us justification to prioritize what we go after. Wyrm cults nearly always get a temporary pack devoted to them, simply because all but the largest can be wiped out reasonably easily if we get there quickly. We're going after "where the Wyrm breeds." Meanwhile, vampires rarely get much attention. Not because of any ridiculous "treaties" or so forth, but simply out of respect that they could, if they wished, probably slaughter us in a decade if they so desired, while our hopes of ever getting rid of them are minimal. It doesn't mean we like them, they're Wyrm-riddled walking corpses, it just means we bide our time with them and wait for opportunities. Ditto most Wyrm Corporations.

Let me make it clear, again. We're committed to the cause. We love Gaia with all our hearts. But it's better to make a series of small victories than to win one large one and then get killed. That's why I love the way this tenet is phrased. I'm certain most other Glass Walkers do too.

Respect the Territory of Another

Our interpretation of this tenet goes back to the Wise Guys. They defined territory in their own terms, it was where they ran the protection rackets, did business, so on and so forth. Basically, what you'd call "turf." You could enter someone else's turf and be respectful, but it meant not interfering in the area. The Corporate Wolves added a second dimension to this, defining property and other forms of influence as territory. If one Corporate Wolf was making a lot of money in one area, you didn't go into competition with him. You set off and made your money elsewhere. Made sense, and made the tribe as a whole stronger. The Random Interrupts have started trying to come up with some new interpretations of this tenet to cover "cyberturf," but I don't think you'll see too much new. It's just not something that concerns them.

Accept an Honorable Surrender

Time for a surprise for you: Within the tribe, this one barely gets observed at all. But wait, aren't we the

nice, civilized urbane tribe? Well, sometimes, and that's why gamecraft is usually a more popular challenge than duels or staredowns. Surrender in gamecraft? Why bother? But still, we're werewolves. The warriors of Gaia. And fights do break out, and when they do, we let them go. Get it out of the system, so to speak. A lot of us have enough medical wherewithal to know when someone's in danger of dying, and short of that, we all heal pretty quickly. If need be, a Theurge or Kin doctor can often speed along the process.

In dealings with the other tribes, of course, it's more strictly enforced. But that's true of all Litany tenets.

Submission to those of Higher Station

Backup-Circuit hijacks the discussion: *Grrrr! I hate this damn one. We don't like mentors because they make everything work top-down and ensure only a few of us use our brains. I don't like this tenet because it entrusts too few people with the decision-making. You know how it should work? Submission to those with the best ideas, that's how. Everyone gets to pitch in, everyone says their piece, we all vote on the best course of action. That's democracy, folks!*

Elizabeth Genereader offers a rebuttal: *So the door's just been kicked down by goons wearing nothing but mutated limbs, a spiral carved into each of their chests, and malevolently warped smiles. "Excuse me," you implore, "Please let us convene to decide what we should do." You need a hierarchy, Backup. In those times, people pull rank for good reasons.*

Backup-Circuit continues to be a stubborn jackass: *C'mon, Elizabeth. We train for those situations. When crises break out, we all know what to do. Other times, we should talk and make rational decisions.*

The First Share of the Kill for Each According to his Needs

I'm joking. We still call it "The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station." To non-Glass Walkers, anyway. But amongst ourselves? We outright ignore this tenet. The greatest in station can damn well handle himself, can't he? Instead, we tend to share the toys around the sept and whoever can use the thing best gets it. Maximum efficiency, that's what we like to see.

Slick Sims adds: *Doesn't always work that way, though. If something has that zing, that pizzazz, that straight out "cool factor," then you end up with a fight for it and whoever has the most clout tends to get it, even if they're not what you'd call the best choice. Am I right? Or am I right?*

Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

Yep. We uphold it. What? You expected any differently?

Respect Those Beneath Ye — All Are Of Gaia

Supposedly, we're one of those elitist tribes. You've got your Bone Gnawers, who hang around with the trash; you've got your Fianna, who are happy with any drinking companion so long as they bring their own booze. Then you have your Silver Fangs, Shadow Lords, Get of Fenris and... us. The ones who think that some folks just don't cut it and need to be gotten rid of.

I can't speak for the Fangs and so forth. I'm not one of them. But may I just remind everyone that we're a tribe devoted to following an insect? Once you get your head around that — and it's an omnipresent feeling, like every minute I can *feel* Cockroach watching me — you start to look at everything a little differently. If a tiny insect, and not one of the nice clean ones either, can do so much, then what can even the most seemingly worthless person do?

We uphold this tenet. Not because it's the "right" thing to do, but because we just can't help it.

Elizabeth Genereader scoffs: *Right. And we're shiny and happy and see potential in everyone, and we find all our Kinfolk wonderful roles to fill!*

Sorry, but this one grates on me. We see the potential in a cockroach, but can't in our own sister? What is wrong with us?

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

You'd better believe this one gets rigidly enforced. I know this one is a big deal everywhere, but it's a bigger deal in our tribe. See, unlike most tribes, we have street addresses. We walk around where there are security cameras. Also where there are police forces, and police detectives. Where people start putting together facts and figures and clues and work out that — hang on, something's not right here.

It's not enough to not clue people into the fact that we're werewolves, we can't let them clue in to the fact that we're weird, full stop. We have to appear normal and healthy, not a cause for concern, move along officer! Nothing to see here. If we're going to be visible, we have to appear normal. If things have to get weird, we need to not be connected to them.

The good news is we're equipped for the task. Getting spirits to jam technology works wonders on security cameras; contacts in appropriate places can get stories or investigations dropped fairly readily. But you need to uphold those tactics, which means having the discipline to rein yourself in, and knowing the right times and places to Rage.

And if you don't, to play to my Wise Guy roots a bit, we'll learn you some discipline real good now.

Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness

Most tribes interpret this one to mean, "When you're getting too old to fight, waste yourself." As a result, it's a real tearjerker. Beats a Julia Roberts film any day.

We have a much simpler workaround. When we get too old to continue, we just retire. We sever all ties with

the sept, and make arrangements to take care of ourselves. Those of us that are still reasonably healthy find it fairly easy to survive in old age, especially those of us who've lost the wolf. Which as you might imagine, happens a lot in our tribe. The Rage and passion to fight for Gaia is just gone, and the desire to take up macramé kicks in instead. It's sad, and we fight against it, but when it comes? It's time to treat it as a reward rather than a punishment, and spend our last days away from the war. Those of us who aren't as healthy often get a "retirement fund" from the sept, and hire someone to take care of them, and they also retire away somewhere they can enjoy life.

Incidentally, whenever we hear that the Wyrm has found one of our retirees and killed them, we prepare for bloody vengeance. Very bloody vengeance.

The Leader May Be Challenged in Private. The Leader May Not Be Challenged in Public.

For all it's worth, that's how these tenets tend to get enforced. As always, we don't change the actual wording on them, because if we did we'd be in for a lot of explaining to the other tribes all the time.

One of the problems we suffer with these two is that there's a really wide spectrum of opinion on just how much "leadership" should really be exhibited. At the one end you have the traditionalists, who are still employing the organization and titles of the Wise Guys, like calling their sept leaders "Dons" or "Lords." There, any challenge at all can be seen as an insult, a lack of respect, and "The Leader May Be Challenged at Any Time During Peace" is a defense more than anything else. Standard response is acknowledging the validity of the challenge and then demanding a duel to settle it, whereupon the challenger can put up or shut up. Packs from septs like these are little different, very strong alphas who demand to be obeyed mostly as a matter of pride.

Then you get more radical septs that embrace the Random Interrupts and try to adapt the sept to the kind of organization they favor. Here, the leader is little more than a moderator; their job is to let everyone have their say and tally the votes. Challenging isn't just expected; it's how the entire system works! Sure, you don't challenge the leader, you challenge whoever happens to leading the current project, but the point is that the tenets are almost ignored in these septs.

Lastly, you get the majority of septs. These are the ones coming out of the Corporate Wolves' hierarchy and slowly transitioning into the Random Interrupts. The leader is sort of a chairperson or corporate president type figure. Challenges in wartime can be tolerated if they're strongly seconded and have popular approval. If this happens, the leader is expected to be gracious and back off without a fight.

What is true of all these groups is that in private, a challenge is generally held as legitimate, even in the most traditional of septs. You'll get throated for it in some, but you won't get sneered at for challenging. By contrast, even in the most liberal of septs, challenging out where non-Glass Walkers can see is regarded as the height of stupidity. You'll get throated, and you'll be seen as a sap. Don't do it.

Ye Shall Take No Action That Causes A Caern to Be Violated

Or we kill you. Unlike the previous two tenets, there's never been any change in that policy since, I daresay, the beginning of our tribe. You think that, because we live in the city where there are so many other, shall we say unusual? people around that we'd let a few slip in where other tribes wouldn't? Think again. It just makes us even more paranoid about the dangers. Bringing in a Glass Walker is fine. Bringing in a Garou from another tribe is fine, although we'll keep an eye on them. Try to bring in one of the Fera, and we'll turn you both away and probably ask you not to come back. We don't know them, and don't trust them. (No offense.) And if you go beyond that, without a very damn good reason, we kill you. And them.

You don't bring people. You don't tell people about us. You don't screw up on your watch and let people get the drop on us. We've no room for misplaced compassion, loose lips, or incompetence. You bring any of those, and we kill you.

Don't tempt us. We have a lot of twitchy Ahroun who'd love to get some easy glory.

Septs and Moots

Caerns are all very similar from one city to the next. After all, they're physical locations that don't change over time the same way that people do. But as you may have guessed from my comments above, septs are an entirely different affair. Your Glass Walker sept in Chicago is very different from your Glass Walker sept in Seattle, because the camp that has defined the way it operates is different. That doesn't mean that everyone in Chicago's sept is a Wise Guy; if there are five Wise Guys left in Chicago I'd be stunned. It just means they're using the structure the Wise Guys set up all those years ago.

Traditional Septs

Or perhaps a better term would be "Old Septs." These septs are in decline right now as the influence of the camp that spawned them, the Wise Guys, is almost entirely gone. Surprisingly, these guys manage to make the most bureaucratic septs of the lot, even more so than the paperwork happy Corporate Wolves! The main reason for this is the "houses," a unique feature of traditional septs that's mostly going the way of the dodo now.

While all traditional septs have a Don, an elder who holds top ranking above all others in the sept, they also have people who represent one of four houses, loose organizations who monitor various things. You have the Central House, which elects the Don. They are the only people who can really challenge him, and are responsible for tracking down the Wyrm in the city. The House of Technological Advancement handles tending technology spirits like Net-spiders. The confusingly named House of Urban Defense is actually mostly responsible for cleansing rituals in the city and teaching rites and Gifts to younger Garou. Finally, the House of Rightful Justice carries out the orders of the Central House to eradicate the creatures of the Wyrm.

Which means that, yes, the Central House does basically nothing except issue orders, which is ridiculously redundant. Also, if you have maybe sixteen Garou in a sept, you're one lucky sept, and even then you've basically got a single pack for each house. It was an insane structure that barely worked at the best of times, and was compounded by having a "head" house for each to which the rest were supposed to report. For example, every sept's Central House was meant to report to the head Central House, which changed location from Rome to Venice and back every so often. Have a laugh at how poorly that worked.

Now, shut up and stop laughing. See, everything has its strengths. The Central House had a Gift, and a powerful one at that. It let them summon up ancestor-spirits, not just our own, either, but any that owed the tribe a favor, from any period in history.

The houses are almost gone now, and the Gift has gone with them. Gone. Kaput. Forever. I desperately tried to find it and learn it, or get it taught to someone, but even though I was a Wise Guy, I wasn't an elder and couldn't learn it. I tried to find someone else who was an elder, but he wasn't a Wise Guy. By the time I found someone appropriate, my prospective teacher had been killed. And as far as I know, he was the last Garou on the face of the planet who knew it. No one knows which spirits to ask about it. Even if we did, they'd be likely to refuse to teach us, since we're not from the Central House.

We just lost, in these last few years, one of the most powerful weapons we had. This is why we need Galliards to record history, and keep it alive. The dark side of our tribe's constant progression is that we lose some of the best things we ever had to history. Hell, we lost the closest thing we had to central leadership in the tribe. There's no way we could get our tribe to properly act in concert now, we're just a collection of various septs, connected by nothing more than common interest and heritage.

Slick Sims counters: *That was true even when the Central House was at its peak, though. Name the last time any tribe acted as one group.*

Well, true. Getting back to happier topics, traditional septs have their moots on the 23rd of each month, at 12:37 a.m. by the Don's watch. It's because of a lucky night in 1908 when an attack on a caern was launched right as the moot began at that time, and as such we had all our warriors on hand to beat it off. Been held then ever since. Traditional moots tend to be held as services, like the kind you find at church. The Don conducts the "sermon" that also covers the plans for the upcoming month, but he also greets everyone with a kiss on the cheek as they enter. So everyone talks, and he casually mentions his plans as they chat. When he gets up to make his announcements, he's gotten a good idea of the sept's opinions and accounts for them. Other rituals are also performed; these refuel the spirits of the caern.

Less formal moots are also held on an infrequent basis, which are much less somber and religious, being instead wild and raucous affairs. Basically, they're organized fights, like bare knuckle boxing matches. Usually a live band is there, and the younger (or even some of the older) folk step into the ring and try to show their stuff. These fights always start in Homid, but rarely end that way. The rest of the sept, meanwhile, gets drunk, yells a lot and makes bets. There are obvious 1920s influences here, but it's important to note that times do change. The music isn't always Swing, and the alcohol is rarely bathtub gin. But the spirit of the affair is very much born from the roaring twenties.

Contemporary Septs

These septs take their cue from the Corporate Wolves' days, and are the most common septs you find today. The sept leaders here are called "chairmen" or "VPs." (The "President," of course, is the caern totem.) These septs build on the basic principles laid down by the traditional septs, but bits get altered. For starters, the houses are paid little more than lip service. You never get anyone actually belonging to a house; instead, "the duties of the house" are talked about in abstract terms. If no one is bothering to keep the Net-spiders helping us with caern defense, then the House of Technological Advancement is being neglected. They mostly get written up as performance targets.

Moots are, once again, held on the 23rd at 12:37 a.m. by the VP's watch. These take the form of board meetings, with an agenda and minutes taken. You're expected to follow Robert's Rules of Order, and speaking out of turn is a good way to lose Renown. The other exceedingly important tradition is the round of handshakes. Every moot ends with each Glass Walker turning to the Glass Walker on their left, starting with the VP, and shaking their hand. It's a symbol of unity with each other and, by extension, the caern. The spirits are very keen to see this maintained.

The less formal variety of moot in these septs is called a "rave." Contrary to the name, they don't all take the form of big techno-driven dance parties. Some take the form of big corporate pep talks, where the VP gets up on stage and rallies the troops. Others, yeah, take the form of dance parties... but the kind where everyone's on some illicit substance and nobody is on the same one. One DJ told me that organizing a rave play list is mostly about figuring out when the whole thing will devolve into a free-for-all brawl and planning to leave the music on auto play from that point on.

Radical Septs

The new guys on the block. These guys are still shaky on their feet, trying to find new ways of doing things with a sept structure in tune with the ideals of the Random Interrupt camp. So far, they're each unique, each one trying different things, experimenting with new ways of doing things.

One interesting thing is that the regular 12:37 a.m. meeting (by a computer's internal clock, affirmed as accurate by checking against an atomic clock) is often getting integrated into the more formal variety. Ideas for where the sept should be going get batted around all month, with debates over them often becoming friendly challenges. Usually gamecraft forms the basis of the challenge, such as a computer game, trying to see who can accomplish some feat of data manipulation the quickest or, I kid you not, a flame war with the rest of the sept adjudicating whose insults were the most impressive. Duels also happen, however, since not everyone in these septs are tech heads. If this is the case, usually the duel will have some sort of clever twist like fighting blindfolded to first blood, forcing each opponent to be quiet and think.

Either way, the upshot is that all that Rage and energy that's meant to be built up at a rave gets worked on all month, as well as the "agenda" for the month. The ideas get rebuilt several times over the month, with everyone adding to it and yet more debates being sparked. When the moot finally comes, it's a near shout-out session, a passionate debate around the table that should, ideally, become as angry as possible without becoming violent. It's a delicate balance that the sept leader (the "moderator") has to work hard to maintain. But, done right, you come out of it emotionally drained, but rewarded, and with a firm plan of where you're going for the next month.

Camps

"Technologies have life cycles, like cities do, like institutions do, like laws and governments do."

— Bruce Sterling, *The Hacker Crackdown*

And like camps do. Nothing lasts forever. The old is always replaced by the new. That's how man has always been, and it's how the Glass Walkers are as well.

Camps usually move through stages. When they first form, they're tiny little cliques, a group based around an idea that hasn't really thought itself through yet. When the Wise Guys started out, they were nothing more than a bunch of young thugs with the basic idea of using crime to disguise their activities. As time went on, they reached the second stage, where their philosophy had been perfected. For the Wise

Create the New

Camps die. New camps are born. The Glass Walkers were tailor-made for today's modern "Next Big Thing" syndrome, and new camps inevitably pop up. One goal a pack might have is to be the catalyst for the Next Big Thing, or at least get a bundle of followers, and here's a few ways they might just do it.

- **Wise Guys, v2.0:** The Wise Guys are on their last legs. Everyone knows it except a few diehards within the camp desperately trying to save it. So why bother reviving it when you can replace it? The actual Mafia these days operates mostly in computer-based extortion, so it's entirely possible a Random Interrupt pack might defect. Other crime networks like the Russian Mafia still have influence, and the Glass Walkers having been trying to crack the Yakuza forever. Maybe some Urban Primitives will latch onto a few ex-gangers turning to more organized crime. All could start a revolution with the right spark.
- **No Business Like Show Business:** The Corporate Wolves have long understood how to make a profit off the entertainment industry, but no camp so far has really experimented with how the industry itself and its media bombardment on the mind of humanity might be used as a weapon. A Random Interrupt pack might jump into special effects, a Corporate Wolf might switch from writing memos to writing news, or the few remaining young Wise Guys might make the same transition from "gangsta" to "high rolling playa" that rap and hip hop have, if one of them has talent.
- **History Repeats:** The Glass Walkers have possibly forgotten more useful tricks than any other tribe, simply because they keep inventing new stuff continuously. Who knows what useful secrets the past might hold? Who knows what mysterious truth lies in the past, believed by no one? Your pack might. And if they're successful... well, the Glass Walkers love success. That's how camps start.

Guys, this meant getting involved in the Mafia. They'd get weapons supplied to them, and start using them against targets that both they and their suppliers liked.

The third phase, and this is one most camps never reach, is the one where something happens to put them over the top. A little twist, a slight (or dramatic,) change of method, a lucky coincidence, and the camp starts doing serious business. Often referred to as becoming the "face of the tribe," or "achieving dominance." When the Wise Guys stopped being just another group of thugs and started getting a reputation as *the* group of thugs if you wanted results, they were cooking. Suddenly they were in a position to ask for favors, direct their own paths a little, and draw on the power of a vast criminal network. No one else in the Glass Walkers could match that. The actual Wise Guys were never a large group. But they got such results that many other Glass Walkers started trying to imitate them, and the Glass Walkers as a whole were perceived as being "the Mafia tribe."

Then, of course, the Corporate Wolves showed just how much weight you could swing around with a multinational corporation, and the Wise Guys quickly became yesterday's news. That's the price of success.

Backup-Circuit keeps a database on the camps. Here's what it has to say.

Random Interrupts

Date of Origin: 1987

Held Dominance: 1999 — Present.

Leadership Individual(s): Elizabeth Genereader

History:

B. Clarence Gilson (Ragabash) and J. Endurance Earle (Galliard) are considered the founders of the Random Interrupts. Both had been students working with computers in the 1960s, and had vastly different experiences. Gilson had been something of a teacher's pet, given access to the computer systems with threadbare documentation and was expected to maintain the entire system. Earle, by contrast, got minimal access and had to develop a series of workarounds and tricks to beat his supervisors.

They met in 1986 while trying to develop a Glass Walker wide area network amidst the numerous WANs that had begun to emerge using the TCP/IP protocols such as SPAN and NSFnet. (The project only succeeded, to a limited extent, in 1992. Maybe half of all Glass Walker caerns are connected in 2002.) Gilson and Earle struck up an immediate friendship and were intrigued by each other's visions of how computers could affect the Apocalypse war. While Gilson initially saw computers in a highly positive light, he was soon swayed to Earle's pessimistic view, wherein Garou would ignore and reject the tools and soon suffer as the Wyrm used the technology against them. To Earle, a realistic goal for the Glass Walkers was to minimize that damage by denying the Wyrm his tools.

By 1987, the pair had formed a pack around the idea of using both traditional and spiritual techniques to destroy computer systems of suspected Wyrm fronts. Earle wrote the manifesto for the camp "Bug-sized Wolves" and soon spawned two copycat packs, founding the Random Interrupts. "Bug-Sized Wolves" advocated completely random acts of destruction, with no logic or intelligence as to the targets chosen, in order to frighten and confuse the enemy. By 1989, this goal had been rethought and the Random Interrupts began deliberately choosing their targets for destruction.

By 1999, the camp had continued to grow despite the deaths of both founders in 1984 (Gilson, killed in battle) and 1994 (Earle, supposedly died in a car accident). The camp had begun to develop relations with a new camp, the Cyber Dogs. Discussions between the camps focused largely on issues such as the nature of identity, computers and the future of the Apocalypse war. A small faction started developing the concept of a "Virtual Tellurian," a complete computer copy of the physical world and Umbra in which the Wyrm could be redesigned. While it initially gained support, the backlash against it was great. Elizabeth Genereader was the most vocal opponent of the concept, arguing famously, "You can't code Gaia." Her opponents responded by demanding an alternative use for computers in the war.

Genereader answered adeptly. Looking back at many of Gilson's earlier writings, she suggested that computers should be used to find a solution to this world's problems instead of creating a new one, calling for creative minds to use computers as building tools to bolster the Garou Nation rather than cripple the Wyrm. In this she was aided by a still anonymous benefactor who supported her direction with a single post that promised, "US $50,000 to the first person to send me a complete analysis of Kin to Garou ratios by tribe over the last decade." It was sent within three weeks, and the money delivered. The tribe had been redefined, and started to shift from anarchic hackers to the sort of "hackers" Gilson had originally imagined, creative thinkers exploring the system and its potential, in the service of Gaia.

Organization

The Random Interrupts are very loosely organized around "projects." One of the members posts onto GWnet an idea such as gathering information on a specific Bane, analyzing the acquisitions of suspected Wyrm controlled companies, or leading an assault on a troublesome vampire. The required resources such as money, men and equipment are also posted, and any that can offer the resources and approves of the project responds.

Current projects of note include the completed analysis of Kin to Garou ratios that showed the Glass Walkers had

a higher ratio of Kin to Garou than any other tribe save the Red Talons. Also of great interest are an intended project to connect all Glass Walker caerns to GWnet, and the "One Thousand Bane Project." Originally envisioned by Chantelle Aldiss, the project seeks to analyze a large number of Banes from diverse sources using tech-fetishes that can define a spirit in numerical terms. Once enough sources have been found, the spirits can be compared to each other and all varying data can be discarded to find the common elements that all possess, what Aldiss theorizes will be a "numerical snapshot of the Wyrm." The project is daring, though the predicted ten years it will take before yielding results have lead some to consider it fiddling while Rome burns. Others praise the project on a daily basis, arguing that it could be the first step toward beginning a genuine offensive against the Wyrm itself.

Despite Genereader's recent reinvention of the camp, there's still a strong element of destructive hackers who prefer to engage in computer terrorism with the Wyrm. They are simply no longer the entirety of the camp, with analysts, hardware engineers, Technogaianists and other groups also strongly present. Their current nickname, "Number Crunchers" or simply "Crunchers" reflects this. Some of the camp doesn't even actually use computers, instead using traditional techniques to communicate directly with information spirits, though most are not this skilled.

The camp has no real rituals of initiation, however, only people who have actually contributed ideas for projects are considered true members. Those who simply respond to calls are considered Random Interrupts-to-be and copycat "lamers" at worst. This sort of elitist attitude may hurt the camp later as no less than three other camps hope to see them come down, and the Random Interrupts may succeed in being the first dominant camp to last less than a decade. Or even half a decade.

So Who Is He?

Just who is this anonymous benefactor? With his, or her, assistance, Elizabeth Genereader succeeded in redefining the Random Interrupts and molding them into the dominant camp within the Glass Walkers. In the process, she changed the face of the tribe, and gained herself a position of high importance.

Perhaps there is no benefactor at all, and it's an invention of Genereader's own devising. She posted anonymously, and delivered the money. Where she got this money is the greatest problem with this theory, though information on a very wealthy group of technology-oriented mages had come into the camp's possession a few years before, and she might just have found a buyer. If she did this, however, she might just have given the tribe a very powerful new enemy.

It could have been a Corporate Wolf. The Corporate Wolves had seen the way the Cyber Dogs were taking over the tribe in a hurry, and helping the Random Interrupts could well have been an effort to stave them off, whilst inadvertently creating a new threat. Or, alternatively, he might have moved to benefit himself, rather than the camp. Perhaps he even acted for the tribe and Gaia, out of simple altruism.

The final, disturbing possibility is the Shadow Lords' Margrave Konietzko. Genereader asked for his assistance before (See **A World of Rage**, page 60-61) and this could well have been how he delivered. And if that is the case, what price has he asked of Genereader? Konietzko acts, no doubt, for the good of Gaia, but his path may not be good for the Glass Walkers.

Corporate Wolves

Date of Origin: 1912

Held Dominance: 1975-1998. However, as of 2002 the camp still remains strong and may well regain dominance. If this happens, they will become the first camp to ever regain dominance after losing it.

Leadership Individual(s): Bryan Smitherman, Colin Jeffcott, Frederick "Big Bills" Paul Leo the Fifth.

History

The actual creation of the Corporate Wolves is one of the simplest stories within the tribe. In 1912, a Philodox by the name of Bruce Harper complained of his sept's inability to cover multiple threats adequately. An academic, he drew upon Frederick W. Taylor's theories of system engineering and motion studies in hopes of covering more tasks more efficiently. He subdivided the sept's "turf" and portioned out pieces to each pack, giving them responsibility over that area. If an enemy crossed over to another area, the appropriate pack was notified. The plan worked, improving communication within the sept and reducing wasted effort. Delighted, Harper advised other septs to try similar organizations of their packs.

Harper had only begun, however. Looking back over his tribe's history, he noted that the last two dominant camps had all focused on commerce or economy: The Iron Riders used the rail industry to their advantage, and the Wise Guys focused on the illegal means of gaining money. To continue the tribe's progress, Harper believed that another step would be needed and focused on ways he could further the war for Gaia at a profit. He initially used extortion and other illegal activities to bleed their enemies and weaken them, and then developed businesses that had legitimate reasons to interrupt enemy operations. Among his greatest successes was Harper Contracting Inc., which gained mostly government contracts to maintain sewerage systems that Harper knew housed vampires and fomori.

A few of the other septs Harper had contacted attempted to imitate his successes, cementing the camp.

By 1945, the Corporate Wolves had become clear rivals for the Wise Guys' position as top dogs. Harper increased the camp's appeal by using Schumpeter's notion of "creative destruction," arguing that the tribe's progress depended upon the old being destroyed and the new replacing it. It also grew in power, as some of its fledgling companies became national and even transnational corporations. Yet it would take until 1981 for the camp to finally and clearly achieve dominance, thanks to Bryan Smitherman. The archetypal Ragabash, Bryan decided that the best targets to imitate were not humans, but the masters of influence peddling: vampires. Secretly observing them for a year, Smitherman redirected his own efforts into not simply making money to be spent on equipment and weaponry, but instead as bribes to government and media figures that could influence government policies that created ecological destruction. The camp had found a focus in this goal, and became the face of the tribe.

Yet the hand that had given them dominance would also take it away. While Smitherman's tactics had been initially effective, it became clear over time that the kind of subtle manipulation he favored worked well for an undead immortal; it was far less useful for the mortal and hurried werewolves. During the period of the Cold War, this was overlooked in favor of averting nuclear murder of Gaia, but after it ended, the very thing the camp had come together to achieve had been found lacking: efficiency. The Random Interrupts promised a new direction, and the tribe took it.

Organization

A vast network of Glass Walkers devoted to manipulating big business, the Corporate Wolves organize on two separate levels. Most Corporate Wolves aren't owners of vast corporations, but are instead lower level employees of either a company owned by a Wolf, or of a regular corporation, who work to subvert their employer to their own ends. Those that own larger companies and have more money lead the camp with "memos" or e-mails to those with less power and money.

At the global level, powerful members of the camp meet biannually at a secret location known only as "The Field." Only three Wolves, Bryan Smitherman, Colin Jeffcott, and "Big Bills" Leo are considered too powerful to ignore, and it is these three that decide which other members of the camp are invited. Here, they create the camp agenda for the next two years.

The camp usually initiates new members, ironically, with a ceremony modeled on a retirement celebration. The most powerful Wolf in the area offers the new member a gold watch, while telling those assembled of his hopes for the new member. These words are inscribed on the back of the watch, to remind the new member of what he is expected to achieve. Few ever meet their expectations.

Wise Guys

Date of Origin: 1921

Held Dominance: 1922-1975.

Leadership Individual(s): None left of note.

History

While the Wise Guys are fond of claiming their history dates all the way back to the Middle Ages, working for the earliest glimmers of the Maltese crime lords; as an organization they have only existed within the last century. There have been Garou within our tribe that used criminal action to fund their activity no doubt since before recorded history, and it is highly probable some of them did work for the 15th century Mafiosos. But there is no evidence to suggest they had any link to the modern camp known as the Wise Guys beyond a similar tie with a similar human cultural element. Indeed, the Wise Guys are a distinctly American phenomenon.

The Wise Guys began with a single pack of the same name operating in Chicago in the early 1910s. The initial name was a joke decided on by the alpha Gianluigi Lucci, a double meaning based on his prankster tendencies and the prominent Mafia organization lead by Johnny Torrio in Chicago at the time. However, their "cover" as an Italian street gang in the area quickly killed the joke when Torrio himself used their services and, after a few successful jobs, took them completely under his wing. The Wise Guys found the alliance advantageous as well; they got weaponry and money from the Mafia, and used it to fund their own activities. Torrio never knew the truth about them, but quickly learned they were devastating when he needed a more violent touch than he usually preferred.

They weren't the only pack to involve themselves in organized crime; however, they were the only pack that had Lucci, who earned his place in the history books as one of the great spiritual innovators of the modern tribe for a number of well-known reasons. Lucci turned what could have been a fairly one-track, violent pack into an eclectic group of spiritualist musclemen with many tricks up their sleeves, who had already begun to turn heads. The only thing holding Lucci back from personally revolutionizing the tribe fell away in 1921 when Al Capone started wielding the power in Chicago's Mafia. While Lucci had always been proudly Italian, Capone married an Irish woman, was best friends with a Jew, and made use of the best people he could find, regardless of nationality. For Lucci, it was a revelation. Lucci began teaching his tricks and beliefs to any Glass Walker he met, and his pack's reputation meant people listened. He also recommended them to Capone and thus created the camp. Capone for his part liked the reputedly needlessly violent group and employed them often.

They were dynamite waiting to go off, a camp with numerous Gifts, rites and beliefs to teach backed by a powerful criminal syndicate with enormous influence along the US East Coast. A year later, they had become the face of the tribe as Lucci visited his parents' homeland and started setting up packs in Italy. (Although he avoided Sicily, where the Mafia's strength and resistance to American families was too strong to handle, and instead set up the camp in Rome, where the Central House's head house was often based until it fell apart.)

However, as fast as the camp ascended, they imploded almost as quickly. Despite holding out against the quickly growing Corporate Wolves after World War II, by 1975 the Corporate Wolves were simply too strong to resist. By 1980 the combined effects of the RICO (Racketeering Influenced Corrupt Organizations) Act and the Italian government's relentless crackdown on the Mafia had weakened the camp to the point of uselessness. Lucci got to see his brainchild die, and with Lucci's death in 1998, the camp was little more than a shadow upon the tribe.

Organization

The camp is now little more than a handful of bickering has-beens, who will likely be gone within the next decade. At their peak, however, the Wise Guys had an extensive (if cumbersome) organization based around the four houses. New members of the camp were initiated in a ritual conducted in the Don's basement. (By "Don," we mean the leader of the Wise Guys in the area, not to be confused with the Don of the sept who may or may not have been the same person.) In it, the new "associate" is surrounded by his soon-to-be brethren, and is told the camp's version of Omerta, the Mafia code of secrecy. "This is our thing. It's not the tribe's thing, it's not the sept's thing, and it's not even your family's thing. You're one of us, and you keep our thing among us. You do everything to protect our thing, but now it's also your thing, and we'll do everything to protect you too."

The camp also distinguished between associates and made men, in a slightly different manner than the Mafia proper. Made men, full members of the camp, didn't have to be Italian, but did have to be Garou. Kinfolk could only ever be associates, and were rarely treated well as associates. There were "made women," but the camp was notably sexist, and female Kinfolk were never even allowed to be associates, although the camp frequently intimidated female Kinfolk into working for them.

The Heresy

Another of Lucci's inventions hasn't been quite so universally well received in the tribe, but has been undoubtedly as great an influence as anything else he ever did. Lucci, working with a Kinfolk priest, created an entire religious mesh of Gaia worship with Catholicism. The message was spread in specially printed Bibles with strategic verses rewritten and placed in footnotes.

Certain claims in Lucci's religion made a lot of Glass Walkers very uncomfortable. "God was Gaia," for example, but it was never clear if this meant that God was a part of Gaia, or if humans were really worshipping Gaia when they worshipped Christ. Some argued that both possibilities meant the same thing. Verses like "In the beginning was an idea, and that idea was Gaia" taught that Gaia existed before the Triat, yet the Triat were made to create Gaia. For much of the tribe, this convoluted paradox was the sort of thing the relatively simple faith of Gaia didn't need. For them it was a little too close to the Weaver for comfort — The Weaver isn't evil, but Gaia must be held above all. Ironically a number of Black Furies, some of the staunchest defenders of the Wyld, developed a very similar theology and their tribe had much the same reaction as the greatest defenders of the Weaver.

This syncretism was not like earlier Glass Walker involvement with religion. Then, the goal was camouflage within the faith; here the goal was reinvention of the faith. Nearly all Wise Guys at least paid lip service to the faith in their moots and rituals, and it still has a number of adherents today, not all of whom are Wise Guys. Everything else, including just how indebted to the Weaver it is, is up to the Storyteller.

Dies Ultimae

Date of Origin: 2000.

Held Dominance: Never. Are considered to have a strong chance to gain dominance within the next decade.

Leadership Individual(s): Robert "Mister" Petkov, Petkov Tsuki (Kinfolk)

History

Dies Ultimae are a more recent group, an offshoot of the Corporate Wolves. Their history begins with Crowe Prandjeva Military Contracts, a PMC (Private Military Company) working in weapons procurement and active combat. Founded by Roderick Crowe and Robert Petkov in 1991, CPMC operated in classic Corporate Wolves form; most of their soldiers were normal humans recruited from national militaries, while as many officers as possible were werewolves with enough discipline to resist frenzy. Crowe and Petkov accepted contracts that they considered "within moral, ethical and legal boundaries" and used the money gained to launch attacks on Wyrm targets, with human soldiers if possible, with their own packs if necessary. (Both Crowe and Prandjeva belonged to separate packs.)

It was during one of these attacks in 1999, however, that the company was struck with a crisis. Crowe's pack had flown to India after receiving reports of unusual and greatly worrying disturbances. None ever returned. Petkov was devastated by the loss of his close friend, falling into depression and then into Harano. He stayed in this state for months before finally being roused by a woman named Hashimoto Tsuki, Stargazer kinfolk. A friend of one of Petkov's subordinates, Tsuki had a reputation as an unusually gifted healer, prone to prophesy. Both abilities helped Petkov, her words of imminent doom serving to shake him from his complacency. He would become entranced with Tsuki from this point on and would later marry her.

Petkov was changed forever by his experience, becoming convinced that the Apocalypse was not coming soon, but coming immediately. The rise of the Random Interrupts only fueled his fervor, and he became enraged with the tribe embracing "a bunch of dull-witted time wasters." Robert and Tsuki worked to convince all Garou members of CPMC of their convictions, and spent the rest of the year in hiding. They were combining their military knowledge and experience toward reaching a goal Petkov had long considered — using modern military techniques and equipment to utilize Kinfolk as full members of a pack. By January 1st, 2000, the group had created their camp's handbook, and then scattered to found packs as Dies Ultimae.

Organization

Dies Ultimae is half doomsday cult, half mercenary force. The Petkov's still own CPMC and are the camp's only public spokespersons, however the company has been restructured and now only offers "elite small-scale forces for short-term, delicate missions." Needless to say, these are Dies Ultimae packs. These missions are usually negotiated with Robert Petkov, however packs are free to negotiate their own missions as long as they meet his approval. Certain missions, however, are sent to packs from Petkov described as "a favor to a close friend;" these are trouble spots reported by CPMC's extensive network of military contacts and judged by Petkov to probably be Wyrm forces. Many of these, are, unfortunately, dead ends. Petkov and the camp in general, believe Tsuki's prophecies that the Apocalypse is nigh, and they jump at shadows a little too often.

Dies Ultimae packs are unique in that they usually incorporate approximately as many Kinfolk as Garou, who are temporarily accepted by their pack totems via a special

rite. These Kin are equipped with contemporary weaponry and body armor that makes them valuable backup for the Garou members of the pack. Dies Ultimae do not initiate new members, however; all packs must go through a training camp Petkov maintains in Western Australia, which serves as an initiation for the whole camp. Focus is on personal improvement and understanding how to employ modern tactics using the Garou biology.

This camp is growing, rapidly. They may have as many as ten packs operating throughout the world and Petkov has secured massive resources for them. An individual member is dubbed a "Soldier," but the plural is still "Dies Ultimae." (Such as: "I talked to a pack of Dies Ultimae. The leader seems alright for a Soldier.")

Cyber Dogs

Date of Origin: 1998

Held Dominance: Never.

Leadership Individual(s): Gabriel Van der Linden, Paul Matzenkopf

History

What a difference a year makes.

Founded in 1996, the original Cyber Dogs pack were one of the most eclectic, but exciting, that Western Europe had to offer, comprised of some of the most brilliant and physically dynamic werewolves the Glass Walkers had. None were more impressive than their alpha, Gabriel Van der Linden. They would disappear for weeks at a time, and return with impossible trophies. Even more impressive to many were their strong minds and philosophical attitudes to life. Gabriel was known to write long philosophical treatises on how a society chooses what is right and wrong, and was fascinated by the topic.

In January 1998, they returned with trophies that made the tribe stand still. The pack made a journey to Van der Linden's homeland of Belgium to, as he described it, "consider what came next." When they returned, they had been changed again, all sporting the most complex and ingenious cybernetics the tribe has known. They combined this with a new philosophy that declared the world was poised to become one of machines and computers, and that they would be there to help Gaia make the transition. By the end of that year, numerous packs had rushed to create the most electric camp that had been seen for decades, and dominance seemed a *fait accompli*. The camp continued to gain power in 1999, and as the new millennium approached, they were preparing to declare themselves the new face of the tribe.

But like the world had the Y2K bug to see in 2000, the Cyber Dogs had Elizabeth Genereader, and she was

From the Dies Ultimae training manual:

If you're going to fight in the modern age (and to be fair, many Garou don't and are still effective: Umbral combat remains unchanged as a battlefield for as long as we've operated), then you're going to have to bend your head around a single, highly unpleasant concept.

You are terrorists.

Yes, we tell you you're heroes. I'll say it too, and I believe it. You are glorious warriors defending Mother Gaia from the all-consuming evil that is the Wyrm. I believe that, and you and I both know what we've seen. But remember, all you have to do is substitute a few words in what the Galliards write down, and you have what al-Qaeda, the IRA, or the Army of God tells their bombers. If you operate in the land of your birth, then you're a domestic terrorist. If the normal civilians knew of you, you'd be considered no better than an abortion clinic bomber. Should you operate outside your country of birth, they'd consider you no better than an Islamic extremist.

Once you've accepted that, you can in turn accept that any and all tactics to win the Apocalypse War are equally morally just, or unjust. The good news is that, unlike all of them, you're right in your cause. We do not, unlike real terrorists, kill purely to create fear; we hunt down the agents of the Wyrm and eliminate them. Civilian casualties are to be avoided, as they strengthen the Enemy. And if we fail, the whole world goes down. Don't be frightened by the knowledge that comes from accurate perspective, but take heart from it.

We can use any tactics. However, some are much more efficient and useful to us.

Assassination

Werewolves make excellent assassins. We are extremely physically capable, determined, morally sure, (hopefully) intelligent and resourceful. In addition, our weapons of choice are 100% concealable to a large number of our opponents and we have many non-detectable techniques for location of targets. Assassination is most effective when directed against unknowing enemies (i.e. persons or groups directed by Wyrm-entities that are unaware of the Wyrm's existence) with public accountability. Enemies without public accountability, either knowing or unknowing, will tend to respond without strong evidence, rendering much of our weapons advantage moot.

Assassinations are categorized along three axes; measuring the target's awareness of the assassination attempt, the acceptable fate of the assassin, and the final axis judging the manner in which the attempt is carried out. For the most part, Dies Ultimae prefers to engage in "simple," "safe" and "secret" assassinations. Potential targets should be unaware of the attempt and unguarded, the assassin should be able to escape after the mission is completed, and the public should never know an assassination was carried out.

While full assassination techniques require intensive training, some basic notes should be mentioned. Assassination is not a pack effort. A group of assassins is more obviously involved than a single assassin, who can plausibly plead to being a mere bystander in many cases. Escape is also easier for a single assassin than a group if Umbral tactics are denied to us. Given time and resources, a Ragabash often makes the best choice for an assassin, given their skill with stealth and concealment, and their lesser tendency to frenzy.

The entire approach should be Umbral, and ideally the attack should come from a quick approach into the physical world before returning to the Umbra and retreating. Dies Ultimae also prefers to coordinate assassinations by using foreign operatives whenever possible, thus hindering investigation. (It is easier to track your own citizens than those of other countries.)

Assassination is often a pointless tactic. Knowing enemies usually have a chain of command that means the elimination of one person is futile. However, against unknowing enemies, it can be devastating. Often the Wyrm's direction of a human institution hinges on a minimal number of people, or even a single individual. In these cases, assassination is a preferred tactic.

Arson and Structural Destruction

If the enemy cannot be eliminated, then eliminate his tools, but only if such activities can be concealed. Destroying buildings raises very unwanted attention and should be employed only in circumstances that will not draw the wrath of government tools. Torching an isolated warehouse with no people inside is possibly advantageous; bringing down an office block will destroy us before it destroys the Wyrm. This technique is also preferred against opponents with direct knowledge of the Wyrm rather than ignorant ones; the former will be more likely to retaliate directly than involve the law.

As such, physical devices such as explosives are preferred over spiritual ones, as they don't immediately indicate we were responsible. If possible, use homemade explosives using the recipes in chapter seven, but if these are too messy or ineffective to be of use, contact base for professional explosives. Efficiency should be placed above secrecy. Other improvised techniques can also be used as long as they do not endanger our

soldiers' lives, ramming a building with an oil tanker is counter-productive, setting one off with base charges is useful. Finally, keep the destruction as small as possible. If our only real targets are the products within the warehouse, find a way to destroy them and only them rather than bring the whole warehouse down. Doing this limits response from government agencies.

Urban Combat

Urban combat is a game of highly developed instincts, quick reactions and above all teamwork. In an open battlefield, the wide-open view almost assures casualties on both sides, but the environments in which we tend to fight can very quickly become lopsided. If you suspect an armed conflict will occur, then never go in without the entire pack. Kinfolk should check their rifles and equipment before battle. Garou should always ask the blessings of the spirits and pack totem.

Make extensive use of spiritual scouts whenever possible, alerting you to the possibility of ambush and readying you to prepare your own. The first group to fire will likely win any battle, assuming all other conditions are equal. When battle begins, Kinfolk should lay down covering fire with preference to putting down the heaviest weaponry first. Garou should proceed quickly to close combat distance, thus nullifying the advantage of range. Once Garou are within close combat range, Kinfolk should fan out, attacking with rifles from flanks. Always stay in a contained group rather than splitting up, and deal with each threat before moving on to the next one.

much more effective than the bug. The rumblings began in September, when she had been responsible for publicly dismantling their idea of a "new Gaia" on GWnet forums. When the European Glass Walkers gathered in December for the seasonal "Promethean Daze" rites, she used them as a platform to expose the Dogs' scandalous secret. In the two years of their operation, the Cyber Dogs had forced cybernetic implants onto 15 lupus Garou, 10 of whom had either died or gone mad from the changes. Worse, she proved the heart of this scandal wasn't merely a fringe group but supervised by Gabriel Van der Linden himself.

The tribe was even more horrified than it had been excited the year before. Elizabeth Genereader called for a "correction" of the camp, but the correction quickly became a purge. Maybe as many as twenty Cyber Dogs across the globe were murdered at the hands of their tribemates, and the camp was forced into hiding.

Organization

The Cyber Dogs are scattered and what organization there once was is now well and truly broken. The remainder can still be considered a camp, though, since they share elements of belief and modes of operation.

When the camp was still united, their rite of initiation was very simple: You designed (with help from Van der Linden's pack) your cybernetics, and then had them implanted into you. From then on, the camp acted like a fraternity, with Van der Linden sending out newsletters that described his most recent thoughts on his main obsession of finding how to turn Gaia into a perfect, repairable machine that would withstand the Wyrm. These newsletters can only be described as propaganda. Apart from this, however, packs were given complete autonomy. Van der Linden's cybernetic contributions and the respect he had as the camp's founder were enough to give him power. The

Good Idea/Bad Idea

So was the purge a good thing? To some degree, yes. There is no question that the Weaver influenced Gabriel Van der Linden in Belgium to degrees that were not healthy for him, the tribe, the Garou, or Gaia. His murder of 10 lupus Garou made that abundantly clear. In a way, the purge allowed the tribe a collective sigh of relief: The long feared "falling to the Weaver" had happened, and the tribe had recognized it as a bad thing.

Yet the Cyber Dogs were some of the brightest hopes the Garou had. They were brilliant, dedicated and visionary. Somewhere along the line, this sequence of events has to be considered a tragedy. Worse, many of the remaining Cyber Dogs harbor resentment in their hearts over their 'betrayal.' In the Glass Walkers' zeal, they may just have turned these hopes over to the Wyrm.

Was the purge necessary? Yes, without a doubt. Could it have been handled better? Quite possibly.

But is there a chance any good might come out of the affair? Yes. Most of the Cyber Dogs were completely unaware of the actions of their superiors and were as horrified as the rest of the tribe. Many of these same Garou were the ones murdered in the purge, but those that are left are now rethinking the philosophies they were taught by the camp, and are reaching new conclusions. Many of the camp's inventions were amazingly useful, and these new Cyber Dogs look to keep them while regaining the tribe's trust and eradicating the cold brutality that tainted the camp.

Thus the camp now stands divided. The purge was a dramatic, dark chapter in Glass Walker history, but it might just lead to a truly great chapter later. Or, if Van der Linden's Rage overcomes his devotion to Gaia, it may be what eventually closes the book.

camp kept in close contact otherwise, most commonly involved in philosophical debates online, and there was one online meeting, which supposedly all Cyber Dogs attended, to debate the future of the camp. Apparently this was going to be an annual event, but that never came to be.

City Farmers

Date of Origin: 1971

Held Dominance: Never.

Leadership Individual(s): Trevor Goodman, Asta Ljungdahl

Brief History and Notes

The City Farmers began as, oddly, the Kent State University protest movement against the Vietnamese war. Trevor Goodman, one of the students, was an unchanged Garou, and he had his First Change some time in 1970. It seems unlikely that he Changed when the National Guard fired on students that year, since such an occurrence would surely have drawn major attention. But that event and the grossly biased state grand jury that followed allowed Goodman to gather a small protest group of his own that demanded, at first, the destruction of the jury's findings and an end to urban expansion.

By 1973, they had become purely devoted to ending urban expansion, and Goodman contacted other Glass Walkers within universities with his ideas for "random Gaian explosions," which marks the foundation of the camp. Over the next twenty five years, these packs engaged in the use of rituals that caused plants to grow in unlikely urban locations, as well as encouraging the use of hydroponics and other technology that allows plant life to grow in an urban environment. They were almost universally treated as a joke and dismissed as "retro" by the rest of the tribe.

In 1995, however, the camp began to gain some credibility with the passionate arguments of Asta Ljungdahl, who was ironically also a student at Kent State in that year. She has suggested the ideas of Paolo Soleri and his ideas about arcologies as a legitimate focus for the camp and the tribe. The idea was that if ways to grow enough food for a city within the city itself were found, urban expansion could grow into old farmland and vast acres of wilderness could be saved. Her suggestions were sensible and practical, and have won the respect of much of the tribe.

Goodman openly despises Ljungdahl and continues his "Gaia bombs" whilst claiming he has developed vast underground gardens, claims he has never substantiated. Most of the camp, however, is now supporting Ljungdahl, and she is considered the leader of the camp. Whilst they do not have a

rite of initiation *per se*, Ljungdahl requires proof of a recruit's usefulness, which is usually delivered as an academic essay on ecology or a loose blueprint for an invention that could facilitate the camp's goals. Ljungdahl is quoted as saying she hopes the camp will be dead before the decade is out, having successfully created a workable system and sold it to the Corporate Wolves to popularize.

Umbral Pilots

Date of Origin: Late 1800s.

Held Dominance: Never.

Leadership Individual(s): Émilie Bontin, Sam Rowland Jr. and Kurofuji Zenko

Brief History and Notes

When writing about the Umbral Pilots, it almost feels necessary to type random words in full caps, and use many exclamation points. The Umbral Pilots began from disgruntled tribe members that felt the Glass Walker's just weren't looking far enough. The Penumbra was merely a reflection of *this* world, and they wanted to find new ones. They did this by creating Umbral transport vehicles of bizarre design, and then dedicating the entire machines to themselves, powering it across the Near Realms and even into the deadly Deep Umbra with nothing but their own love and devotion to Gaia!

In over a century now, they've not stopped these basic activities. They meet in exclusive country manors, gentleman's clubs, or the sports bar around the corner if the others aren't available, and joining them means building your own machine. Don't join them, please. Let them die. I don't enjoy talking about them.

Urban Primitives

Notes: The Urban Primitives are often incorrectly considered to be a camp, but they have never had a demonstrated organization, and are better viewed as simply a movement rather than a camp proper. More evidence for this view is that the Garou Urban Primitive, or Modern Primitive, movement is not substantially different from the human one. Urban Primitives believe that dependence upon technology removes the user from his essential self, and try to create tribal societies whilst decorating themselves with tattoos, piercings, scars and brandings. It's ironic that these groups, who specifically criticize technology, have avoided the insult "retro" that the City Farmers earned, given that the Urban Primitives pointedly seek a return to an earlier time.

Mechanical Awakening

Notes: If anyone can confirm for me that these "advocates for the Machine" ever existed, in any form, please contact me.

Stereotypes

As you can see, we've got some real weirdoes in the tribe, huh? Just remember, the camps are the hardcore of the tribe. Most of us kind of loosely identify with one, don't get overly involved in the organization and stay members of packs, not camps.

Elizabeth Genereader weighs in on a few common stereotypes herself: *Two of the most common stereotypes from outsiders:*

1. That we're a static tribe, so bound into the Weaver's ways that we have become completely unchanging and machine-like; and;

2. That we're an upstart tribe, disdaining the words of our elders because "they have nothing to teach us", and that the young run the tribe over the wiser elders.

You're expecting me now to tell you how both are completely untrue and nothing but ignorant prejudice. Well, they're completely untrue and nothing but ignorant prejudice. (Oh, I just so hate disappointing people.) The Weaver isn't static, just logical. Progressive. I'm not one to speak for my whole tribe, but as a rule we're paranoid about the idea of becoming unchanging machines. Believe me. I know this well.

The truth of the second stereotype shows exactly how paranoid we are about such things. Many outsiders are always stunned to see how we revile the traditional "ancient mentors" that most tribes use, where the elders teach the cubs from the word go. Despite popular belief, we don't dislike this system because the old have nothing to teach, au contraire, wisdom does indeed come with age. What we don't like is the idea that the old have nothing to learn. Often we find that the old, experienced hand can pick up the bug in a computer system she's not even familiar with, simply on intuition and experience, but isn't it better that she does learn the system? And who better to teach it than the young programmer who has grown up with the system and knows it back to front?

We don't mentor, we network instead. The old teach the young, the young teach the old, and everyone teaches everyone else. Not only is it more efficient, but also it stops us from getting nothing but a generation of cubs taught in exactly the same way, who were the same as the last, and the same as the ones before them. The young do, to some degree, run the tribe because they're the ones continually introducing the new ideas to it and teaching them to the elders, but when the chips are down, we have the security of elders who know what works from experience. And when it all goes to plan, who also know how to properly use that new idea he learned last week and make it work, too.

But when it comes to the freaks, well, we're all in the same boat. None of the other tribes exactly avoid being strange, although we like some more than others.

Black Furies

The Furies are one of the three other tribes who honestly give a damn about humanity outside of their own Kin, and we love them for it. Granted, they're only interested in the women, but women are over 50% of the human population, so we're not complaining too much. Better yet, they manage to mix brutal violence with genuine mercy and care. That's a combination that makes them admirable in my book, though I daresay the male members of my tribe may argue with me a little.

"Slick" Sims shakes his head: *No argument here, chickpea. Our tribes can get along real well sometimes, particularly in the Third World where women's rights are a massive part of human rights. I'm providing funding for a pack investigating African tribes (human ones) that practice female genital mutilation. The Fury in the pack dearly hoped to find Wyrm influence in the area and was bitterly disappointed when it became obvious that it was just humans being assholes, but she didn't give up and just kept trying to dismantle the practice in the area. So I keep funding her. Hey, I love signing those kinds of checks.*

Bone Gnawers

And these are the second tribe. The Bone Gnawers are deeply family oriented, but they seem to genuinely want to help those who are down and out. I guess when you spend that much time with the hurting, you either develop empathy or become a serial murderer. I spend a lot of time in the prisons these days visiting family, and I met one of their Kinfolk, who told me to contact his brother. His brother, in turn, desperately wanted me to help the guys in prison to start getting real jobs once they got out. And I like that.

Bypass-Circuit is unconvinced: *Where did you get this from, Natalia? In my experience, they're nothing but a bunch of hypocrites who'll disown their Kin for getting out of a bad neighborhood but won't lift a finger to help out the neighbors who fall through the cracks. Bunch of bastards, useful only because they'll sell information cheap.*

Children of Gaia

Finally, there are these guys. They're useful because their social values come from the same place ours do, they believe in equality and freedom. A bit more liberal than most of us, they tend to say "Care for your brother" when we say "Caveat Emptor" but still, when the rest of the tribes start yelling about us being Gaia-Hating Weaver-Demons, these are the ones who defend us. Combine this with a care for humanity, and we like them.

Backup-Circuit fails to disappoint anyone familiar with him: *Apart from the whole tree-hugging hippie bullshit, that is. Look, I grok the whole idea of what they'd probably call the "war fought in the human heart," or the eco-war. We probably came up with the latter concept, because we were the first tribe to sit back and note that there were loads of Banes in high-pollution sites in the city. But that's only so much of the battle. I get scared both of our tribes are gonna get so caught up in trying to save the eco-system, or save humanity, that we're going to be caught flat-footed when the Wyrm roars into full life and we've got a million care projects and not one klaive.*

Fianna

First of all, I want you to put every pretty Ren-Faire image out of your head. Stop thinking that the Celts wore beautiful dresses and talked to fairies. These are falsehoods. This charming romantic vision of the Celts was never real. They painted themselves blue and charged, with no discipline, onto battlefields. Disease was rampant because they lived in muddy squalor. Their descendants today, who include the Fianna, aren't beautiful fae-conversing poets, they're short-tempered soccer hooligans.

When the Celts had their day, the Romans had already started getting the idea of sanitation, modern roads, and useful things like aqueducts. Their armies were advanced and well developed. At the time, we supported the Romans, and today, well, we still support the Romans.

Get of Fenris

And now you're expecting me to deliver the same verse as for the Fianna? Well, wrong. The Get of Fenris may be bloody, fangs-and-claws-first warriors, but they're coming from a civilization that were master craftsmen and had brilliant ships. And hell, in a way my old camp are really pretty similar to them: Violent but very focused on family and respect. I'm not a fan of their lack of tact, but there's a lot more similarity between our tribes than they'd think. I wonder how they'll react to Dies Ultimae....

Red Talons

Elizabeth Genereader interrupts: *Until recently, we were always distant enemies at best and very angry enemies at worst. Our two tribes stood for exactly the opposite things from the beginning: We believed that progress was a good thing and championed humanity; they reviled the notion and vilified them.*

But it's time to put that behind us, and as soon as possible. Remember that Kin-to-Garou ratio report? It showed that we, both the Red Talons and Glass Walkers, are probably the quickest dying tribes in the Nation. We've both neglected one half of our essential being for far too long, and we're not breeding true nearly as well as we should. Convincing our tribe to start breeding with wolves will be hard enough, convincing the Talons to breed with

humanity will be a nightmare, and trying to convince Griffin will be impossible.

But we have to try. We're all Garou. Gaia needs us all.

Shadow Lords

They're sneaky, ruthless, completely unethical manipulators who'll look at you as just another piece on the chessboard, wondering how they can use you to their advantage. But then the Random Interrupts supplanted them.

Listen, we dealt with the Corporate Wolves for twenty-three years. The Shadow Lords are pushovers.

Elizabeth Genereader mutters: *Stop laughing.*

Silent Striders

They're apparently not all Garou Fed Ex. Who knew?

More seriously, there's a lot to like about the Silent Striders. They've got an even better coverage of the world than we do, and considering how spread out we are that's saying a lot. Between us, I really we cover every square inch of *terra firma*, and a lot of *terra umbra* as well. Egyptian history is filled with wonderful scientific and religious invention, which we love. And like us, they've gotten the idea of progress and adaptation down pat, and whilst I don't really think they care overly much about humanity, they respect human cultures enough to blend in with them.

Besides which, you can nearly always find one willing to play courier for a price. Silent Striders, for when that klaive absolutely, positively, has to be imbedded in someone's bastard-ass head in Sierra Leone, overnight.

Silver Fangs

Always a good topic to get any Garou ranting. For my part, I think the Silver Fangs are irrelevant, because they agree to play by their own rules. The Shadow Lords at least get this, if you break your own word and rules, you're unpredictable. Look at RICO. Was it constitutional? Hardly. Was it something the Mafia was prepared for? Hell no. But the Silver Fangs are all honor and nobility. They're predictable. And thus, we don't need to fear them.

"Slick" Sims tosses in: *I'm not on this page with you, Nat. They're mad. They've got almost as much moolah as us, some of them. They're among the best-trained warriors in the Nation. And they hate our guts. Call me a little paranoid, but I think that's something to worry about.*

Elizabeth's just glad they're our problem, not hers, right?

Elizabeth Genereader nods: *Yeah. I haven't seen a lot of them out here lately. I wonder what happened? Could be we've jumped out of the frying pan....*

Uktena

A lot of us seem to get along really well with these guys, and when you think about it, that's hardly surprising. Both of us have a lot to offer each other. We're the tribe of humanity, supposedly, but the Uktena have Kin among more human peoples than we ever will. They know about minority cultures that we find fascinating. Meanwhile, they're meant to be this very spiritual tribe where everyone knows how to talk to the spirits, and yet we've got techniques for that most of them would never dream of. We're sort of each other's alter ego: We're both about humanity and are spiritual, but we're more about the former and they're more about the latter.

As a result, there's a lot of cultural trading that happens between us. It's a natural fit.

Wendigo

Now, you'd think a lot of the same would apply to the Wendigo, but it doesn't. Even if you count all the Native American tribes the Wendigo represent as different peoples, you then have to admit there's a lot less diversity in their population than the Uktena. They're less spiritual, and their war tactics are incompatible ours. Our tactics, you see, involve guns.

Also, there's the little matter that we're the most obviously visible reminder of the Europeans coming in and slaughtering them all. We didn't do the damage the Get or the Fianna did, but we're the ones who set up railway tracks over their land. We're the ones in the city now and with the funky toys. As such, we get a lot of their venom, and we don't like them much.

The Others

It's getting late. Do I have to do these guys, too? Yes? Damn.

Ananasi

I have it on very good authority that they exist. Supposedly, they're spider shifters who can turn into very big spiders, though just how big tends to vary between "size of my fist" to "large dog." They feed on human blood, and they're all supposedly aligned with the Weaver. It is that last fact that scares me witless.

Think about it. If they feed on humans, then they're not living out in the country where they don't have any to feed on. They're living here, in the city. And despite the fact that they're Weaver-aligned, and we're allegedly "the Weaver tribe," I've never seen one. Ever. Sometimes, I'll see a spider, and I'll step sideways to look at it. It's never an Ananasi.

There are a lot of spiders in the city, you know.

Bastet

Routine joke about cats and dogs. Insert canned laughter.

More to the point, the Bastet are supposedly still *a fairly large group. If they're still representing... seven* tribes? Nine? Either way, if they've got tribes going still, then they're doing a lot better than any of the other Fera. And that, in itself, should mean that they're worthy of respect. Going toe to toe with a werewolf pack is an exercise only the toughest of the tough can handle, and it seems to me that if they handled us, they can handle whatever happens in Africa, or Asia or wherever they are.

Corax

What do you want me to say? I like you, isn't that enough?

You guys tread on our tribe's toes, a lot. You spend a lot of time in the city doing stuff we'd rather be doing than you — weeding out the Cadavers, sniffing in the corners of the city, gathering information and then giving it to those who need it. By being around, you make our other tribes less dependant on us and make us all less stable. If the other tribes do decide eventually that we're more trouble than we're worth and try to take us out, you will be partially responsible. Be aware of all this, bird.

Because you do it better than us, so much so that I'm agreeing to a ridiculous payment in return for the information you gave us. I think we're somehow jealous, resentful and impressed as hell by you guys, all at once.

Gurahl

I doubt it'd surprise anyone to learn that a lot of Glass Walkers consider the War of Rage to have been a grave mistake. For a lot of reasons: Morally it was a betrayal of the harshest sort, strategically it became a disaster by giving us more enemies now, when we can least afford them and most importantly, it was simply plain stupid to waste such good resources. These guys were our allies, why get rid of them?

Not that I'm suggesting the Glass Walkers weren't involved in the massacres. Like I said, we probably started them. But hypocrisy is a way of life for most people, and we're no exception.

But the Gurahl betrayed us, right? Well, bullshit. I don't know what happened then, our history doesn't say. But we've got ideas of what these guys were, they were the healers of Gaia. Known by all as wise mystics. Not exactly a group who really fit the profile of a traitor, are they? I wish the Wise Guys, or the Corporate Wolves had been around back then, because both could have taught us a valuable lesson. Sometimes, things happen for reasons you don't need to know about, and when they do, you just have to show faith and keep on going with your role.

Doesn't matter now, though. They're all dead anyway.

Mokolé

I'd swear these guys were made up, if it weren't for seeing one personally. Not a pretty one mind, something was wrong with its brain and it stank of the Wyrm... we had to kill it, and I can say this as my first opinion of them: They're *tough* bastards. And before you ask, yes, we found it in the sewers. Go figure.

After that, I went and did some asking around. I got a few more stories that seemed to suggest the majority aren't Wyrm-tainted. So yes, we really do have giant dinosaur shifters. Gaia really has a sense of imagination, doesn't she?

Beyond that, though, I only got a few scraps of information. I'm not exactly sure of why Gaia made them. So for now, I'll leave it at that: They're really tough and nasty, they're not Wyrm tainted, I don't have a clue why they have a French name and yet they're enough to make even a jaded lapsed Catholic like me marvel at Creation.

Nagah

Oh, and one more note: I learned that each Mokolé has a different reptilian form. One will be a big bipedal thing; the next will be an oversized crocodile like the one we fought. Meanwhile, we have the entirely unsubstantiated rumors of weresnakes in India. So unsubstantiated that I can't find one myth or legend, not a single one, which mentions them, throughout every Garou tribe I have any knowledge of.

It thus seems obvious to me that some Mokolé have the form of a giant snake, and this has created the confusion. I've got a few reliable sources informing me that the Mokolé *are* present in India, and the theory answers a lot of questions. Either these Mokolé inspired the human myths, or someone took the human myth and incorrectly slotted these similar creatures into its place.

Nuwisha

Speaking of mistaken identity...

Again, I'd have put money on the idea of these being something other than Fera, most likely simply a coyote-spirit. But I've read a few Iron Rider's diaries, and all of them seem pretty clear on the idea that Nuwisha were real, and there were a reasonable amount of them around.

They're interesting reads, to say the least. You get a whole lot of stuff about them finding coyote shit in their boots or being led way off the trail for no apparent reason. Sometimes I find some diary entries afterwards where it's clear, with the benefit of hindsight, that the Nuwisha was

directing the group toward some big nest of "wurm devils" (I love the way these guys used to talk!) and enabled them to do major damage. But you Corax are good at that too, and in much simpler ways: You tell us where they are and give us the benefit of ambushing them.

I'm big on trusting everyone to do their part and not questioning, but I'm hoping there's more to the Nuwisha than this, or they're really pointless.

Ratkin

Nothing the Mafia hates worse than a rat. Unlike most Fera, these guys are in the city and up close in our face. Imagine the Mayday protestors, the ones involved in the riots in Seattle. Now give them Rage, have them rioting around the clock, without holiday leave, and imagine them being pointed in the direction of just about anyone before hearing "Sic 'em, boy!" That's what the Ratkin are. They make us look rational.

And I wouldn't mind that so much if they just showed a little more discernment in whom they went berserk on. I've seen massive property damage wreaked on companies we suspected of being Wyrm-fronts, with clear Ratkin trademarks, but about as many of the Corporate Wolves have been hit, too. Beating us up doesn't help Gaia any, and that's the important thing in all this.

Rokea

Weresharks? Never heard of any. I do know of Polynesian (I think) myths about sharks with mouths on their back, but those things always seemed more Wyrm-tainted than on our side. If these were the creatures that inspired the myths, then I wouldn't trust one. Assuming they're real, that is.

Then again, there aren't many cities out in the sea, so we don't spend much time there.

The Enemy

Banes

Banes tend to be one of our most universal enemies, and one of the most effective against us. All our wonderful technological toys, guns and the like, are ineffective in the Umbra, and that forces us to work on older tools like claws and teeth. We're not nearly as good at that, and as a result we find battles against them a lot tougher than most tribes, I'll guess.

This is, of course, one of the best arguments to be made for multi-tribal septs. We can all compensate for each other's weaknesses. Not that we get that many here in the city, just not enough Garou that want to live here.

As a general rule, we tend to fight fire with fire; our Theurges command armies of Net-spiders and other spirits. Some are fond of binding common but generally inactive Banes, like smog-spirits, and then forcing them to fight any Banes attacking us, killing two birds with... well, each other. That's a dangerous trick, though and most just stick with friendlier spirits, since they're usually easy enough to work with.

Fomori

These little Bane-bags are everywhere too, as you no doubt know. They come in two flavors as far as we're concerned: ignorable and annoying. The first are the straight out gross ones, the eight-foot tall faceless monstrosities with huge sores that squirt acidic pus at you, and so forth. They're ignorable because they try to counter their lack of intelligence with strength and numbers, and the Germans proved a long time ago that the machine-gun renders numbers largely irrelevant.

The latter are the ones that look human. They're the ones that work in our factories, who sell us the parts for our computers, and whom we talk to day in and day out without ever knowing. These are the ones that are annoying, and scary for that matter. The Corporate Wolves did a lot of good, but made us dependent on a lot of large-scale bureaucracy that's very easy to infiltrate. These types can thus be very effective against us.

Our Hong Kong-based cousins tend to report that there are *many* of these creatures out there; he called them bakemono. He also said they seemed to be much more intelligent than the ones we get out here, so if you head out that way, be alert.

Vampires

Supposedly our tribe's traditional enemy, and to a large degree that's a true statement. I'm going to take your word that you don't find them outside of cities, I've spent most of my life in cities and wouldn't know if that's true or not. However, just about every city I've ever been in has a few of the Leeches.

It's a greater truth in Europe than elsewhere, though. America has a lot of vampires, but very few of them really have any great influence, and those few that do are obvious about it. It doesn't mean they're not dangerous, but it just means we know how to avoid them and when to not avoid them.

The Wyrm went all-out with vampires, though, because they're some of the most versatile and clever servants it has. My personal guess is that they're a refined fomori, one that has the Bane properly integrated into it, allowing the host to move around despite being dead. That integration doesn't destroy the host's mind, so they don't become the easily dismissed cannon fodder we normally deal with. Either way, they're probably our number one enemy in Europe, and lots of trouble in America. The one advantage we have is that they don't seem to be as cohesive as they would like, and fight among themselves almost as much as we do.

One thing's for sure. We've learned hard, painful lessons about "bargaining" with them. Don't trust them, not even for a second. Roger Daly did when he made a treaty with them in Vancouver thirty years ago. He, as well as an entire sept, paid for it with his life. If you can, kill them on sight.

Wyrm-Influenced Corporations (Wicks)

WICs are our most prominent enemy within North America. While some vampires can boast as much or even more power than many of these, they bicker and fight amongst themselves, thus nullifying much of their threat to Gaia. Wicks, by contrast, are frighteningly well organized. We think there's got to be over ten of them in North America, ranging from multi-national powerhouses to small and frustratingly elusive minor players.

What makes Wicks particularly worrisome for us is just how many options they can throw at you. Wicks range from almost entirely mundane affairs that simply have enough money to buy small countries to deeply supernatural conglomerates that will employ fomori, Banes, clueless human security teams, clued-in human security teams and even the occasional Black Spiral Dancer pack. (Black Spiral Dancers are usually a non-enemy for us, since they hate the cities as much as most Garou. When they do show up, though, they really seem to hate us and will go for Glass Walkers above other targets.) In addition, they go for goals that are diverse and obtuse. One corporation seems fixated on ecological destruction; the next focuses on introducing Wyrm taint into consumer products to corrupt humanity. One works to manipulate the media to influence society, the next specifically uses its resources to hunt us out and kill us.

Nor are there obvious tip-offs for most corporations. You can go up to the front desk of Magadon and a charming young receptionist greets you, and photos of perfectly natural looking humans line the walls. They don't present the obviously corrupt side in any way at all; they're not subtly disturbing or even just too perfect on the outside. They're like every other business on the face of the planet. In short, they're everywhere, invisible, indecipherable and deadly. As a tribe, we have every reason to fear them above all other enemies.

Mages

What?

Oh. Right. Look, I'm not doing to deny that there are some people out there that get into reading Crowley until their eyes bleed and dancing around in goatskin pants grabbing at their "magic wands" and any nubile hippie chicks they can talk into "experiencing new realms of enlightenment." You know what, though? That's bullshit. People weren't given the gift of commu-

nication with the spirit realm. They were given creativity. Humans have managed to figure out sanitation and philosophy and art and literature and botany and metallurgy and all these wonderful things. That's what makes them so magical and dangerous. All this other talk about "messing with Names" and "calling down fire and lightning" has always struck me as an imperfect understanding of humanity's *real* magic-working: science and technology.

Humans "working magic," indeed. Not since the Sundering, kids.

Hunters

What did I just say? Yes, there are people who are able to resist the Delirium. There will always be people with that strength of will. And I bet that we city-folk see a lot more of them than you do. However, these urban legends of people going around ignoring the Delirium, recognizing Garou in Homid form and smiting us with supernatural might are more the Bone Gnawers' gig than ours. Humans are capable of developing technology that looks like "super-powers." Some can resist the Delirium. I wish more Garou would take them seriously on that count, instead of spreading these stories about new breeds of superhumans with Powers Man Was Not Meant To Have.

Glass Walkers Around the World

The Glass Walkers are a global tribe. The city is nearly a global concept now, and you'll find us anywhere cities are. And a few places that they're not, for various reasons.

The Umbra and Realms

And that everywhere includes the Umbra, though we've got our usual problems with operating in there. Has nothing to do with the city, but remember that we take our name from a camp that was devoted to exploring the city's umbra. Our problem is that we're all human-born. Ever seen the human cub and the wolf cub try to take that first sideward step? Then you know what I'm talking about.

The CyberRealm

Certain places hold a lot of appeal for us, though. I'm sure you won't be surprised to learn that we love the CyberRealm. Weaver fetishes never go wrong here, and it's a place for our inventors and experimenters to see exactly what their latest device is capable of before heading back to "reality" and working the bugs out.

It's a place to tread carefully, though. The place is a surreal nightmare; that would have happened if *Tron* had been set in the skyline of Seattle. You walk on massive towers of electronics and computers, are bathed in the glow of halogen and feel a chill I can only believe is a cooling system. Bridges of computer chips form at your feet, but below that is a never-ending blackness. Never go alone, at least first time around. And when I said chilly, I meant it. Wear a coat.

Scar

And, similarly, never go to Scar without a lupus in your pack. If you don't, then get comfy, because you won't be coming back anytime soon. It's nearly impossible to get back without one. Scar is the dark side of everything we love, and as a result we'd be remiss if we didn't investigate this place. Remember, the city can be a glorious thing, but this place will bring you back to your senses very quickly.

But we've got another interest in the area. If the Industrial Revolution created the hellish nightmare known as Scar, what would happen to cities if Scar were healed? It's an intriguing suggestion, and a reason why we keep going back.

The Western First World

Back to the physical world, now. We're most common throughout what would commonly be referred to as "The Western First World." That is: North America, Europe, Australia, assorted smaller countries. We're there because the cities are, and certain other things that we don't like to mess with aren't. And we don't like messing with them because, well, you'll see.

North America

The good ol' US of A. And Canada, too. While I know you can find just about Garou of any tribe there, many consider this place our homeland these days. (With apologies to the Uktena and Wendigo.) After all, two of our tribal incarnations have their identity tied very strongly to American culture, the Iron Riders and Wise Guys, and the Corporate Wolves were also strongest in the North America, mainly because they emerged out of the Wise Guys.

Lately, though, the Glass Walkers' focus has begun to swing back toward Europe. The Corporate Wolves saw the introduction of the Euro and drooled at the possibilities, the Random Interrupts' *de facto* leader is European, and even the whole Cyber Dog affair happened almost entirely in Europe. (Although North America also had a few packs that also suffered losses in the massacres.) Even Dies Ultimae, the heir apparent to the face of the tribe, has fairly even coverage between Europe and North America. What this has done is thrown the focus in North America onto the younger members of the tribe. Everyone's looking for that something new, the Next Big Thing. Being an American Glass Walker right now means being given a lot of opportunity, but a lot of pressure to succeed, too.

Our major enemies in North America are definitely Wyrm-influenced businesses and corporations. Dies Ultimae recently started flying around a list of "Top Suspected Wyrm-fronts" that allegedly came all the way down from Mr. Petkov himself. A few have been discounted, of course, but some names seem credible: Ashmores Brokering, Carlmona Ltd., Magadon Pharmaceuticals, Physicians Inc. (who own the O'Tolley's chain of fast food eateries) and Tortoise Ranch Publishing. There seems to be little doubt that these five companies are being influenced by Wyrm entities that could be as high up as CEO. Packs nationwide are beginning attacks on them.

Europe

Europe was home to the Renaissance, and for our tribe it's the home to a new Renaissance. But it's one fraught with danger, founded on the bloodshed of a minor civil war, and of uncertain value when it's all said and done.

Can you tell that Europe isn't the most stable continent for us?

The good news is that the rise of the Random Interrupts has solidified some of our shakier points. Places like the Netherlands had long been home to large numbers of the camp and their increased importance had meant that more Glass Walkers have moved to the area, strengthening our hold on caerns there.

> ***Wait, I know some of those...***
>
> The Glass Walkers aren't infallible, and Petkov is paranoid and listening to a woman prone to insane ranting. Magadon and O'Tolley's are subsidiaries of Pentex, which is controlled by the Wyrm. But the other companies are comparatively innocent and victims of the Glass Walkers' faulty intelligence.
>
> Or are they? The Wyrm is constantly vigilant and curls around anything he can find a use for. Who says that Pentex is the only Wyrm-influenced corporation?
>
> And we're not above suggesting that clever Storytellers might just substitute a different company name for Pentex and include a perfectly legitimate company of the same name, either. Just to keep players on their toes.

The bad news is that in the meantime, Italy is on the verge of outright collapse. Rome still has some fight left in it, but the caern, one of the most powerful we have and home to the Central House, is running out of steam and money. This money is important, because it's quickly becoming feared that a vampire (vampires tend to be our major opponents in Europe) will simply

buy the place to get us out of her hair. It could be fixed, and the sept is desperately looking for investors, but so far no one wants the hassle.

But if you thought that was bad, then you've not seen Venice lately. Understand this, bird, I'm only telling you about Venice because our very arrangement means you know something about it to begin with. Normally, you'd not get a whisper out of me about it.

About three or four years ago, something happened between a bunch of vampires and one of our packs. It was our big dirty secret, our deal with the Wyrm. Goodness knows exactly what happened, but pretty soon a lot of information swapping began. And then it broke down. And the vampires redefined the "understanding" to mean: Get the living hell out of Venice. Venice used to be the other home of the Central House. It also has a caern just as powerful as Rome's.

This is a bad, bad situation. Many of these Leeches are old and powerful, perhaps some of the most powerful worldwide. Meanwhile, no Garou alive is going to intentionally let a caern go, but nothing short of a miracle is going to save it. And I dread the prospect that some young pack, full of ambition, full of desire and full of themselves is going to try to provide that miracle, and instead spark the first battle of the Apocalypse.

Gaia help us all.

Australia and other Areas

Slick Sims opines: *I've heard that we're held in very high esteem in Australia, because we didn't take part in the killing of the Bunyip. I don't believe it. It be bullshit on two counts. One: Esteemed by whom? The Bunyip can't hold us in high esteem, they're dead. The other tribes wouldn't, they're the ones who killed them! Yes, they hold us in esteem because we didn't make the mistakes they did. Among werewolves, that sounds likely, yeah. Second of all: We weren't there at the time. One or two of us, sure, but it wasn't until the 1950s that we actually started making an effort to be there. Australia was a rural country making money from sheep. Never held any appeal to us until a human named Lee Gordon proved there was a market for American merchandise down there, and the Corporate Wolves moved in to capitalize.*

You want the real story? Here is one of the finest examples of political spin doctoring ever. The first Glass Walker in Australia is a guy named Lord Steel. He sees Australia as a chance to do a city right, without the ravages of the Industrial Revolution. That fails utterly and everyone laughs at him for thinking it could be done. He wasn't a City Farmer, but he had the same ideas, and they were just as flawed. You can't go back. Only forward.

Then the Garou start War of Rage v.3.0, this time killing the Bunyip tribe. At the end of this, a political sleazeball named Kanabis — Err, Kanakis turns up and begins pontificating about how wrong the other tribes were for doing it and how the Glass Walkers would never do such a thing, and thus you should look highly upon them. That is, him. Since he's the only one there apart from Lord Steel. The move doesn't work and the guy nearly gets throated. But over the years, fueled by the Children of Gaia playing "I'm more PC than you" the whole story turns around to how great we are.

We're not. And most everyone down there knows it. Go, by all means. Throw a shrimp on the barbie. Kiss a koala. Some Corporate Wolf and Random Interrupt types are doing wonderful infiltration of the blooming film industry down there, finally getting that 'in' into Hollywood we've never had. But don't think you'll get any less suspicion than up here. Don't believe the hype.

Asia

When I was talking about the things we don't like to mess with, I was talking about Asia. Asia is filled with Fera of kinds that we find strange and unusual, that we don't understand and in general we'd simply rather let be than get involved with. We're never shy about getting into a fight with anything; we're Garou, after all. It's what we do. But these Asian Fera are strange and alien to us, and we simply don't know enough about them to make interfering seem wise. Despite this, we are there in one or two places.

Japan

In the early '80s, a pack of Wise Guys worked out that the camp was on its last legs, and had the generally sensible idea of trying to co-opt other major crime syndicates into the fold so as to create more opportunities for them. One of these was the Yakuza, so they went to Japan.

But it didn't work out. Every week, they sent back letters to their Dons, telling them what they were learning about the Yakuza. And each letter was filled with disgust; loathing and hatred for the way the Yakuza did business.

The Wise Guys always moved with the times. That's why they liked the Mafia. When Johnny Torrio ran the mob, the Wise Guys played it a bit gentler than they'd otherwise do, since that was how he operated. When Al Capone came along and picked fights, the Wise Guys punched it up a notch, because that was the new way and it worked.

But the Yakuza they saw were as far from these notions as could be. They were tied to tradition and the old ways of doing things. Their Dons, called "oyabun," weren't the dynamic leaders of action the Wise Guys knew, but old and decaying men more worshipped than useful.

Nor were they surprised to uncover more problems for the camp. There was notable Wyrm corruption in several quarters, and a group of Shadow Lords had beaten them for the rest.

Not that others haven't given it a reasonable go. There are a few Corporate Wolves who've carved out a decent niche in the economy. But even these have no caerns, and they're out on their own. Long story short, we're low on allies and high on enemies in Japan. When we go there, we have to watch our backs.

China and Hong Kong

The Boli Zouhisze have fallen on hard times of late, mostly since the changeover of Hong Kong back to the Chinese government. The Chinese began attacks on the Triads, and many of the tribe who had involvement with them were robbed of much of their power. In addition, the death of elder Wok Wok Rik earlier this year has completely destabilized their main sept, the Mother of Peach Trees Caern. In response, a new project has been suggested on GWnet: "Support the Mother of Peach Trees Caern against collapse." So far the no one has taken up the challenge.

After the project was posted, however, came a strange development that so far no one really has a handle on. In the first two weeks of 2002, a dozen cubs experienced their First Change in Hong Kong. Apparently Gaia took Sundays off. All of them were Boli Zouhisze and the tribe didn't know a single one of the cubs was out there. To any other sept on Earth, this would be a miracle of the highest order. To the chaotic, disorganized Mother of Peach Trees Caern, it's a stress they could live without.

But, on the other hand, they may need these extra helping hands. My contact told me that Jack Mercer, formerly Corporate Wolf, now Black Spiral Dancer, has blown into the area and managed to secure himself a high profile position with the Macau Palace, a floating casino anchored in neighboring Macau. Chances are considered good that Mercer will attempt to use this as a base of operations for attacks on the caern. Expect the new cubs to go straight to work. Hoi Ming-yu, a Ragabash, appears to be the pick of the litter, but all of them will be sorely needed.

Africa

I once heard someone claim we stayed out of the Third World out of an old agreement we made with the other tribes to end the Impergium. If this was ever true, it isn't now. Many of the projects that get discussed involve trying to improve the lot of people in the poorest parts of the world, and it's based on a simple principle: Humanity, on its own, isn't of the Wyrm. They're one half of our nature, after all. However, subjected to poverty and misery, the Wyrm finds an easy foothold in anyone's heart. The other tribes may accuse us of trying to burden Gaia with even more humans to carry, but the truth is that we're simply trying to make the humans She has to carry now less of a burden.

That doesn't mean you'll find Glass Walkers there, toiling among the indigenous people, though. We don't need to be there, after all, when there are humans more than willing to do it for us. Humanitarian charities make great tax breaks for the Corporate Wolves, and those that can afford to fund them tend to do so. These also work for us as great infrastructure, when we need to send over Garou, these charities can act as their cover if one is needed.

The most contentious issue for us right now is in Nigeria. There are two packs of City Farmers in the country, and they're following Trevor Goodman's school of eco-terrorism in trying to slow the oil industry in the area. In one of the few victories for Trevor Goodman's camp, they've won some support among Garou (particularly in other tribes) in this opposition, since the industry has produced rioting and death, and Banes have fed on the harsh misery that pervades the area.

But as a general rule, our tribe has stood firm that slowing these companies is a foolish idea, since there's still no proof that the companies themselves are Wyrm-influenced. Slowing down their progress only weakens the companies, and leaves them susceptible to a buyout by another company that probably is Wyrm-influenced. Instead, we'd prefer to see the oil trade continue in ways that benefit the people of the area rather than hurt them. If the attacks can't be stopped, look for some of the Corporate Wolves to try and make the buyout early and sweep the rug out from underneath our enemies. Then again, if we keep pressing ahead with development, then we might just spark more enmity from the other tribes.

Middle East

What were our lands of origin are now a war zone. Understandably this saddens us, more worrisome is the fact that our old technique of hiding within human religions has come back to bite us here. We have a caern in Jerusalem that's disguised within the symbols and trappings of Judaism, and could thus be an appealing target for terrorists. We're not so afraid of actually being bombed as we are of the attack blowing our cover there, or the Wyrm using terrorism as a front to attack us. Both are really frightening possibilities.

In addition, Egypt raises a whole host of other problems. Glass Walkers went down there in the British obsession with Egyptian artifacts in the 1800s, and have been involved with industrial aspects of Egypt's cities ever since. In general, it's been a disastrous occupation. The tremendously powerful vampires of Egypt, combined with stunning hostility from the other tribes, have lead to a situation that could erupt into bloodshed at any moment. Backup talks regularly to a guy named Eyes-Across-the-World who

swears that every Glass Walker in Egypt jumps for cover at the drop of a pin.

South America

Since so many Garou are convinced the Amazon will be the final staging ground for the Apocalypse War, it's not surprising that the area is given a great deal of attention by our tribe as well. However, our previous actions may just be coming back to haunt us, because this mostly unwarranted assumption has lead to some actions that we're now beginning to regret.

There is no question that the continuing deforestation of the Amazon basin is a tragedy, and moreover is one that has been at least partially caused by companies directly influenced by the Wyrm. Our involvement was never a question; we had to help and try to win the battle that had been presented. The Corporate Wolves also had what was seen at the time as a novel way to fight it: If the land was being leased to rich companies to be logged and used for profit, then they would simply lease the land first and leave it be. It worked, too, at first.

But as time went on, the problems caused by this strategy became more and more obvious to all concerned. By leaving the land untouched, the Corporate Wolves made no profit on it at all, and the leases became nothing more than a dumping ground for money. Investors got nervous when hearing how their money was wasted, thus sending share prices through the floor. Taxes on the value of the land also had to be paid, which was a kick to the gut. And lastly, the Wicks didn't fight the way the Corporate Wolves expected; instead of bidding wars for the land they just sent goons to start fires on our land. This forced us to pay for security teams and clean-up operations, which burnt up even more of our money.

It has been a disaster, frankly, and numerous Corporate Wolves lost many millions in the attempt. Some even committed suicide over it, a sickening betrayal to us all, but one that can be understood. (Though not forgiven. We need you all, damn you.)

Last Words

Yes, including you. You in particular, I mean, not just the Corax, or the Fera even. It's all just too precarious, where we are right now. These days, no organization is going to save Gaia. No Garou Nation, no corporation, no camp. All of these things are distractions. In the end, it's individual people, individual packs, these are what will help us or damn us.

You want to know why I asked you about those Leeches? Why I agreed to this ridiculous interview as part of your price for the information?

Because I've based my whole life, ever since I Changed, into being my camp's great hope. I was born to one of our great Dons, in Chicago where it all started; the moment I Changed I knew my goal in life had to be to save them. And slowly, bit by bit, I realized I was fighting the wrong battle. Because there's only one right battle left, and it's not about people or groups, but about Gaia. There's one thing I'll let you tell the other tribes from this interview. Quote me on this: The Glass Walkers do not follow the Weaver, or Man, or anyone other than Gaia. She is all, and is all we love and cherish. For Her, no sacrifice is too much, no cost too great.

That's why we do what we do. It's why we stay in the cities and devote ourselves to every great thing the humans come up with, because we look at every one and break our hearts hoping that yes, this will be the one that saves the day. This will be the invention that lets us destroy the Wyrm.

That's why I'm tired of fighting to save the Wise Guys. Camps have died before. I'm well overdue to do good for Gaia instead, and I'm determined to make stopping Venice from going up in flames and blood my first priority. Your information will help me.

And while you've been very helpful, now is the time when you leave. I'm tired of you, too. I think I speak for my pack when I say that. So please, leave.

Interview's over.

[TRANSCRIPT ENDS]

DANGER

Chapter Three: Corporate Headhunting

But in our enthusiasm, we could not resist a radical overhaul of the system, in which all of its major weaknesses have been exposed, analyzed, and replaced with new weaknesses.

— Bruce Leverett, "Register Allocation in Optimizing Compilers"

So You Wanna Be a Glass Walker?

Whilst Glass Walkers are often seen as nothing more than werewolves playing at being gangsters, suits or hackers, the only real common denominator in the tribe is a love of contemporary human culture, or at least some aspects of it. Police detective, SWAT operative, political activist, small business owner, priest, rabbi, imam, urban spiritualist or social worker— any of these would make fine Glass Walker concepts without coming close to the standard array of mobsters, suits and hackers that define the Glass Walker stereotype. And whilst these standards are common in the tribe and great concepts to play, there's no reason why you can't step out with an original take on the tribe. As a reflection of modern human society, they should be diverse and unique — Make them so!

Willpower

Only one thing, however, should be common to most effective Glass Walkers (apart from being Glass Walkers). When you finish your character, consider saving a few freebie points for Willpower. They only cost one freebie point per dot, and a high Willpower is all but essential for playing an effective Glass Walker.

Consider it. You spend each and every day among a humanity who thinks the most important question in life is which new Britney Spears disc to buy next, while you're *feeling* Gaia's throes of agony every second. For all that the Glass Walkers think humanity have much to offer, not one would suggest that they're not an infuriating experience on a regular basis. In addition, you are still a werewolf with primal urges that are entirely unacceptable in polite society. Frenzy would be number one on this list.

And finally, there's the downside of Rage. For every dot of Rage you have above your Willpower score, you lose one die on social interaction rolls with humans around you, as people sense the killer in you and back away. Among other tribes, this is annoying. Among Glass Walkers, this is lethal. Every human on the street shies away from you; cops will

immediately sense you as a threat. You stand out like a sore thumb, and your very existence goes a long way toward breaching the Veil or compromising your caern.

Glass Walkers should always have a Willpower at least one dot higher than their Rage if they want to take full advantage of their ability to move in human society. Of course, it's equally fun to play the "wolf in sheep's clothing" that *does* frighten those around him, so don't feel too pressured to play nice.

The Pros and Cons of Camps

It's undeniably true that camps play a *massive* role in the Glass Walker tribe. They're the power players in tribal politics. Makes sense to join up as soon as possible, right?

Wrong. Remember, camps do not exist for the benefit of their members. Maybe in theory they do, but never in practice. They exist for the benefit of their leaders. The Corporate Wolves openly order their lessers around with not even the faintest hint of *quid pro quo*. Dies Ultimae are a paranoid's attempt to protect himself, pure and simple. Even the Random Interrupts, a vastly egalitarian camp by comparison, accord more respect to those who suggest projects rather than those who go out and do them. *As the player characters, it's more than probable you'll be the* latter group. Also remember that camps do not consist of every Glass Walker within their field of specialization; not every big business-oriented Glass Walker is a Corporate Wolf, not every computer hacker is a Random Interrupt.

There are advantages to joining a camp. You get access to Gifts those outside don't. In theory you'll have the backing of a tightly bound society to help you out of a jam. But in practice, the most you'll get is more responsibilities to take care of, and most of those responsibilities won't even go one inch toward helping Gaia and all too many miles toward helping other werewolves. The majority of Glass Walkers don't belong to any camp for exactly these reasons.

Backgrounds

Allies & Contacts

As a tribe, the Glass Walkers would get little done if it weren't for their networks of human friends and associates. Allies and contacts are vital for handling most of the logistics of an urban werewolf's career and human identity, and are invaluable for helping sift through all the information that a busy city has to offer. Whether it's golfing with the mayor or sweet-talking the frustrated mail clerk, a clever Glass Walker knows to have as many potential friends as possible in all strata of the urban environment. Indeed, many Glass Walkers even network into the rural and wilderness areas, making acquaintances that are much better at handling potential hot spots away from the city than the Walkers themselves would be.

Ancestors

The price of being focused on the present and future is a loss of connection with the past. The Glass Walkers stopped trying to cultivate the ability to focus their ancestor-spirits years ago; the common attitude was that their elders didn't have nearly as much to teach them as the innovators of the current age did. Now some of the tribe regret the severed ties, and would give a great deal to be as close to their ancestors as other tribes are to theirs. But the damage is done.

Fetish

The Glass Walkers don't have much by way of ancestral fetishes; there are few heirlooms in their bloodlines. Most of their fetishes are cutting-edge technology bonded with vital new spirits, always striving for the bleeding edge. (In the eyes of other tribes, the Walkers might as well not bother with fetishes and restrict themselves to talens.) The few exceptions are fetish firearms, which garner a certain amount of mystique and reverence; tales of famous fetish Tommy guns, revolvers and even flintlocks circulate among the tribe.

Kinfolk

Most Glass Walkers don't have extensive Kinfolk networks, out of a misplaced sense of "keeping the Kin safe" (i.e., away from the tribe until needed) or simple shortsightedness. Wolf Kin are exceptionally rare, and although the Walkers try to care for their lupine cousins, too many find it difficult to really understand the needs of a wolf. It's an unfortunate situation, but one that doesn't seem to be changing any time soon.

Mentor

The Glass Walkers don't go in for mentor/student relationships very often, as previously described. The children of Cockroach just don't argue that "older" means "wiser," and are unwilling to place too much credence in the words of their elders.

Pure Breed

The tribe's Pure Breed ran out a long time ago; the Glass Walkers have generally bred for merit (or for more casual reasons) rather than to preserve bloodlines. Pure Bred Glass Walkers were allegedly tall and proud, with glossy dark coats and eyes full of intelligence; these days, some Walkers meet that description, but they don't have the power of a recognizably pure bloodline to back up their good looks.

Resources

The love of money may be the root of all evil, but there's no denying that money gets things done in ways that virtue doesn't. Most Glass Walkers have at least a little bit of Resources, whether in the form of a trust fund set up by generous septmates or an allowance meted out by the elders. It's simply a necessity for working closely with humanity.

Rites

Glass Walkers tend to focus on rites dealing with material things; the Rite of Talisman Dedication is almost more widely known among the tribe than the Rite of Cleansing, and the Rite of the Fetish remains very popular. Many Glass Walker rites substitute the finest manmade materials instead of natural materials — excellent and rare vintage wines instead of spring water, silver batons instead of tree branches, and so on. Such substitutions don't affect the results of the rite much, although a Glass Walker in the wild might find it

harder to get the nature-spirits to respond to a Dolby recording of Chopin than to the piping of a bamboo flute.

Totem

A Glass Walker often blends the rites of totem veneration with the religious rites she grew up with; Latin prayers are a favorite, as are small household shrines and prayer mats. Clashing Boom-Boom is probably the second most popular totem in the tribe, right after Cockroach; the Glass Walkers enjoy having a personal war totem that is as comfortable with technological weapons as they are. Many Glass Walkers also revere the Monkey King, Chimera, Unicorn and even Pegasus and Grandfather Thunder. Generally, the Walkers are aware that not all totems are as friendly to them as they are to more nature-minded Garou, and they work to cultivate all the spirit allies they can get.

Gifts

The Glass Walkers are known for spiritual innovation and discovery, and as such they have a diverse range of Gifts that they've managed to dig up. A Glass Walker could teach these Gifts to a Garou of another tribe, and in fact reason that the more people know the Gift, the more it will be developed. They thus encourage spirits to teach any Garou who asks. Mostly, however, the other tribes don't seek out these Gifts.

Camp Gifts are another matter entirely. They're coveted secrets, and if they became widespread they'd lose much of their influence and power. Ironically, they might be more willing to teach them to other tribes than Glass Walkers without their camp, but don't count on it. The Wise Guys were always fond of murdering any spirit who taught their Gifts to non-Wise Guys, and thus very few spirits today will try and teach camp specific Gifts to those outside the camp.

Tribal Gifts

• **Skyscraper Vision (Level One)** — Whilst the urban jungle offers many new possibilities for the hunter, it also presents its share of difficulties. One of the most troublesome of these is the possibility of their prey slipping into a crowd and simply disappearing. With this Gift, the Glass Walker can see through the eyes of a glass spirit in a skyscraper window to pick out their prey from above. The City Father or a glass-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player makes a Gnosis roll (difficulty 6). For every success rolled, the character can see from the perspective of any window in the area (about half a city block) for one turn. If used to find specific details, the Storyteller may ask for a second roll using Perception + Alertness, adding one bonus die for each success gained in the initial Gnosis roll, to see if the mark can be spotted in time. Difficulty should be set by Storyteller to reflect the elusiveness of the target.

MET: Make a Gnosis Challenge. With success, and the availability of suitable areas, you can gain the perspective of any window within your line of sight. The Storyteller may ask for a Mental Challenge to pick out fine details, as the higher you go, the less distinct things become. The Storyteller may choose to disallow this Gift if the setting does not support it.

• **Jam Technology (Level Two)** — As the Ragabash Gift.

MET: See **Laws of the Wild**.

• **Steel Fur (Level Two)** — Focusing in on their own being, the Glass Walker wraps his own spirit with those of steel, turning his fur into hardened metal. Metal or Earth elementals teach this Gift.

System: The player spends one Willpower point and rolls Stamina + Science (difficulty 7). Each success adds one die to the Garou's soak pool for one scene. While this Gift is active, the Garou suffers +1 difficulty to all Dexterity rolls, and any Social rolls not involving other Glass Walkers. Obviously, you must be in Crinos, Hispo or Lupus form to use this Gift.

MET: Spend a Willpower Trait, and make a Physical Challenge (retest with Science). Success grants you two extra Healthy health levels as your fur turns into hardened steel, but also the Negative Traits *Clumsy*, and *Repugnant* when in Social Challenges against non-Glass Walkers. You must be in Crinos, Hispo or Lupus form to use this Gift.

• **Pennies from Heaven (Level Two)** — The Glass Walker convinces money spirits to change their denomination. The coin or note simply metamorphoses into the appropriate denomination. Money spirits teach the Gift.

System: The Garou spends one Gnosis point and rolls Charisma + Politics. What value the money becomes determines the difficulty regardless of the original denomination.

Denomination changed to:	Difficulty
Penny	3
Nickel	4
Dime	5
Quarter	6
Dollar	7
Five Dollar	8
Twenty Dollar	9
One Hundred Dollar	10

Each success can change one coin or note into another denomination. Foreign currencies can also be converted in similar fashion, and it is also possible to convert a currency of one country to a different denomination of another.

MET: Spend a Gnosis Trait and make a Social Challenge (retest with *Politics*). Success changes one item of currency to the next highest value (i.e., a dime to a quarter, one dollar to five dollars). This basic challenge will work on currency from a penny to a five-dollar bill. To increase the value further, you must bid two Traits during your challenge. You cannot increase a piece of money's value more than twice, nor can you expand it beyond 100 dollars. Foreign currency works in comparable fashion, and with this Gift, it is possible to change one piece of money to its counterpart in another currency (such as dollars to Euros). This Gift will also change a country's old currency (such as lira or Deutsche marks) into Euros. *Pennies from Heaven* has no effect on historic currencies like Confederate dollars, government war bonds, Reichs marks or Roman coins.

• **Electroshock (Level Three)** — The Glass Walkers are the tribe of glass, steel and electricity. This last element can be

used to directly damage opponents that the Glass Walker can either touch, or who are touching a conductive material such as metal or water. An electricity-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends a number of Rage points. Each point of Rage spent inflicts three levels of aggravated wounds on the Glass Walker's opponents. These levels of damage may be divided among as many opponents as the number of Rage points invested in this Gift. As usual, the character cannot spend more Rage than half of his permanent rating in one turn.

MET: Spend a number of Rage Traits. Each Trait inflicts three levels of electrical aggravated damage on a chosen opponent. You may divide this among three opponents, provided they are either being touched by you (make a Physical Challenge against unwilling targets) or they are touching something conductive (water or metal). A target that is touching a conductor can be physically assisted by another, provided that the would-be rescuer is grounded in some way (using non-conductive materials to assist, like wood or rope, or is standing on dry ground). This power has no effect on non-conductive materials. You cannot spend more Rage than half your permanent rating in one turn.

• **Intrusion (Level Three)** — It's impossible to keep a cockroach out of a house, and it's equally impossible to keep a Glass Walker out, provided she has this Gift. Once this Gift is activated, the Glass Walker can easily break almost any barrier that is presented to her. Doors mysteriously unlock upon her approach; padlocks fall open with no explanation. The Gift has, however, a very short and specific time limit. A cockroach-spirit teaches the Gift.

System: The player spends one point of Gnosis and then rolls his Gnosis pool, difficulty 7. Every success will keep this Gift active for exactly one minute, and many Glass Walkers deliberately time themselves with stopwatches so they can know when this Gift will wear off. (If a hard mechanical number is needed, assume each minute is one turn.) During this time almost no door or barrier can possibly stop the Glass Walker. Highly secure doors (such as foot-thick iron security doors) may require a Dexterity or Wits + Streetwise roll, but every success on the initial Gnosis roll for this Gift adds one automatic success to such rolls.

MET: Spend a Gnosis Trait. For three minutes, almost no barrier or door can interfere with you — locks tumble into place, deadbolts slide back. Very secure doors may need a challenge to bypass.

• **Tech Speak (Level Four)** — This Gift allows the Glass Walker to contact others through any technological device. The Garou speaks to a Pattern Spider in or near a technological device and tells them the message to be delivered and whom it should be delivered to. The Pattern Spider then finds the receiver and uses any communications technology near them to deliver the message; Telephones yell it out, (without picking up the handset), electronic billboards display it, computer printers print it out as text. If no communications technology is present, any other technology will activate, though no message will be imparted. If no technology whatsoever is present near the receiver, the Gift fails. A Pattern Spider teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Charisma + Science. The difficulty is relevant to the distance the message needs to be sent: The next room is difficulty 4, the same building 5, one block away 6, one mile away 7, a time-zone away 8. Beyond that is difficulty 9. The more successes achieved, the longer the message can be. A single success will only allow one word to be sent, five would allow unlimited length.

MET: Find a Pattern spider to play messenger (it must be inhabiting or near a technological device), then spend a Gnosis Trait and make a Social Challenge (retest with Science). With success, the Pattern spider scuttles off to find the target and deliver the message. This is not the subtlest of Gifts — anyone near the recipient will see or hear the message as well.

• **Custom Built (Level Five)** — Initially a Random Interrupt invention but now spread throughout the tribe, this Gift is both revered and reviled. Treating spirits as data, the Glass Walker can manipulate the spirit of a tool to turn it into any other tool. The actual object doesn't change, but its properties and use does. A PDA can become razor sharp, or a knife could be tapped on to hack into a system. Once the object has been used once, though, the spirit dies and the object breaks beyond repair. A Pattern Spider can teach this Gift, but they never do so willingly and must be coerced. More commonly, other Garou teach it.

System: A Glass Walker using this Gift spends one Gnosis and rolls Manipulation + Science. Difficulty depends upon the degree of change. Turning a tool into another of much the same purpose is difficulty 5, (turning a sword into a pistol), changing a tool into another of different purpose but similar complexity is difficulty 7, (turning a sword into a frying pan), while turning a tool into another of vastly varying complexity is difficulty 9 (turning a sword into a laptop computer). This tool can be used exactly once; one bullet may be fired, one egg may be fried, one password may be cracked. After that, the object falls apart.

Many Glass Walkers consider this Gift heinous murder, and if it is used in anything short of a dire emergency the user will lose Honor and Wisdom. (Storyteller's discretion.) Simply knowing the Gift is enough to be shunned by some. Ironically, this attitude is most common among the Random Interrupts, and almost none know the Gift.

MET: Spend a Gnosis Trait and make a Static Social Challenge (retest with Science), difficulty based on the similarities of the items being changed. Items that are of similar purpose is four Traits, items that are of similar complexity are six Traits and items that are wildly different in complexity or purpose is eight Traits. The item can be used once before it falls apart and the spirit within dies.

Camp Gifts

Corporate Wolves

• **Budget Approval Process (Level One)** — As any underpaid and underprivileged office worker will tell you, getting any budget approved involves knowing whom to ask. Those types would find this Gift a blessing, as would many other types. This Gift lets you find the weak point of any social group, which person can be leaned on to get results. It is taught by either an ant- or a bee-spirit.

System: The player spends one Willpower and rolls Perception + Etiquette (difficulty 5). If successful, the Garou automatically knows which member of a group it would be best to approach to get results in her efforts. The number of success determines how large a group can be scanned. Working out which punk to hit in a street gang to make the rest run would only require one success, working out which guy needs bribing to bring down an entire corporation would require at least five. The Storyteller also is fully within his rights to suggest that no one person holds all the cards in a group and that the Gift simply won't work.

MET: Spend a Willpower Trait and make a Mental Challenge (retest with *Etiquette*). With success, you can see which member should be approached to get the results you want. A group no larger than five may be targeted with this Gift, and the Gift does not say what will actually do the job, whether bribery or a punch in the teeth. However, this Gift can become muddled or even fail outright if the group dynamics do not suggest a single leader or weak point.

• **Buzzword Language (Level Two)** — The Glass Walkers have always needed the ability to hide in plain sight more than other tribes by virtue of being in plain sight so much more often. As a result, they've developed many Gifts for communicating unnoticed, but very few have been so successful as this. The Corporate Wolf simply begins to babble in the incoherent — yet entirely accepted — tongue of modern business and the person he's talking to will completely comprehend his message, which can be totally unrelated to a single word in the conversation.

System: The player spends one point of Willpower and rolls Charisma + Subterfuge, difficulty 7. Each success determines how accurately the message is conveyed. At one success the message comes out in single-word sentences. ("You. Me. Escape.") Three successes allow for simple, single-clause sentences. ("You and I will use the staircase to escape.") Five successes, you could package a short story into the phrase "Leoni and I need to dialogue about leveraging our core competencies in order to achieve market affiliation."

MET: Spend one Willpower Trait and make a Social Challenge (retest with Subterfuge). Success grants you a one single-clause sentence that is covered under the babble of modern business. To incorporate longer sentences or to gain more talk-time, spend another Willpower Trait.

• **Takeover (Level Five)** — What you wear determines your worth as a human being in the modern corporate world. If you live outside the business, you are a number with a dollar sign in front of it, representing what you own and how much it, and you, are worth. For a business, you are your possessions, and this Gift makes it literally true. With this Gift, the Corporate Wolf can attack and physically destroy another person by destroying their possessions. A money spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends three Rage points and rolls Strength + Enigmas (difficulty 8). The number of successes

needed is determined by how long her opponent has owned the object. If he only bought it today, five successes are needed. If he has owned it for less than a month, four successes are needed; while if he has owned it for at least six months, then three successes are required. Finally, if it has been owned for over a year, only a single success is necessary.

Assuming the roll is successful, the Corporate Wolf may proceed to make an attack on the object and any damage done to the object will also be inflicted upon her opponent. The damage still applies to the object, however, and if the object is destroyed then any connection between the object and the opponent is destroyed with it. If it still stands, the Corporate Wolf may continue to attack. If a Corporate Wolf obtains your priceless Ming vase, you should be all right, but worry if they ever steal your car.

MET: Spend three Rage Traits and make a Physical Challenge (retest with *Enigmas*). If you're successful, you can attack the object and the object's owner takes the first three levels of damage you inflict on the object.

Cyber Dogs

• **Cool Mind (Level One)** — Too many Garou are afraid of advancing beyond the limits of their bodies. To counter this, the Cyber Dogs have a Gift that banishes fear, anxiety or any other emotion. People targeted by this Gift lose their emotion temporarily, able to think perfectly logically. A Pattern Spider teaches this Gift.

System: The Cyber Dog spends one Willpower and rolls Intelligence + Investigation (difficulty 7) in a resisted roll against the target's Wits + Primal-Urge (difficulty 7). The target can choose not to resist, and you may target yourself. If successful, the target becomes cold and impersonal for as many turns as successes achieved, thinking entirely with intellect and ignoring emotion. Emotions do still exist as abstract concepts; a target can still think, "I love this man, so it would not be to my benefit to harm him." This Gift cannot counter the effects of the Delirium. Garou under this Gift's effects suffer +2 difficulty to Rage rolls, though frenzy will disrupt the Gift.

MET: Spend a Willpower Trait and make a Static Mental Challenge (difficulty is the target's *Primal-Urge* plus two, or seven Traits if the target does not possess *Primal-Urge*). The target can choose not to resist (which forgoes the need for a challenge), or you can use this Gift on yourself. With success, the target is not affected by emotions, thinking and making decisions purely with intellect. Supernatural powers that affect the emotions (such as the vampiric Discipline of *Presence*) do not disturb *Cool Mind*. This Gift does not counter the Delirium. Cool Mind bestows a two-Trait difficulty to Rage challenges, but once frenzy is entered, the Gift is disrupted. This Gift lasts for three turns.

• **Steel Made Flesh (Level Two)** — Sometimes it's useful to take a step back in order to facilitate many steps forward. An example would be in airports or other places with metal detectors. This Gift allows the Garou to change all cybernetics in his body back into flesh. While flesh, cybernetics do not operate. A snake or cicada-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The Cyber Dog spends one Gnosis. The cybernetics become flesh immediately. The Gift lasts for the rest of the scene.

MET: Spend a Gnosis Trait. For one scene, any cybernetics or other metal implants in your body become flesh and undetectable by devices such as metal detectors or X-rays.

Dies Ultimae

• **Last Ditch (Level One)** — When the chips are down and your back's to the wall, risks need to be taken. This Gift makes those last choices a little less risky by allowing for some instinctual co-ordination to be taken. A bee or ant-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The Soldier looks toward an ally and spends one point of Gnosis before rolling Intelligence + Primal Urge (difficulty 7). The ally does not need to spend Gnosis or roll, but must also know the Gift. As long as one success is rolled, the players of each character may formulate a detailed plan out of character, which both characters instinctually grasp simply from making eye contact. Each character adds two bonus dice to his or her next roll, but for the rest of the scene after that they lose two dice from all actions.

MET: Make eye contact with an ally, then spend a Gnosis Trait and make a Mental Challenge (retest with *Primal-Urge*). The ally must also know the Gift in order to share the effects. You and your ally may then confer *briefly* to formulate a plan that you both instinctively know and can put into play at first opportunity. You both gain two bonus Traits to your next challenge, but lose two Traits for the rest of the scene. In order to keep this Gift from dragging combat even further down, and in fine old action-movie tradition, it is highly recommended that *Last Ditch* users meet and come up with a few strategies out of play that can be identified with simple catch-phrases (such as "Override B-1").

• **Well-Oiled Running (Level One)** — The greatest tool a Soldier has is her equipment. The worst enemy she has is the possibility of it failing. This Gift greatly reduces those chances by safeguarding machinery against environmental factors. It is taught by a dust, war or water-spirit.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Stamina + Crafts (Difficulty 7). The Garou safeguards one machine against natural corrosion or adverse weather for one day per success. This machine can still be damaged by direct attacks.

MET: Spend a Gnosis Trait and make a Physical Challenge (retest with *Crafts*). With success, one machine is protected from natural effects like corrosion or bad weather for a day, although a direct hit from a weapon or physical attack still damages it.

• **Steel Blowfish (Level Three)** — One of the stranger Dies Ultimae Gifts, this trick comes as an extension of the Steel Fur Gift. Like it, the Soldier's fur becomes metallic, however the metal is much harder with this version, and the Garou puffs up to three times his normal size! However, this also makes him so heavy that he becomes utterly immobile. But he makes excellent cover, and it is to this purpose that the Gift is usually employed. The Gift can only be taught by a Pattern Spider found in a car wreck in which at least one

person died, and the airbag failed to deploy. Somewhat depressingly, the Gift is widely known.

System: As with Steel Fur, the player spends one Willpower point and rolls Stamina + Science (difficulty 7). Each success adds one die to the Garou's soak pool; once the final total has been added up, the soak pool is doubled. However, while activated the Garou (who must be in Crinos, Hispo or Lupus form) is three times his normal size in all directions and weighs too much to move. Most Dies Ultimae employing this Gift first curl into a ball in order to not crash through the ceiling.

MET: Spend a Willpower point and make a Physical Challenge (retest with Science). You gain the two extra Healthy health levels as per *Steel Fur*, plus you grow to three times your normal size, and are so heavy you cannot move. You must be in Crinos, Hispo or Lupus form to use this Gift, and this Gift lasts for one scene. Supernatural strength (such as the vampiric Discipline of *Potence*) or several Crinos Garou throwing their full weight into it can scoot you across the floor, but lifting is out of the question for all but the mightiest users of *Potence* or spirit-creatures.

Random Interrupts

• **Network Terminal (Level One)** — Computers have grown more and more connected in recent years, most prominently via the Internet. Meanwhile, no matter how good your computer is, there's probably someone with a better computer and you're likely connected to it. This Gift connects the Random Interrupt to that theoretical better computer, making all work much easier. A Pattern Spider teaches this Gift.

System: The player rolls Gnosis, difficulty 7. Every success adds one die to any roll involving the Computer Knowledge. The Gift doesn't provide you with a computer; you actually need to be seated at a computer that has some form of network connection.

MET: Spend a variable amount of Gnosis. Each Gnosis Trait spent grants you a level of Computer Ability. You must be actually using a computer with a network connection in order to get the most out of this Gift. The effects last for one scene.

• **Mind Partition (Level Two)** — A favorite among Random Interrupts who discover they can't multitask nearly as well as their computers, this Gift allows the Garou to break their own mind into segments, quickly switching their concentration to a new task while never losing their place on the old task. One Cruncher described the Gift by saying; "It's not *true* multitasking, but it fakes it well." A Pattern Spider teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends one Willpower point and rolls Gnosis. (Difficulty 6) For every success gained, the player can add work on one extra extended action every turn, one added per turn. No penalties are incurred on any of the extended actions, but if just one botch is rolled, all uncompleted tasks fail.

Example: Backup-Circuit is working on a complicated hacking job involving three separate tasks, but needs to move quickly. He spends one Willpower point, activating Mind Partition and rolls Gnosis, gaining the needed two successes. On the first turn he begins his work on cracking the door systems, rolling his standard dice pool. On the second turn he continues to work on the door systems, but also begins work on cracking the security, and rolls for both tasks. On the third turn and every turn thereafter, he is working on cracking the door system, security system and defenses system simultaneously. Had he botched the roll, he'd have begun trying to crack the system but collapse, clutching his head seconds later as his brain breaks under the pressure.

MET: Spend a Willpower Trait and make a Static Gnosis Challenge (difficulty four Traits to add one task, six Traits to add two tasks, eight Traits to add three tasks). With success, you can add one subsequent task each turn until you have all your tasks before you. You incur no penalties for the divided actions, and work with your normal Traits on all tasks. Should you fail a challenge while working, make a Simple Test. If you fail that, the multi-tasking breaks down and any uncompleted tasks fail.

• **Universal Interface (Level Three)** — Most Random Interrupts use two methods for dealing with computers. Some use mundane computers and techniques, others leap into the Umbra and deal with the technological spirits driving computers directly. This Gift allows a Random Interrupt to strike a balance between these two techniques, using the Umbra itself as a computer. He can simply type on air and visualize a screen in his own mind. A pattern spider teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends one point of Gnosis and rolls Wits + Enigmas (Difficulty 7). Only one success is needed to fashion the intangible computer, but no more successes may be achieved using the computer than were achieved on the original Wits + Enigmas roll. The Glass Walker need not be in the Umbra to use this Gift, and the computer is considered to be connected to both the Internet and GWnet.

MET: Spend a Gnosis Trait and make a Mental Challenge (retest with *Enigmas*). For one scene, you can turn the Umbra into an intangible computer, seeing the screen in your mind and typing into the air. The computer is connected to the Internet and GWnet.

• **Cooling System (Level Four)** — As per the Wendigo Level Four Gift "Chill of the Early Frost". This Gift was originally copied from the Wendigo by the Iron Riders, who employed it to preserve food by freezing it, and was rediscovered by the Random Interrupts, who use it both in combat and to keep server rooms cool. The Random Interrupts often favor spending a point of Willpower in addition to the point of Gnosis to control the temperate and keep it just above freezing. Since Great Wendigo would usually rather murder a Glass Walker than teach them, a Penguin spirit or a Pattern Spider teaches this Gift.

MET: As the Wendigo Gift *Chill of the Early Frost* (see **Laws of the Wild**). Spend a Willpower Trait to adjust the temperature.

• **Phone Travel (Level Five)** — The Random Interrupt can effectively reach into a telephone line and emerge on the other end. She must first dial the number of where she wishes to arrive and someone must answer. A Pattern Spider teaches this Gift.

System: After the phone is picked up, the Random Interrupt rolls Gnosis, the difficulty being the local Gauntlet.

As with stepping sideways, three successes are needed to transmit instantly. If fewer successes are rolled, and the other side hangs up before she emerges at the other end, the Garou is spat back out at her phone and takes three levels of lethal damage.

MET: Dial the number of your arrival point, and wait for someone to answer. After the phone is picked up, make a standard challenge to step sideways. Success allows you to reach the other side. Should someone hang up before you arrive at your destination, you're spat back out at your starting point with three levels of lethal damage. An answering machine does not count for purposes of someone picking up the phone at your destination.

Wise Guys

• **Tommy's New Trick (Level One)** — While one of the Wise Guys favorite gun Gifts (Trick Shot, rediscovered from the Iron Riders by Gianluigi Lucci) eventually leaked to the whole tribe, this one may well go with them to their grave. This Gift ensures that when spraying bullets from an automatic gun, not a single bullet misses its target. A bird spirit (though never a pigeon) teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends one point of Gnosis and makes a standard Dexterity + Firearms roll to make a spray attack. (See Automatic Fire, **Werewolf**, p. 207.) However, the standard +2 difficulty does not apply. Before the attack is resolved, the Wise Guy may spend one Willpower point to turn one failed die into a success, and this may be repeated until all dice are considered successes. The only exception to this is if the roll is a botch, in which case no Willpower may be spent and every bullet misses their target by exactly an inch.

In addition, not one bullet is left at the scene, nor will any bullet hit anything but the Wise Guy's opponents. This Gift cannot be used on a single enemy; the attack must be a spray involving at least two targets.

MET: Spend a Gnosis Trait and make a standard firearms challenge. The Gift allows you to spend a Willpower Trait to change any subsequent failed firearms challenges to successes. You may not spend more than three Willpower Traits, and the attack must be a spray against at least two targets. No bullets will be left at the scene, and no one will be hit except your targeted opponents.

• **Mother's Touch (Level One)** — As the Theurge Gift. Wise Guys using this Gift often recite Luke 17:19 when using it. "And he said unto him, Arise, go thy way: thy faith hath made thee whole."

MET: See **Laws of the Wild**.

An Easy Mistake

More than one Wise Guy pissed off the wrong guy, and wound up wearing cement overshoes in the harbor. Yet this treatment never killed them, leading some Garou to suspect they had a Gift to let them breathe water.

They didn't. However, they nearly always carried a mirror on their person. Just in case they needed it. So long as they remembered to act before all the light disappeared, they were safe.

• **Image of the Saints (Level Two)** — God or Gaia (take your pick) has His/Her touch on everyone. This Gift allows the Wise Guy to sense the spiritual or supernatural ties another individual possesses within the context of Catholic saints. A dove-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Perception + Enigmas, difficulty 8. If successful, the Wise Guy sees the image of a specific saint overlaid across a specific individual she sees. This saint will reflect specific aspects of the person depending upon their nature. Another Garou shows a saint reflecting his pack totem. A supernatural creature that isn't a Garou reveals a saint reflecting their true form, and a normal human will be seen with a saint reflecting either their Nature or an essential moment of their personal history.

Note to players and Storytellers: Good lists of Saints can be found in books and on the Internet. http://www.catholic-forum.com/saints/indexsnt.htm is an excellent place to start.

MET: Spend a Gnosis Trait and make a Mental Challenge (retest with Enigmas). With success, you see the image of a particular saint overlaid on your target.

• **Whispers on the Street (Level Three)** — The Glass Walkers' enemies have historically been non-werewolves for the most part, since even the Black Spiral Dancers used to avoid the city. It's no surprise that the Lucci invented a Gift that allows communication exclusively between Garou. By picking up an object and whispering to the spirits surrounding it, the Garou can imbue it with a message that can be heard subconsciously by every werewolf picking it up. Sadly, this includes Black Spiral Dancers and, some argue, non-Wise Guy Glass Walkers. A Pattern Spider or insect spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends one Willpower point and rolls Gnosis, difficulty 7. The number of successes determines how long the message stays within the object. One success means the message will endure for a scene, two successes a day, three successes a week, and four successes a year. Should you roll five successes, then the message is permanently locked into the object.

MET: Spend a Willpower Trait and make a Static Gnosis Challenge (three Traits to cause the message to endure for one scene, four Traits for a day, five Traits for a week, and six for a year).

• **Umbral Motorcade (Level Four)** — A "motorcade murder" was the Mafia equivalent of a drive-by killing. The idea was to be gone the moment after the deed was done. Lucci always felt this never went far enough, and came up with the trick of never being there in the first place. This Gift allows the Wise Guy to shoot a victim in the physical world from the Umbra. A rat spirit teaches this Gift, a fact that made the Gift unpopular in some quarters.

System: The Garou fires a gun at the target as normal, but the player should then spend one Willpower point and roll Gnosis, difficulty equal to the Gauntlet in the area. In effect, the Wise Guy is making the bullet "reach" across the Umbra, so normally three successes are needed. Should the target be immobile for some reason (such as being asleep), then one or two successes might be sufficient. Since the target is probably unaware of the attack, most attacks made with this Gift are at point blank range and probably lethal.

MET: Make a normal ranged attack for firearms, then spend a Willpower Trait and make a standard challenge to step sideways (in essence, the bullet is doing the "stepping sideways"). This Gift works only for a single discharge.

• **Corner Shot (Level Four)** — A feared Gift, this allows the Wise Guy to shoot around corners. Packs were fond of timing this Gift with multiple guns, creating hails of gunfire through open doorways before entering a room. A bird spirit (again, never a pigeon) teaches the Gift.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Perception + Firearms, difficulty 9. Only one success is needed. Only single shots may be fired with this Gift, never autofire.

MET: Spend a Gnosis Trait and make a Mental Challenge (retest with Firearms). Success allows for a single shot around a corner. This Gift does not work with auto-fire.

• **Family Debt (Level Five)** — This Gift has now been lost, due to overly cautious protection and careless management. Only sept leaders of the Central House were permitted to learn it, those who did learn it were placed under intense scrutiny, and the greatest number of those who did belonged to the Wise Guys. At any one time, maybe only five Glass Walkers on Earth ever knew it. All died in a short period of time due to simple attrition and old age. The slow collapse of the house system and the quick collapse of the Wise Guys have sealed its fate, as few spirits that know the Gift teach it to anyone not of the (non-existent) house. However, it is included for those who wish to ignore the 'official' setting, are playing a game set before its disappearance, or to run a chronicle centered around its rediscovery.

The Gift allows the player to call upon the ancestor-spirits of other tribes, provided they owed the Glass Walkers (or historical incarnations) a favor before their death. The Gift requires a Garou from the same tribe as the Ancestor spirit being called to be present (the "guest"), and that Garou must have the Ancestors background. The Gift is taught by any long-lived spirit, such as a turtle- or elephant-spirit, and often a similar spirit is called upon to bear witness to any agreements made between the Glass Walkers and the ancestor-spirit.

System: The Garou spends one Willpower point and rolls Gnosis. The difficulty is 10, minus however many dots of Ancestors Background the guest possesses. If successful, the summoned ancestor literally possesses his descendant, and can negotiate the terms of repaying the debt.

The Central House used to maintain extensive records of debts owed the tribe, employing vast amounts of resources to research them from before the Wise Guys' time, and using this Gift required a committee vote to summon one of the debtors. While it was possible to use it without approval, such misuse was strongly frowned upon. The player should be allowed to create the original debt and debtor, though there should be a reason the character knows about the debt. This Gift also opens up a negotiation of the debt, not a straight demand of service. If the favor requested is too excessive, the Ancestor can refuse (Storyteller's discretion).

In addition, while this Gift can be used with an unwilling guest, doing so is an excellent way to make an enemy.

MET: Spend a Willpower Trait and make a Static Gnosis Challenge (difficulty is 10 minus levels of *Ancestor* Background possessed by the target's descendant). If successful, the summoned ancestor possesses his descendant to talk about repaying any debts. This Gift is solely for negotiating debt, not for outright demanding of service. This Gift can be used on an unwilling "debtor," but the rancor it incurs is generally not worth it. The Storyteller has final word on what favors demanded are too excessive.

Rites

The Little Rite (Seasonal)

Level Three

See Chapter Two (p. 40) for more details on this rite.

System: After a full day of gift-giving, the ritemaster engages in a private ritual of prayer, frequently before an icon of the sept totem. This is a rare ritual that can only be performed by a single Garou, no more Garou may gather to assist. The player rolls Charisma + Politics (difficulty 9). Every success will grant a -1 difficulty bonus to all dealings with all spirits associated with the Gifts given during the day. This can be flexible; tipping the news paperboy $100 will make money-spirits easier to deal with. This bonus applies to all Garou in the caern for the rest of the year. A failure represents cordial acceptance of the rite for no bonus. A botch here insults the caern totem; all dealings with all spirits in this caern will be at +1 difficulty for the rest of the year.

MET: At the end of the gift-giving, the ritemaster spends time in prayer, then makes a Static Social Challenge against eight Traits (retest with *Politics*). With success, the caern totem grants blessings related to the gifts given — a well-tipped trashman may mean better relations with trash-spirits or money-spirits, while a generous donation to a church may result in a potential place of refuge. The Storyteller should come up with appropriate blessings based on the gifts given, the amount of thought put into the effort, and any roleplaying — this should not be a gimme for greedy players, and if the caern totem believes that the gifting and prayers were grudgingly given or insincere, the totem should respond in kind.

Memorial Day (Seasonal)

Level Two

See Chapter Two (p. 41) for more details on this rite.

System: The ritemaster rolls Wits + Rituals (difficulty 6). If the roll is successful the spirit agrees to guard the Memorial Hall for a year. If the roll is botched, the spirit attacks all those gathered.

MET: Make a Mental Challenge (retest with *Rituals*). With success, the spirit guards the Memorial Hall for a year.

Promethean Daze (Seasonal)

Level Two

See Chapter Two (p. 41) for more details. This aspect of the rite refers to the second portion of the week. (All that is necessary to ensure the success of the first portion is good food,

wine and company.) The ritemaster supervises the assembled Garou in their predictions and closes the week with a toast to the sept's good fortune for the oncoming year. Afterwards, everyone gathered bows their head in a moment's silence. Sometimes this aspect of the rite is performed after other seasonal rites, but delaying the rite so is rare.

System: The ritemaster rolls Wits + Rituals, difficulty 7. If a simple success is achieved, all participating Garou recover all Willpower to face the new year. If three successes are gained, one Garou also has a vision of a minor event in the oncoming year. If five are gained, several Garou might have minor visions, or one may have a vision of a very major event indeed. This is left to Storyteller discretion.

MET: The ritemaster makes a Mental Challenge (retest with Rituals). With success, all Garou recover all Willpower for the coming year. At Storyteller discretion, some may have visions of minor events.

City Farmers Rites

Rite of Growth (Mystical)

Level One

This rite is a remarkable backup measure for traditional City Farmers, allowing them to cause plants to grow in strange locations. The plants do not grow unusually quickly, but can grow in plastic, concrete or other unusual places, drawing nutrients from the source. Three Garou are needed to make this rite work.

The ritemaster makes an indentation in the surface using a claw, and plants the seed of the plant into it. The three then hold hands in a triangle around it, kneeling, and request the spirit of the material that it nurture and care for the plant. If the spirit agrees, a small green shoot will appear immediately.

System: The ritemaster rolls Wits + Rituals. The difficulty depends on the surface and area. An abandoned lot is 5, a typical city building is 7, an oil spill would be 9. Each success guarantees the plant's survival for one month. After that as much regular watering and care as for any other plant is required.

MET: Make a standard rites challenge, difficulty based on the intended planting area. Success means the plant survives for a month. Afterward, it requires water and care like any other plant.

Dies Ultimae Rites

Bonding Rite

Level One

This literally named rite is quite simple, but is absolutely crucial to the entire camp's understanding of modern Garou war tactics. The rite temporarily binds a number of Kinfolk into a pack, asking the pack totem to accept them.

To perform this rite a length of surgical thread is passed through the knuckles of one hand of each pack member and prospective Kinfolk. Every Kinfolk must stand next to at least one Garou, which means at least a third of the expanded pack must be werewolves. In the gaps between each hand a steel charm in the shape of a glyph is hung from the surgical thread. The two ends of the thread are tied together to form a circle. Following this the ritemaster recites a prayer to the pack totem three times, speaking more incoherently each time. At the conclusion of the last prayer, each member rips their hand away, causing the surgical thread to rip through their skin. The thread will remain embedded in the ritemaster's knuckles. She then wears the ring of thread like a necklace. From now, she is the lynchpin of the pack. If she dies, the effects of the rite vanish.

System: The ritemaster rolls Charisma + Leadership, difficulty 6. All Kinfolk involved in the rite receive the blessings of the pack totem exactly as the Garou do and may take part in pack tactics with them. The Gift lasts for one scene per success on the initial roll.

MET: The ritemaster makes a Social Challenge (retest with Leadership). All Kinfolk in the rite receive the same blessing from the pack totem as the Garou and may use pack tactics with them. The effects last for one scene.

Totems

Totems of Respect

Stourbridge Lion

Background Cost: 7

Though the Glass Walkers have largely fallen out of Stourbridge Lion's favor, he's never fallen out of the Glass Walkers'. Occasionally a pack impresses him enough that he agrees to take them on as his own children.

Stourbridge Lion first became known to the tribe when the locomotive of the same name was tested in 1829. He appeared to the gathered Garou as a massive lion made from bolts, steel and steam, and that is still the form he most commonly takes today. Occasionally he also appears as a massive train, and still other times as a rugged Wild West surveyor. As a bringer of food and water, he is a Totem of Respect, a fact bolstered by his aid to other tribes during the Wild West period. That he has overcome enough of the other tribes' fear of technology to be respected is a testament to his power.

Traits: Stourbridge Lion believes in distinctive personality but also in a firm sense of social responsibility, granting each pack member an additional die of Charisma as well as teaching them +1 Etiquette, as well as lending some of his natural speed and strength for +2 Athletics. Each pack member gains one Honor. Stourbridge Lion's children can draw on an additional three Willpower per story.

Ban: Stourbridge Lion demands that his children never use cars or motorcycles. He reluctantly allows his children to use boats to head overseas, but disapproves of planes.

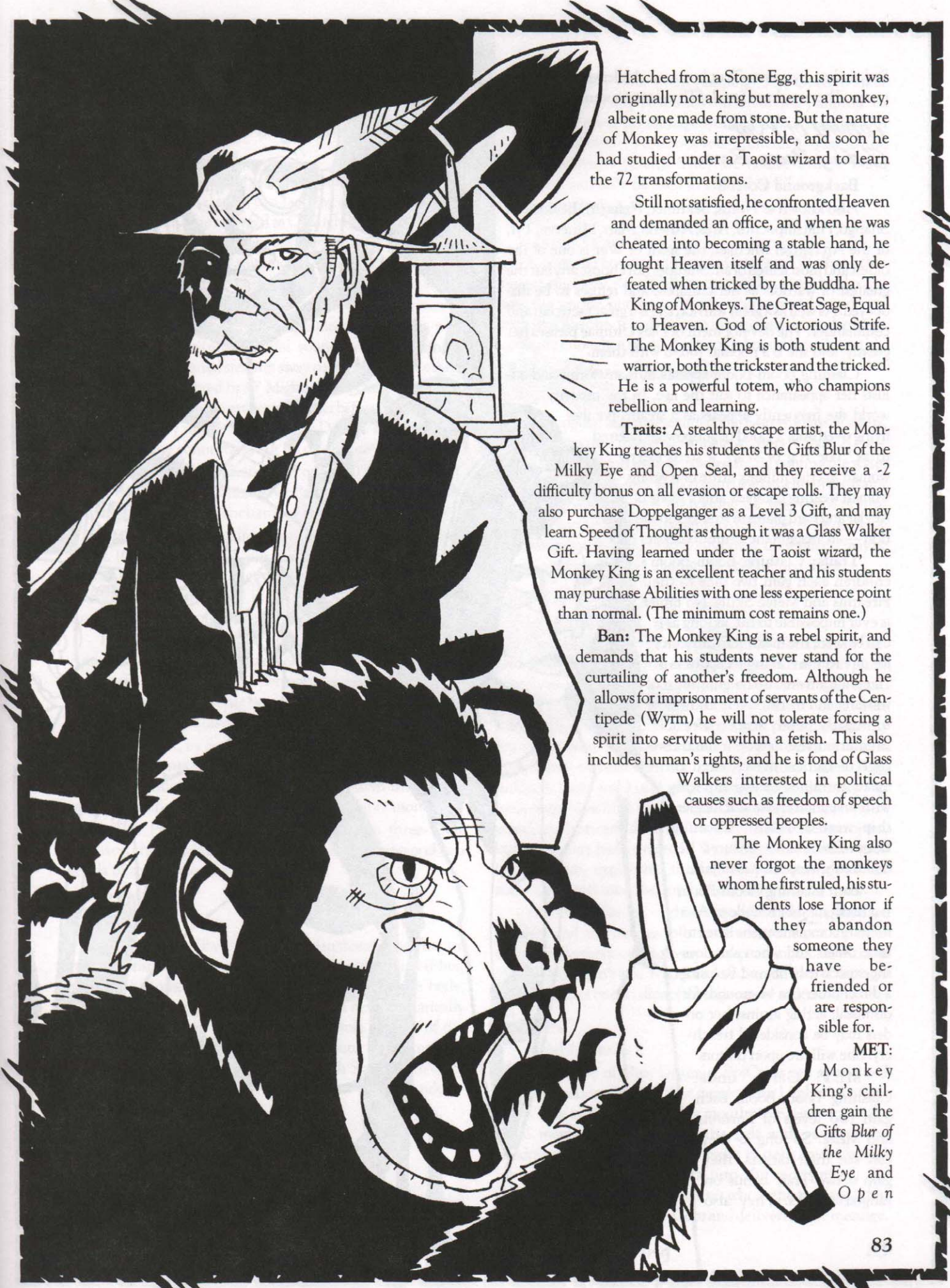
MET: Stourbridge Lion's children each receive the Social Trait *Charismatic*, plus one level of *Etiquette* and two levels of *Athletics*. They gain one Honor when they join with Stourbridge Lion, and may draw on one additional Willpower per session.

Totems of Wisdom

The Monkey King

Background Cost: 8

The Monkey King is an ancient spirit, favored by the Boli Zouhisze but also popular among some Western packs.



Hatched from a Stone Egg, this spirit was originally not a king but merely a monkey, albeit one made from stone. But the nature of Monkey was irrepressible, and soon he had studied under a Taoist wizard to learn the 72 transformations.

Still not satisfied, he confronted Heaven and demanded an office, and when he was cheated into becoming a stable hand, he fought Heaven itself and was only defeated when tricked by the Buddha. The King of Monkeys. The Great Sage, Equal to Heaven. God of Victorious Strife. The Monkey King is both student and warrior, both the trickster and the tricked. He is a powerful totem, who champions rebellion and learning.

Traits: A stealthy escape artist, the Monkey King teaches his students the Gifts Blur of the Milky Eye and Open Seal, and they receive a -2 difficulty bonus on all evasion or escape rolls. They may also purchase Doppelganger as a Level 3 Gift, and may learn Speed of Thought as though it was a Glass Walker Gift. Having learned under the Taoist wizard, the Monkey King is an excellent teacher and his students may purchase Abilities with one less experience point than normal. (The minimum cost remains one.)

Ban: The Monkey King is a rebel spirit, and demands that his students never stand for the curtailing of another's freedom. Although he allows for imprisonment of servants of the Centipede (Wyrm) he will not tolerate forcing a spirit into servitude within a fetish. This also includes human's rights, and he is fond of Glass Walkers interested in political causes such as freedom of speech or oppressed peoples.

The Monkey King also never forgot the monkeys whom he first ruled, his students lose Honor if they abandon someone they have befriended or are responsible for.

MET: Monkey King's children gain the Gifts *Blur of the Milky Eye* and *Open*

Seal, and receive a two-Trait bonus on challenges to evade or escape. They may learn *Speed of Thought* as if it were a tribal Gift.

Totems of War

Clashing Boom-Boom

Background Cost: 8

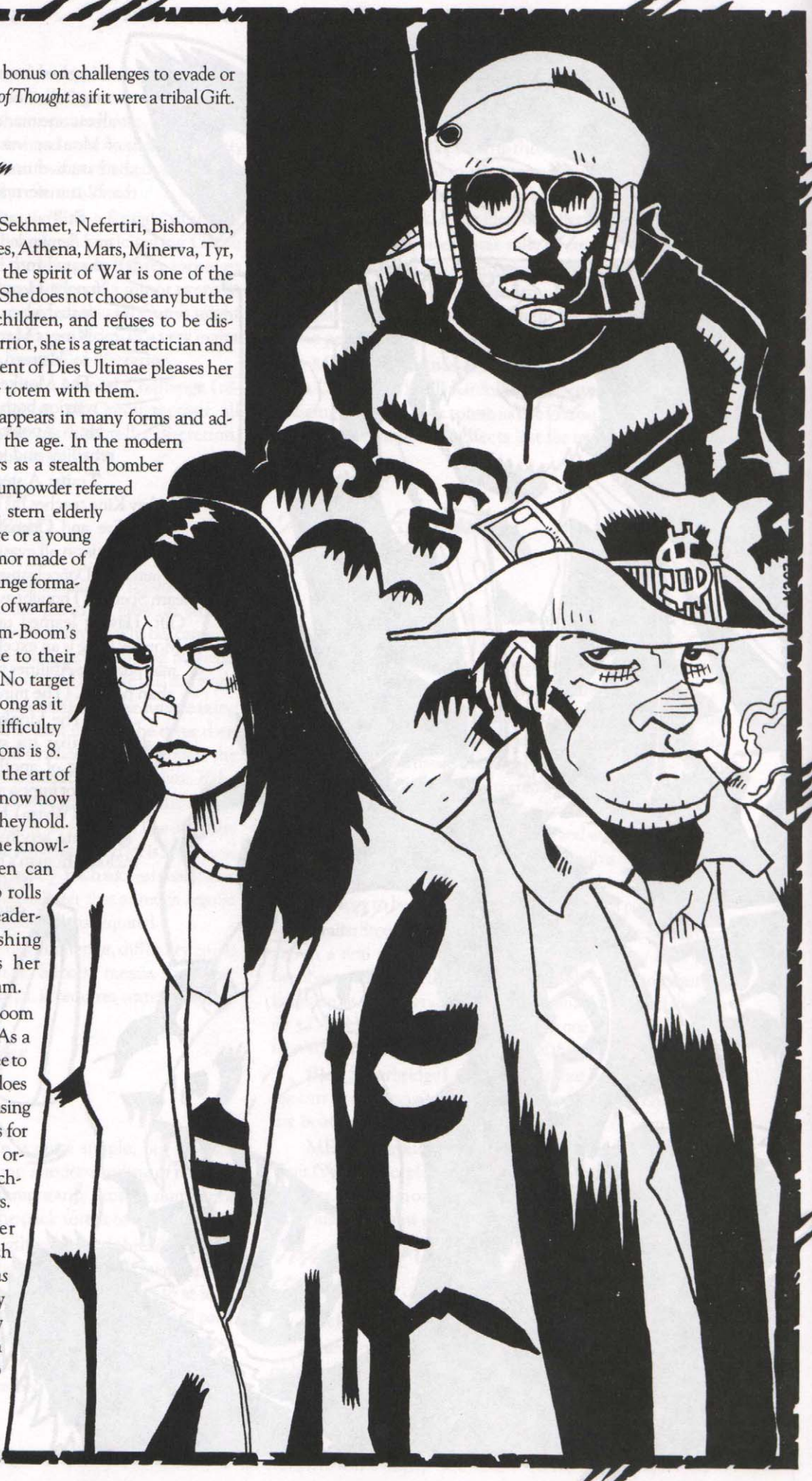
Also known as Horus, Sekhmet, Nefertiri, Bishomon, Shango, Huitzilipochtli, Ares, Athena, Mars, Minerva, Tyr, or the Archangel Michael, the spirit of War is one of the oldest and most feared of all. She does not choose any but the greatest of warriors as her children, and refuses to be disobeyed. As well as a great warrior, she is a great tactician and commander. The development of Dies Ultimae pleases her greatly, and she is a popular totem with them.

Clashing Boom-Boom appears in many forms and adjusts her appearance to suit the age. In the modern world she frequently appears as a stealth bomber flying overhead, a cloud of gunpowder referred to as "The Fog of War," a stern elderly woman in crisp military attire or a young woman wearing complex armor made of Kevlar and hard plates in strange formation — an image of the future of warfare.

Traits: Clashing Boom-Boom's children each gain two dice to their Firearms and Melee Skills. No target is ever impossible to hit, as long as it can be seen; the maximum difficulty for any roll involving weapons is 8. Her children are also taught the art of warfare, and instinctively know how to properly use any weapon they hold. In addition, she conveys some knowledge of tactics: her children can make untrained Leadership rolls with no penalty, just as if Leadership were a Talent. Clashing Boom-Boom also ensures her children's weapons never jam.

Ban: Clashing Boom-Boom is a harsh mother to follow. As a military commander, she is free to issue orders and when she does she expects to be obeyed. Refusing a direct order can be grounds for dismissal; acting against her orders may be considered treachery. She will fire upon traitors.

MET: Garou under Clashing Boom-Boom each gain two levels of *Firearms* and *Melee*. So long as they can see their targets, they gain a two-Trait bonus on ranged attacks. They also



gain a level of *Leadership*. Clashing-Boom-Boom's children's weapons never jam, but they can still break.

O' Mighty Dolla' and Easy Credit

Background Cost: 4

O' Mighty Dolla' slowly grew with the American economy from a Gaffling nickel spirit to a Jaggling quarter spirit until, after World War 1, he emerged as O' Mighty Dolla'. He takes the form of an overweight, raucous man wearing a ten-gallon hat, expensive "cowboy" suit and smoking Banes in a cigar. Always clutching his bad knee but with a loud yell and smile, he's been a mainstay of the American tribe.

Lately, however, he's had competition. Easy Credit, who appears as a seductively beautiful young woman wearing a business suit, has started stealing away packs that might otherwise have been adopted by O' Mighty Dolla'. Easy Credit is a new spirit; no one can remember seeing her before 1995, and her blessings are very similar to O' Mighty Dolla's. The two obviously have some connection, but no one is sure what that is.

Both spirits clearly hate each other. O' Mighty Dolla' loudly curses his rival's name, whilst Easy Credit hides her own distaste under an enchanting laugh.

Traits: Both spirits offer the same benefits to packs they adopt. (O' Mighty Dolla' calls his packs his 'children;' Easy Credit calls them her 'clients.') All rolls involving commerce have a -3 difficulty bonus, and all Garou with this totem gain 2 dots of Resources.

Ban: O' Mighty Dolla' demands his children only use American currency, a fact that means he never adopts a pack outside of the United States. When not on American soil, he asks that his powers should only be used to generate a profit. He is adamant that none of his children ever use credit cards of any sort.

Easy Credit, by contrast, is international. Her demand is that her clients continue to generate a profit; they must end each financial year with more money than they began it. In addition, they may not use coins or paper money.

MET: Packs under either totem gain a three-Trait bonus on challenges involving finance and business and two levels of the *Resources* Background.

Fetishes

Fetishes in the Glass Walkers come in three forms. First are regular fetishes, same as any tribe. Next are Cyberfetishes, which are bionics or cybernetics implanted into the body, which then have a spirit bound into them. They automatically shift with the Garou and are nearly the sole domain of the Cyber Dogs. Finally, Softwere are computer programs augmented by binding a spirit into them. Each Softwere program fits onto a single floppy disc. All fetishes use the same rules.

Regular Fetishes

Air Hightops

Level 1, Gnosis 2

It's gotta be the shoes! Invented after a rooftop chase nearly went nasty, these basketball shoes allow the Glass Walker to nearly float when jumping. The Glass Walker adds two dice to any Athletics roll involving jumping. In addition, he takes no damage from falls provided he can make a Dexterity + Athletics roll (difficulty equal to the number of stories fallen). They are bound with a Wind Spirit, and can only be used in Homid or Glabro.

Big Black Book

Level 3, Gnosis 6

A personal favorite of many a Corporate Wolf or other contact-minded Glass Walker; this pocket-sized book contains the phone number of every single mortal person on Earth that has one. It is all written in the owner's handwriting. Curiously enough, a spirit of humor is bound into this fetish.

Crescent Moon Waterskin

Level 3, Gnosis 5

Still popular among female Middle Eastern Glass Walkers, this fetish was used to disguise female warriors in *jihad*. A Rage or war-spirit is bound into the waterskin. By pouring the water onto her claws, the Glass Walker gains the benefits of the Razor Claws Gift. Alternatively, by pouring the water on a normal blade she can allow it to do aggravated damage, or by drinking it she can immediately frenzy. Only one of these affects may be in play at any one time, and the effects last for a scene.

Fogg's 9mm

Level 6, Gnosis 8

More than any other weapon, Glass Walkers love to turn pistols into fetishes. Numerous variations on the fetish pistol exist, however one of the most famous of these is Fogg's 9mm. According to legend, Chicago detective Jackson Fogg made it his life's work to bring Gianluigi Lucci down, and finally found him on an abandoned waterfront with his pack around him. Lucci taunted him for nearly an hour before Fogg suddenly shot, and Lucci gasped as the sheer accuracy and force of the blow from the handgun caught him completely off guard, and he nearly died. His pack tore the policeman apart, but his bravery had attracted a Wind Spirit that bound itself into the gun, explaining the bullet's profound speed and accuracy. Lucci used the gun himself until the day he died.

Any bullet fired from this unique fetish does aggravated damage, and all Firearms rolls made using the gun are at -3 difficulty. Furthermore, for every turn spent immobile, without changing the gun's aim, it adds two additional dice of damage. A maximum of twenty dice of damage can be added in this way.

SpiComs

Level 1, Gnosis 2

A favorite of Dies Ultimae, SpiComs are specialized communication systems that employ the Umbra as a medium. The system consists of a mouthpiece, earpiece and a small metal box attached to the belt and wired to the headpiece. Each SpiCom also has a pattern spider bound into it. When someone talks into the mouthpiece, the pattern spider records it and senses whom the message is for, flying instantly to their SpiCom and delivering the message.

This setup means that a message can only be sent from one person to another. In order to facilitate group co-ordination, many packs prefer to configure their SpiComs to contact a central server, which then sends a pattern spider to every SpiCom.

Texas Drinking Glass

Level 1, Gnosis 1

Particularly favored by Glass Walkers in Texas and Georgia, this cup infers the Gift: Resist Toxin on whoever drinks from it. However, the werewolf becomes intoxicated as normal, suffering standard penalties; he is simply able to handle more alcohol before passing out appropriately (and is incapable of passing out inappropriately). Though the glass always seems half-full, the Glass Walkers that tend to have these fetishes seem anything but optimistic.

Cyberfetishes

More rules for Cyberfetishes, as well as other cybernetics and technological devices can be found in the **Book of the Weaver**. The following are specific Cyberfetishes.

Body Reformation Engine

Level 4, Gnosis 7

Blatantly abusing the werewolf's ability to regenerate and shapeshift, this complex system of nanotech grinders spread throughout the Glass Walker's body deliberately destroys their physical form whilst a hormonal injection stops regeneration returning the body to its natural state but instead rebuilds the body in its new state. By doing this, the Garou can extend limbs out to ridiculous lengths, completely redesign their physical shape (height, weight, etc.), turn their body into a single long snakelike tube, or any other number of tricks.

High Pitch Transmitter

Level 1, Gnosis 2

The ear of a wolf can hear sounds much, much higher than that of a human being. This Cyberfetish raises the Garou's voice tone beyond the human range of hearing but within the wolf range, allowing the Glass Walker to speak while remaining inaudible to humans. Whilst this fetish may be used in any form, only Garou in Crinos, Hispo or Lupus will hear the signal.

Personal Reserves

Level 3, Gnosis 6

Sometimes, there just aren't enough bullets. This Cyberfetish consists of a long metal tube that goes into the Glass Walkers stomach through his side. This tube can then be inserted into a specially-made firearm. Once the clip in the firearm is exhausted, the Glass Walker can literally feed his own Rage or Gnosis into the gun to reload it, one point for each full reload. The bullets are formed and then stored inside the Glass Walker's stomach.

Software

Hardware Virus

Level 1, Gnosis 3

As any technical support will tell you, a normal computer virus can't infect hardware, only software. This is not a normal virus. Bound with a pattern spider, this Softwere can and does attach itself to hardware that is frequently used on many computers (such as digital cameras), and destroys hardware that is mostly used on one computer (such as monitors), in spectacular fashion. As a general rule, they explode. Damage done by exploding printers is best left to the Storyteller to decide.

Security Sniffer

Level 2, Gnosis 4

A basic search engine program outfitted with the spirit of any urban bird, this program can be run on any security camera system that involves a computer at some point. The program can then be configured to look for anyone fitting a specific description. The value of this program obviously depends on how large the system is, on a government system overseeing many public areas it can be profoundly efficient.

Ultimate Search Engine

Level 4, Gnosis 6

While finding something on the Internet is best done with a normal search engine, anything off the Internet should be handled with this. This program, bound with a cockroach-spirit, can find literally anything (so long as its location is in the physical world) and display its location on a monitor. To search, it rolls its own Gnosis with a difficulty set by the Storyteller, depending on how difficult the object is to find. Finding a misplaced wallet is about difficulty 6; finding one of the lost Talons of the Wyrm would be difficulty 10, if not impossible. As a result, this is not considered the most reliable Softwere on Earth, but if you're the kind of guy who keeps forgetting where he put his glasses, you'll love it.

So You Wanna Be a Warder?

The Warders are theologians, scholars, alchemists, merchants, monks and nuns in Medieval Europe. More information about them can be found in **Dark Ages: Werewolf**.

So You Wanna Be a Tetrasomian?

The Tetrasomians are the Glass Walkers' incarnation in Renaissance Europe. Comprised of humanists, classicists, scientists, artists and occultists, the Tetrasomians possess the same starting Willpower and Background restrictions as Glass Walkers.

Tetrasomian Gifts

• **Control Simple Machine (Level One)** — As the Glass Walker Gift.

MET: See **Laws of the Wild**.

• **Persephone's Soul (Level One)** — As the Black Fury Gift Breath of the Wyld, but taught by a plant spirit.

MET: See **Laws of the Wild**.

• **Tune of Orpheus (Level One)** — Intrigued by the Orphic mysteries and patrons of Renaissance poetry and song,

the Tetrasomians invented a Gift that distracted anyone who heard them sing, play an instrument or recite poetry.

System: The Garou spends a point of either Rage or Gnosis and makes a Wits + Performance roll. If successful, everyone in the area will be forced to focus their attention on the Tetrasomian. It does not mean that they are well inclined toward the Garou, simply that they cannot ignore him.

MET: Spend a Rage or Gnosis Trait and make a Mental Challenge (retest with Performance). With success, everyone in earshot must focus their attention on you. This does not work like the Toreador Clan Disadvantage, whereby everyone stares at you with dreamy smiles; they don't even have to like you. But they can't ignore you until you finish performing.

• **Angel Tricks (Level Two)** — As the Glass Walker Gift Pennies from Heaven, but only turns silver pennies (worth one twelfth of a shilling) into gold angels (worth ten shillings). Difficulty is 8.

MET: As *Pennies from Heaven*, see above, with the caveat that it will only turn silver pennies to gold angels.

• **Hera's Fur (Level Two)** — As the Glass Walker Gift Steel Fur, but involving stone instead of metal and taught by an Earth elemental.

MET: As *Steel Fur*, see above.

• **Control Complex Machine (Level Three)** — As the Glass Walker Gift.

MET: See **Laws of the Wild**.

• **Elemental Favor (Level Three)** — As the Glass Walker Gift, but with a classical element rather than an urban one — earth, fire, water or air. Over time, the Glass Walkers' version of this Gift evolves into the modern variant.

MET: See **Laws of the Wild**, but choose a classic element.

• **Doppelganger (Level Four)** — As the Glass Walker Gift.

MET: See **Laws of the Wild**.

• **Fury of Zeus (Level Four)** — As the Level three Glass Walker Gift Electroshock, however the target does not have to be touching a conductive surface or the Tetrasomian.

MET: As Electroshock, above, but you need not touch the target nor must he touch a conductive surface.

• **Judgment of Hades (Level Five)** — Adopting the calm mantle of Hades, the Tetrasomian learns to develop a rigid discipline even in the most powerful hold of Rage.

System: Once this Gift is learned, it is always active. The Tetrasomian can voluntarily enter berserk frenzy but can maintain limited control within it. He can choose to use melee weapons other than claws and fangs, and may choose his targets. He still cannot leave frenzy (or the battle) until the battle is resolved and may not employ ranged weapons. If the Tetrasomian falls into the Thrall of the Wyrm, this Gift no longer can protect him.

MET: Once this Gift is learned, it is always active. You can voluntarily enter berserk frenzy and maintain some control while in it. You can choose your targets and may use melee weapons, but you cannot exit frenzy or the battle until the battle is done, and you may not use ranged weapons. This Gift ceases if you fall into Thrall of the Wyrm.

• **Perfect Balance of Soul (Level Five)** — As the Glass Walker Gift Chaos Mechanics.

MET: See **Laws of the Wild**.

So You Wanna Be an Iron Rider?

The Iron Riders are the Glass Walkers' incarnation in Wild West America and mid-19th century Europe. A collection of slightly mad scientists, railroad barons, engineers, mechanics and surveyors, the Iron Riders possess the same starting Willpower and Background restrictions as Glass Walkers.

MET: For more information about the Iron Riders and the Garou in 19th-century America, see **Laws of the Wyld West**.

Iron Rider Gifts

• **Control Simple Machine (Level One)** — As the Glass Walker Gift.

MET: See **Laws of the Wild**.

• **Rope Tricks (Level One)** — The Iron Rider can manipulate rope by merely holding it, commanding it to tie itself into a noose or any number of other effects.

System: The player spends one Willpower point and touches the rope. Until she ceases touching the rope, it obeys her every command. It can only affect one rope at a time.

MET: Spend a Willpower Trait and touch the rope. The rope then obeys your commands until you let go of it.

• **Sense Weaver (Level One)** — As the Metis Gift: Sense Wyrm, but detecting Weaver spirits rather than Wyrm spirits and rolling Perception + Crafts instead.

MET: As *Sense Wyrm* (see **Laws of the Wild**), but retest with *Crafts*. Like Sense Wyrm, it gives only general impressions, and is not useful as a homing device. Many crafted items bear something of the Great Weaver.

• **Well-Oiled Running (Level One)** — As the Dies Ultimae Gift.

MET: As *Well-Oiled Running*, above.

• **Iron Claws (Level Two)** — The Garou's claws transform to sharp iron talons.

System: The Garou spends one Rage point and puts his claws to an iron object. For the rest of the scene his claws do one extra die of damage, and aggravated damage to changelings or other fae. If a creature does damage when it is attacked (such as a fomor with acidic skin), the Garou gains three extra soak dice to resist such damage.

MET: Spend a Rage Trait and touch your claws to an iron object. For the rest of the scene, your claws inflict an extra level of damage and cause aggravated damage to changelings or fae (see **The Shining Host**, for the exact effects of iron on changelings). If the target of your attack inflicts damage during the attack (a creature with acidic skin), you gain two extra Healthy health levels.

• **Iron Coat (Level Two)** — As the Gift: Steel Fur.

MET: As *Steel Fur*, above.

• **Pulse of the Railroad (Level Two)** — By placing her ear against a railroad track, the Iron Rider can hear anything happening anywhere along the rail. An Iron Spirit teaches the Gift.

System: The player rolls Perception + Science. Difficulty is based on how far away the sounds to be heard are, beginning at 4 within 20 miles and increasing by one for every ten miles beyond that to a maximum of 10. The more successes gained, the clearer the sound heard.

MET: Make a Mental Challenge (retest with *Science*). Success grants you the ability to hear sounds along the rail for up to 10 miles from you.

• **Lightning Rage (Level Three)** — As the Glass Walker Gift Electroshock.

MET: As *Electroshock*, above.

• **Repel Metal (Level Three)** — With a mere gesture, the werewolf can use magnetism to send all ferrous metals in his area flying.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Strength + Science, difficulty 7. All ferrous metal objects within 30 feet of the Rider fly 20 feet in the opposite direction. For every success rolled the Rider can repel objects of up to 5 pounds. If the object is in someone's grasp, they may hold onto it by succeeding in a resisted Strength test with the Rider.

MET: Spend a Gnosis Trait and make a Physical Challenge (retest with Science). With success, a gesture will throw all ferrous metal objects within 30 feet of you in the opposite direction or will repel ferrous metal objects up to five pounds. To wrestle something out of someone's hands (or for them to hang onto it), make a Physical Challenge.

• **Reshape Object (Level Three)** — As the Homid Gift.

MET: See **Laws of the Wild**.

• **Double Walker (Level Four)** — As the Glass Walker Gift: Doppelganger.

MET: See **Laws of the Wild**.

• **Gift of the Iron Horse (Level Four)** — When standing between railroad tracks, the Iron Rider can draw on the strength of Stourbridge Lion.

System: Once learned, the Gift is always active. Whenever the Garou is touching or between railroad tracks, she can run at double speed without tiring, and gains an extra die to all her Physical Attributes. A few modern Glass Walkers are attempting to adapt this all-but-lost Gift to highways.

MET: Once learned, this Gift is considered to be always active. You must be touching or between railroad tracks. This allows you to run at double your normal speed without tiring, and you gain three bonus Physical Traits (these vanish when you step off the tracks).

• **Calm the Flock (Level Five)** — When activated, the Iron Rider does not evoke the Curse or the Delirium in humans, even while in Crinos form. This Gift is taught by a dog-spirit, or any other domesticated animal spirit.

System: The player rolls Manipulation + Subterfuge (Difficulty 7). Each success maintains the Gift for one hour.

MET: Make a Social Challenge (retest with Subterfuge). For one hour, you do not cause the Delirium or evoke the curse in normal humans, even if you're in Crinos form.

• **Quell the Storm (Level Five)** — The Iron Rider can banish Umbral Storms and attack Wyld spirits by barraging them with the power of the Weaver.

System: The player spends two Gnosis and rolls Gnosis (difficulty 8). The number of successes determines how effective it is. One success might dispel an Umbral Breeze or slow a strong Wind, five might still a hurricane. If used against Wyld Spirits, the difficulty is equal to the spirit's Gnosis and does damage of three Essence per success.

MET: Spend two Gnosis Traits and make a Gnosis Challenge. Success means you can dispel an Umbral storm from a breeze to a thunderstorm. If used against Wyld spirits, the Gift inflicts three Essence worth of damage.

So You Wanna Be a Boli Zouhisze?

The Boli Zouhisze are the Chinese members of the Glass Walker tribe. Over time, they have been everything from craftsmen, warriors and farmers of Pre-Dynastic China to the businessmen, geomancers and thugs and arms dealers of today. Since they are defined by location rather than time period, the following is a set of unique Gifts (and one slightly altered Gift) appropriate to all time periods for the tribe. They should also be allowed to use any appropriate Glass Walker Gifts from the period.

Boli Zouhisze Gifts

• **Sheng-Nong's Eyes (Level One)** — The Boli Zouhisze can see from the perspective of his tools and draw on their concentration for the task at hand, allowing him to perform multiple actions with ease. While this was originally used to wield two swords with equal dexterity, any tools can be used; even the werewolf's own hands count as a "tool." Many of the Boli Zouhisze are particularly fond of using this Gift with a pistol in each hand, taking perfect aim at separate targets in quick succession. Others enjoy employing it to fend off multiple minor enemies with their bare hands whilst never taking their eyes off their main foe. Either a monkey spirit or a spirit of war teaches this Gift.

System: The Garou spends one Gnosis to receive an extra action. In addition to this, the Garou need not be able to see his opponent in order to attack her. No visibility modifiers affect his actions while this Gift is in effect.

MET: Spend one Gnosis to activate this Gift, and receive an extra action. This effect lasts for one turn only.

• **Fu Xi's Honor (Level Two)** — When confronted with a threat to a helpless member of the Garou's family or pack, the Boli Zouhisze can rise above her normal limits to defend them. The spirit of any animal that mates for life may teach this Gift.

System: The Storyteller must agree that the member of the Garou's family or pack is indeed helpless and unable to defend himself. Note that with rare exception, any human facing a werewolf should be considered helpless. If the Storyteller agrees, the player may spend one Rage and add one die to all her character's Physical Attributes for every point of permanent Honor the character possesses for the duration of the scene.

MET: Spend one Rage and add a bonus Physical Trait for each *permanent* Honor the character possesses. This lasts for the rest of the scene.

• **Yao's Commands (Level Three)** — As the Level Three Glass Walker Gift Elemental Favor. When this Gift is taken, the Boli Zouhisze must choose to be able to command Eastern elementals (water, wood, fire, earth and metal) or urban elementals. The character may never command elementals of the other group.

MET: See **Laws of the Wild** for *Elemental Favor*, and select which type of elementals to command (traditional Eastern, as described above, or urban). Once chosen, you may never command elementals of the other type.

• **Yu's Endurance (Level Four)** — Yu was given the tremendous task of protecting Ancient China against the Yellow River flooding, so exhausting a task that none but he could do it. Like Yu, anyone with this Gift cannot be defeated in a test of endurance. A mountain goat-spirit teaches this Gift.

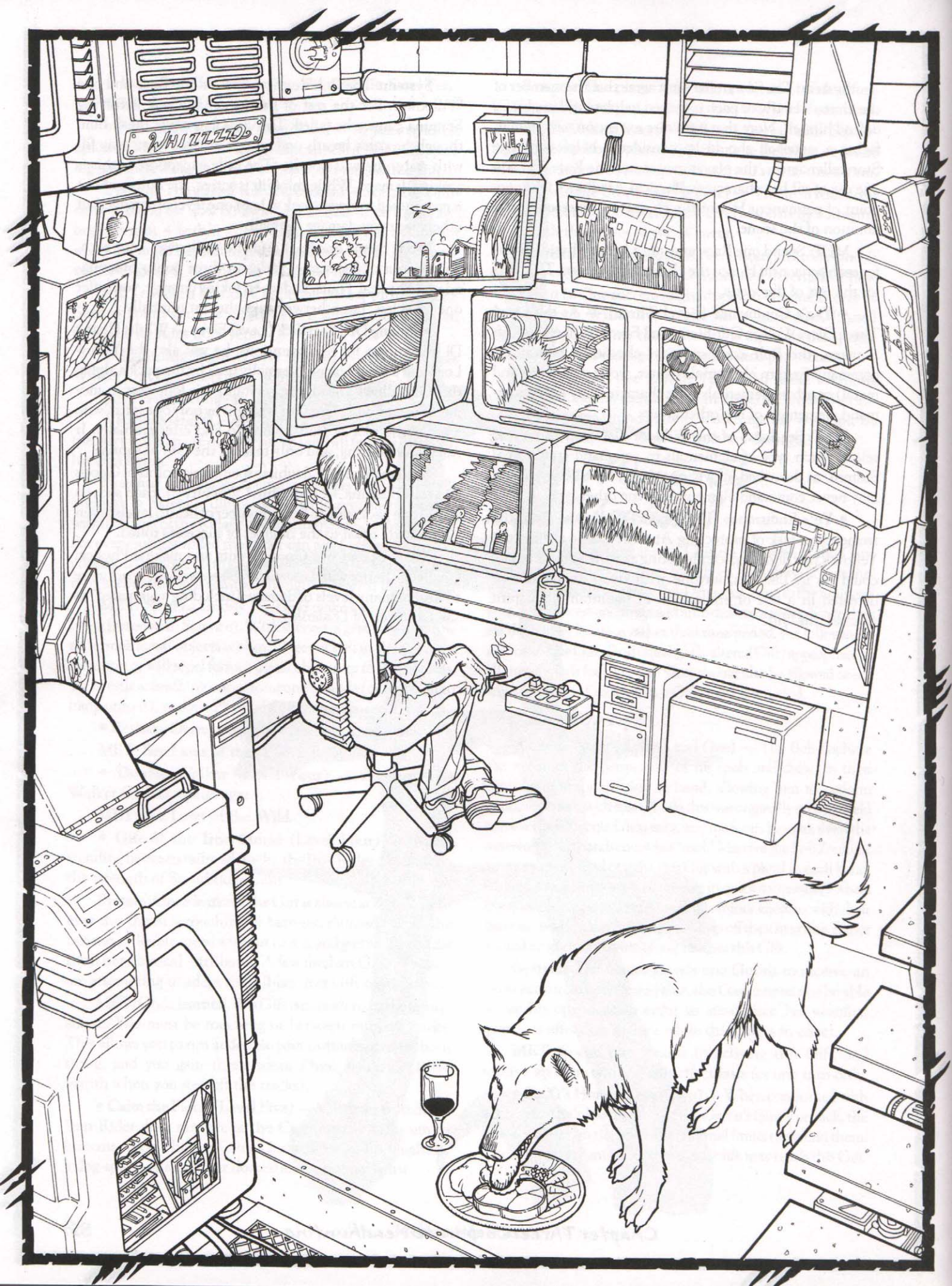
System: The Boli Zouhisze spends one Rage and one Willpower. For the rest of the scene, any task involving Stamina cannot be failed. Torturers can never break him; though he can't breath underwater and his lungs may fill with water, he will not die. The only exception to this is soaking damage. While this Gift is active, the Boli Zouhisze is guaranteed to always soak at least one level of damage, but otherwise takes damage normally.

MET: Spend one Rage and one Willpower Trait each. For the rest of the scene, you gain three bonus Stamina-related Physical Traits, and when taking damage, you suffer one level less, but otherwise take the rest normally.

• **Huang Di's Sacrifice (Level Five)** — Whilst Huang Di was known for his inventions, he was also the Yellow Lord and a great leader. Normally used by the pack's alpha, this Gift allows a leader to revitalize his followers in moments of darkness. This Gift is taught by only one spirit, who lives at the foot of Bull Mountain and cries eternally. It resembles nothing, and only teaches the Gift at sunrise.

System: The Boli Zouhisze spends two points of Gnosis and rolls Stamina + Leadership (difficulty 8). Each success allows one packmate to heal a number of health levels (even aggravated) equal to the number of successes rolled.

MET: Spend two Gnosis Traits and make a Physical Challenge (retest with *Leadership*). Success allows a packmate to heal as many levels of damage (including aggravated) as she has levels of *Leadership*.


WHIZZO

Chapter Four: Dossiers

We are an intelligent species and the use of our intelligence quite properly gives us pleasure. In this respect the brain is like a muscle. When it is in use we feel very good. Understanding is joyous.

— Carl Sagan, *Broca's Brain*

Ever since the dawn of time, the tribe of Cockroach has always found itself set apart from the rest of the Garou Nation. By walking in the cities rather than the wilderness, they drew the distrust of those Garou that believed that a werewolf's place, like a wolf's, was in the wilderness. As humanity spread further and further and began sculpting their environment more and more drastically, the Glass Walkers reaped a good deal of mistrust on the humans' behalf. But still they persevered, strong in the belief that the Weaver was as much a potential ally as the Wyld, and that their human side was just as important as their wolf side (and, regrettably, more so). But now there's a chance that things have gone too far. The rest of the tribes are now calling the Weaver as much enemy as the Wyrm; untangling the Wyrm's coils might not be enough to save Gaia.

The eyes of the Garou Nation are fully on the Glass Walkers. Some say that the tribe is on the brink of falling to the Weaver just as the White Howlers fell to the Wyrm. Some even say that it's already happened. There's an unholy amount of pressure on the Glass Walkers to justify their choice to walk in the cities, blending man's science and the Weaver's tools with Gaian shamanism. They have to prove that they made the right decision, and they have to do it quickly.

But there's still a chance. The brightest minds of the tribe are very bright indeed, and their warriors are as deadly as any other tribe's. The Glass Walkers' constant focus on the future has made them quite capable of planning ahead, of rising to meet upcoming challenges. These are dangerous times, and it'll be tricky to adapt — but adapting is what the Glass Walkers do best.

Recon

Quote: *Yeah, I see him. Filthy bastard. You know, I'm pretty close to these guys hanging from here, are you sure they won't see me? I could probably take him out with my pistol… well, that's true; they could probably hit me too if I didn't get out fast enough. But can I try?*

Prelude: Nothing screws up a perfectly planned burglary like old-fashioned going psycho and turning into a raging wall of muscle and fur. You'd spent your childhood years in an abusive family and your teenage years out of your home as often as possible. You didn't want that to mean living on the street, and theft seemed a hell of a lot more attractive than prostitution. So you started stealing things. From pockets, or supermarkets. Or from homes. Or from rich people's homes. You slipped up now and then, and had to run like hell every once in a while, but the police never got you and you slowly became convinced they never would. You were unstoppable, and it started being less a means of making money, and became a challenge.

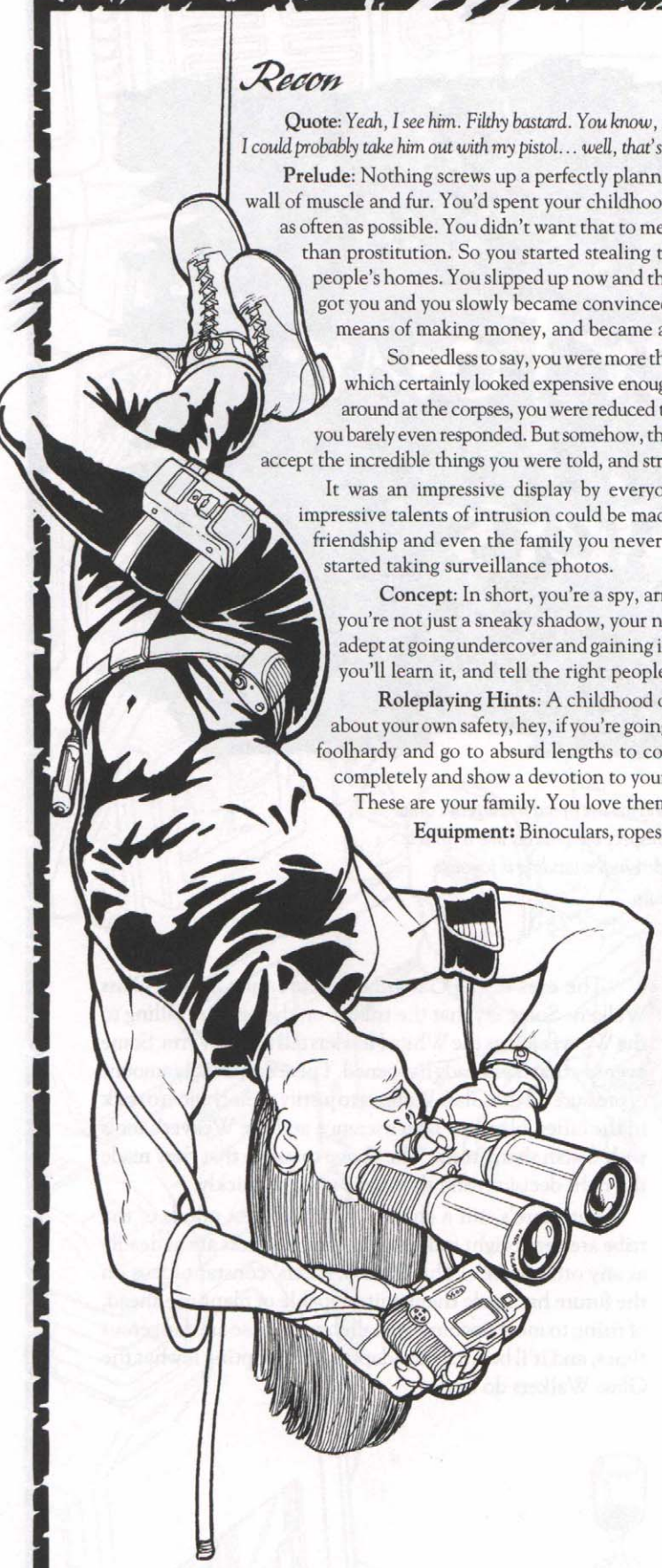
So needless to say, you were more than slightly angry when you were caught carrying out a big gold something, which certainly looked expensive enough. It was enough to set you off, and once the Rage lifted and you looked around at the corpses, you were reduced to tears. When a bunch of monsters came in and dragged you out of there, you barely even responded. But somehow, that invincibility belief stayed intact. You were shaken enough to listen and accept the incredible things you were told, and strong enough to bounce back and help out covering your own tracks.

It was an impressive display by everyone's account, including a soft-spoken woman that suggested your impressive talents of intrusion could be made even better, and put to other uses. They also promised acceptance, friendship and even the family you never had, which is what sold you. Soon, you'd stopped taking VCRs and started taking surveillance photos.

Concept: In short, you're a spy, armed with video recording gear, your own wits and perfect stealth. But you're not just a sneaky shadow, your new friends knew better than to train you in only one area. You're also adept at going undercover and gaining information whilst hidden in plain sight. Whatever needs to be known, you'll learn it, and tell the right people.

Roleplaying Hints: A childhood of physical and emotional abuse has given you a certain fatalistic bent about your own safety, hey, if you're going to die, it'll happen no matter what. Be more than brave; be downright foolhardy and go to absurd lengths to complete a mission. But when you're not out in the field, you change completely and show a devotion to your pack, Garou and Kinfolk alike, which endears you to a lot of people. These are your family. You love them.

Equipment: Binoculars, ropes, night vision goggles, infrared scanners, and the all-important camera.



Glass Walkers™

Name:	Breed: Homid	Pack Name:
Player:	Auspice: Ragabash	Pack Totem:
Chronicle:	Camp: Dies Ultimae	Concept: Recon

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●○○○	Charisma	●●○○○	Perception	●●●●○
Dexterity	●●●○○	Manipulation	●●●○○	Intelligence	●●○○○
Stamina	●●●○○	Appearance	●●●○○	Wits	●●●●○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness Details	●●●●○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Athletics	●●●○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Enigmas	○○○○○
Brawl	○○○○○	Drive	○○○○○	Investigation	●●●○○
Dodge	●●●○○	Etiquette	●○○○○	Law	○○○○○
Empathy	●○○○○	Firearms	●●○○○	Linguistics	●○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Leadership	○○○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	○○○○○	Melee	●○○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Primal-Urge	●○○○○	Performance	○○○○○	Politics	●○○○○
Streetwise	●○○○○	Stealth Urban	●●●●○	Rituals	○○○○○
Subterfuge	○○○○○	Survival	○○○○○	Science	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts	Gifts
Contacts	●●○○○	Persuasion	
Resources	●●○○○	Blur of the Milky Eye	
Totem	●○○○○	Skyscraper Vision	
	○○○○○		
	○○○○○		

Renown

Glory
● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Honor
● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Wisdom
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rank

Rage
● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis
● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower
● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

Bruised		□
Hurt	-1	□
Injured	-1	□
Wounded	-2	□
Mauled	-2	□
Crippled	-5	□
Incapacitated		□

Tribal Weakness

CANNOT REGAIN GNOSIS IN THE WILDERNESS

Venture Capitalist

Quote: *Listen, I can get you your money, but at least make it look like you're trying to make money on this proposal. Every now and again I need to defend my decisions to the investors.*

Prelude: Sometimes you really feel out of place. Your parents only came to this country thirty years ago, and you were the first member of your family to go to college. That was both a frustration and a blessing. While the pressure to succeed was very strong and sometimes smothering, you were never short of family support. You failed a few subjects, but you finally graduated studying economics, and planned to work for a broker.

That's when it happened. You were out celebrating your graduation with friends, and one of them had been trying to pick up on a girl in the club all night. Eventually she turned to leave, he raised a hand… And after that you can remember nothing.

It was days before you finally picked yourself up again, even with the sept's help. When you finally came to terms with your new world, you were about to continue on with your planned job when you suddenly had a different idea. Once you asked your new friends to pull a few strings, you'd gotten a better job than you'd ever dreamed of, and one where you could do some good besides.

Concept: Nine out of every ten new businesses fail. Venture capitalists, people who invest rich people's money in new businesses or inventions, are thus expected to fail nine times out of ten. But you have an edge that most don't, and a little insider trading with Easy Credit pays off huge dividends. By guaranteeing one business' success, you open up nine other budgets that you can covertly give to the sept, without the promise of a single dollar returned. And by guaranteeing two, you ensure eight even bigger budgets to spread around. It didn't take you long to become a little money-spinner for the sept.

Roleplaying Hints: You may work for a profit with people, but never with the spirits. Every day you pay proper tribute to the spirits that help you (with adapted Islamic prayers) and aren't stingy with your sacrifices. Treat them well, and they'll treat you well, you reason. Similar logic applies to your friends as well, and it's a matter of pride for you to pay for anything small they need. Your family is a different story; you've still not talked to them since you Changed. Where would you begin?

Equipment: Palm with too many meetings to make, wallet, business cards and a gun. Just in case.

Glass Walkers™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Theurge
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Venture Capitalist

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●●○○	Charisma	●●●●○	Perception	●●○○○
Dexterity	●●○○○	Manipulation	●●●○○	Intelligence	●●●○○
Stamina	●●●○○	Appearance	●●●○○	Wits	●●○○○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●○○○○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Computer	●●●○○
Athletics	○○○○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Enigmas	●○○○○
Brawl	●○○○○	Drive	●○○○○	Investigation	●●●○○
Dodge	●○○○○	Etiquette	●●○○○	Law	●●○○○
Empathy	●○○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Linguistics	●○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Leadership	○○○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	○○○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Primal-Urge	●○○○○	Performance	●●○○○	Politics	○○○○○
Streetwise	●○○○○	Stealth	○○○○○	Rituals	●●●○○
Subterfuge	●●●○○	Survival	○○○○○	Science	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts	Gifts
Contacts	●●●○○	Persuasion	
Resources	●●●○○	Spirit Speech	
Rites	●●○○○	Control Simple Machine	
Totem	●●○○○		
	○○○○○		

Renown

Glory: ○○○○○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Honor: ○○○○○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Wisdom: ●●●○○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rank

Rage: ●●○○○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Gnosis: ●●●○○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower: ●●●●○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

Bruised		☐
Hurt	-1	☐
Injured	-1	☐
Wounded	-2	☐
Mauled	-2	☐
Crippled	-5	☐
Incapacitated		☐

Tribal Weakness

CANNOT REGAIN GNOSIS IN THE WILDERNESS

Former G-man

Quote: *The polygraph measures a lot of different things, actually. Very accurate. Oh, I forgot to tell you. Sarah found three hairs in the lobby, and their lengths suggest they were from a Crinos. Which is very odd, isn't it? First question: Do you stand by your story?*

Prelude: Strictly speaking, you weren't really suited for the job anyway. You'd been out of college for a year, Law degree in hand, without even a hint of a job prospect. A position opened up in the local FBI Field Office for an Intelligence Research Specialist, and you successfully applied. It was an office job, nothing like the films. After a year of it, something in you wanted to make it like in the films, so you took the next step and applied to become a special agent, did your sixteen weeks of training, got an assignment.

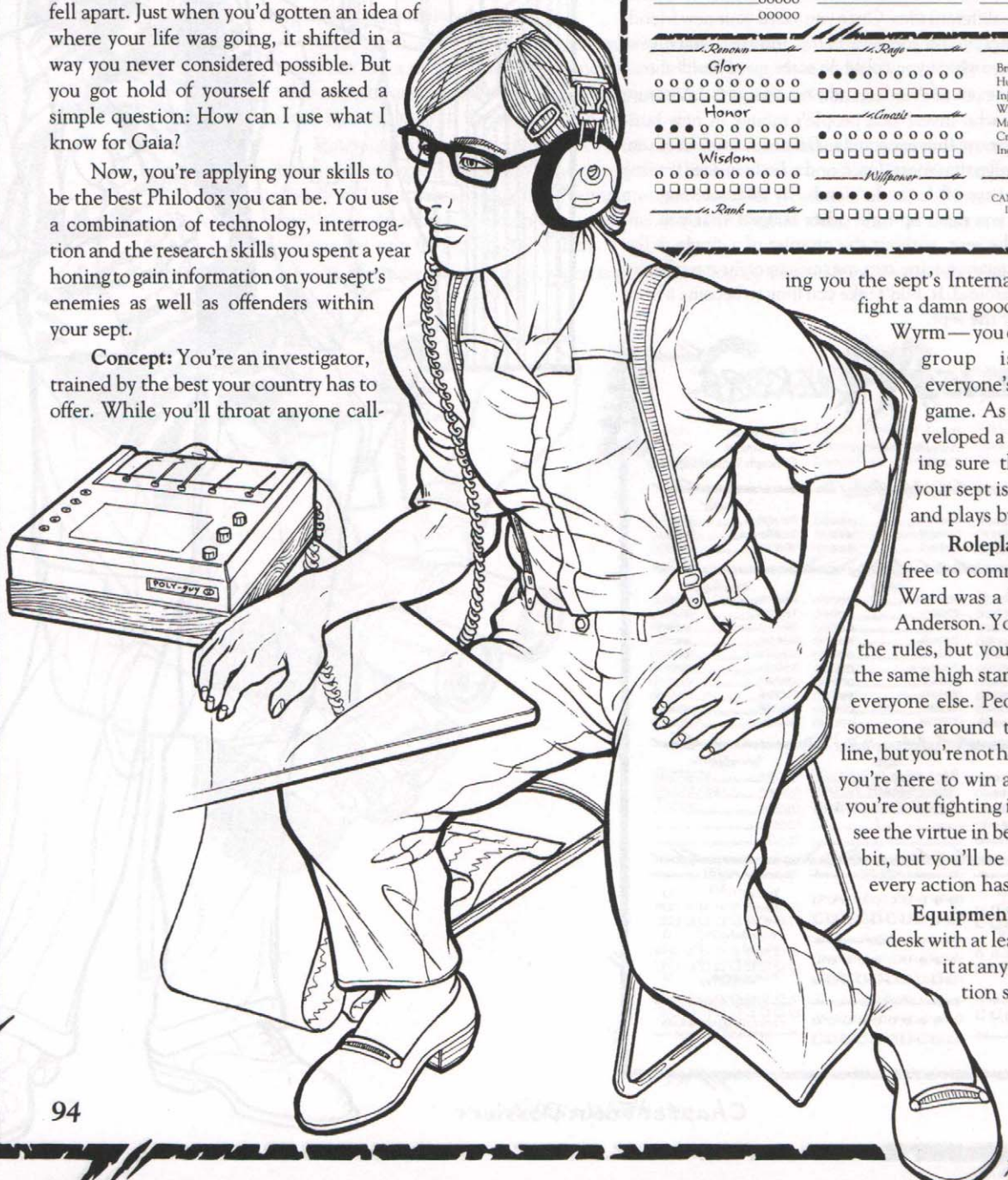
A few months down the track, the reason for that constant need for adventure made itself clear when you had your First Change at the age of twenty-seven. Everything fell apart. Just when you'd gotten an idea of where your life was going, it shifted in a way you never considered possible. But you got hold of yourself and asked a simple question: How can I use what I know for Gaia?

Now, you're applying your skills to be the best Philodox you can be. You use a combination of technology, interrogation and the research skills you spent a year honing to gain information on your sept's enemies as well as offenders within your sept.

Concept: You're an investigator, trained by the best your country has to offer. While you'll throat anyone calling you the sept's Internal Affairs — you fight a damn good war against the Wyrm — you do know that any group is best when everyone's playing the same game. As such, you've developed a passion for making sure that everyone in your sept is straight, honest, and plays by the Litany.

Roleplaying Hints: Feel free to comment that really, Ward was a better man than Anderson. You're a stickler for the rules, but you hold yourself to the same high standard as you hold everyone else. People hate having someone around to keep them in line, but you're not here to win friends, you're here to win a war. And when you're out fighting it, maybe you can see the virtue in bending the rules a bit, but you'll be quick to observe every action has its reaction.

Equipment: Polygraph, a desk with at least five folders on it at any one time, regulation sidearm.



Glass Walkers

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Philodox
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Former G-man

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●○○○	Charisma	●○○○○	Perception	●●●●○
Dexterity	●●●○○	Manipulation	●●●○○	Intelligence	●●●○○
Stamina	●●●○○	Appearance	●●○○○	Wits	●●●○○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●●○○○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Computer	●●●●○
Athletics	●○○○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Enigmas	●○○○○
Brawl	●○○○○	Drive	●○○○○	Investigation	●●●●○
Dodge	●○○○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Law	●●○○○
Empathy	●●○○○	Firearms	●●○○○	Linguistics	●○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Leadership	●●○○○	Medicine	●○○○○
Intimidation	●●○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Primal-Urge	●○○○○	Performance	○○○○○	Politics	●○○○○
Streetwise	●○○○○	Stealth	●●○○○	Rituals	○○○○○
Subterfuge	●○○○○	Survival	○○○○○	Science	●○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts	Gifts
Contacts	●●●○○	Persuasion	
Resources	●●●○○	Truth of Gaia	
	○○○○○	Trick Shot	
	○○○○○		
	○○○○○		

Renown
Glory ○○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Honor ●●●○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Wisdom ○○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Rank

Rage ●●●○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Gnosis ●○○○○○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□
Willpower ●●●●●○○○○○ □□□□□□□□□□

Health

Bruised		□
Hurt	-1	□
Injured	-1	□
Wounded	-2	□
Mauled	-2	□
Crippled	-5	□
Incapacitated		□

Tribal Weakness
CANNOT REGAIN GNOSIS IN THE WILDERNESS

Urban Umbral Explorer

Quote: *Get back here! Don't go down that street. Do I have to tell you what happened to the last guy who went down that street? Don't go down that street.*

Prelude: You were just another wolf born in the wilderness. You played with other cubs, but wrestled them to the ground too easily. Besting the rest of your pack seemed so easy that you hardly believed there was a time when you weren't alpha. When you Changed, it wasn't a surprise. Well, a little, perhaps.

Life as a Garou cub was much the same. You were better than the other cubs and easily humiliated the two-legged ones, particularly enjoying the way the male ones got disgusted at being beaten by a feral bitch. But the enjoyment passed. Certainly, there were others there you couldn't beat, but you would one day. They told you you'd be a great storyteller, but you felt like you knew every story already!

Then, in your Rite of Passage, you got sent off to the city. They'd told you to kill someone, but the moment you saw the city, you stopped caring. The city frightened you. Puzzled you. All the rules were different, nothing made sense. For the first time, you felt uncertainty. And you liked it.

You never went back home. Instead you found more like you in the City and forced them to accept you, instead, which they seemed to do gladly. Not that they were perfect, either. They were all apes, clumsy and slow and with no idea about how the mirror worlds worked. But then, that's where you fit in. You didn't need machines to explore the strangeness of the city's Umbra, and four paws tread the pattern web better than two.

There are a million stories in the city. You intend to find every last one.

Concept: The real wilderness is just too soft. All the challenges that demand the attention of a wolf are in the urban jungle, so why is it all apes in there? They all spend their time in the world of cars and money or maybe step over once or twice in their caern. They've barely even scratched the surface of the City. You intend to dig into its entrails a little.

Roleplaying Hints: You're adapting to being, for once in your life, someone other than the alpha. Respect that you now have to follow orders sometimes, but snap out sometimes and don't apologize for it. Shove your nose into every nook, cranny, secret and personal relationship and remember it all for later. It's all important.

Equipment: Some borrowed clothes for when you need them, a few steaks bought for you (The one thing wrong with the city is the food.) and a spot on the caern's floor where you can sleep.

Glass Walkers™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Galliard
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Urban Umbral Explorer

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●●○○	Charisma	●●●●○	Perception	●●●○○
Dexterity	●●●●○	Manipulation	●○○○○	Intelligence	●●○○○
Stamina	●●●○○	Appearance	●●○○○	Wits	●●●○○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●●○○○	Animal Ken	●●○○○	Computer	○○○○○
Athletics	●●○○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Enigmas	●●○○○
Brawl	●●○○○	Drive	○○○○○	Investigation	○○○○○
Dodge	●●○○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Law	○○○○○
Empathy	○○○○○	Firearms	○○○○○	Linguistics	○○○○○
Expression	○○○○○	Leadership	●○○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	●●○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Primal-Urge	●●●○○	Performance	○○○○○	Politics	○○○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	●●●○○	Rituals	●●●○○
Subterfuge	○○○○○	Survival	●●●○○	Science	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts	Gifts
Fetish	●●●○○	Hare's Leap	
Rites	●●●○○	Heightened Senses	
	○○○○○	Mindspeak	
	○○○○○	Skyscraper Vision	
	○○○○○		

Renown

Glory ●●○○○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Honor ○○○○○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Wisdom ●○○○○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rank

Rage ●●●●○○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Gnosis ●●●●●○○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower ●●●●●●○○○○ ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

Bruised		☐
Hurt	-1	☐
Injured	-1	☐
Wounded	-2	☐
Mauled	-2	☐
Crippled	-5	☐
Incapacitated		☐

Tribal Weakness

CANNOT REGAIN GNOSIS IN THE WILDERNESS

The Six-Million Dollar Mule

Quote: *They made me strong, fast, and whole. Now, I can fight for Gaia. Tell me again why they should all die.*

Prelude: You were born with every bone in your body broken. Gaia cursed the bones knitted of incest and made them break under even the slightest pressure. You were unable to stand, move and barely even to eat. Every bite shattered your teeth, and you cried in pain as they healed again. The caern wanted to put you out of your misery, but your father knew a man that could help. This man had no reason to help — he and your father hated each other — but neither wanted to see you die.

So the man got to work. He bound snake-spirits into titanium bars and bound the bars into your bones. He replaced your teeth and claws with metal and your easily snapped sinews with silicon. When you were ready, he stood by you for a year and a day to train you and build up your muscle until you were as strong and powerful as anyone else. But all this while, you heard the stories. People like this man, this healer, were being hunted as demons across the continent. The thought of this made you burn with anger.

Now, you're a new person. Not only are you determined to save Gaia, but also to prove that the way forward is not evil, to the very tribe who perpetually say they advance.

Concept: You're an advocate of the Cyber Dogs, living proof that they can do good in the world. The news that they killed ten Garou shocked you, but you observed that the rest killed twice as many Cyber Dogs. You won't rest until they're an accepted part of Glass Walker society. Meanwhile, you revel in your newfound strength and the many deadly tricks under your skin.

Roleplaying Hints: You've been born again, and in far more literal a way than any shrieking Christian. Every time you stand up in the morning, shake your head in wonder at the strength of your legs. Shake with Rage whenever anyone suggests this is wrong. Show immediate caring instinct to anyone in need, though, you remember how it feels.

Equipment: An assault rifle hooked to a Personal Reserves fetish, large combat knife, .45 pistol, thirteen photographs of your father and your builder, carefully kept in an album.

METIS DEFORMITY: Dependent on technology. A simple success using Jam Technology or Control Complex Machine completely immobilizes you.

Glass Walkers

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Metis
Auspice: Ahroun
Camp: Cyber Dogs

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: $6 Million Mule

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●●●●○	Charisma	●●●○○	Perception	●●○○○
Dexterity	●●●○○	Manipulation	●●●○○	Intelligence	●●○○○
Stamina	●●●○○	Appearance	●●○○○	Wits	●●●○○

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	●●○○○	Animal Ken	○○○○○	Computer	●●○○○
Athletics	●○○○○	Crafts	○○○○○	Enigmas	○○○○○
Brawl	●●●●○	Drive	●○○○○	Investigation	○○○○○
Dodge	●●●○○	Etiquette	○○○○○	Law	○○○○○
Empathy	○○○○○	Firearms	●●○○○	Linguistics	○○○○○
Expression	●●●○○	Leadership	●●○○○	Medicine	○○○○○
Intimidation	○○○○○	Melee	○○○○○	Occult	○○○○○
Primal-Urge	●●○○○	Performance	○○○○○	Politics	●●○○○
Streetwise	○○○○○	Stealth	●●○○○	Rituals	●○○○○
Subterfuge	○○○○○	Survival	○○○○○	Science	○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts	Gifts
Fetish	●●●●●	Primal Anger	
Resources	●○○○○	Inspiration	
	○○○○○	Diagnostics	
	○○○○○		
	○○○○○		

Renown
Glory ●●○○○○○○○○ ○○○○○○○○○○
Honor ●○○○○○○○○○ ○○○○○○○○○○
Wisdom ○○○○○○○○○○ ○○○○○○○○○○
Rank ○○○○○○○○○○

Rage ●●●●●○○○○○ ○○○○○○○○○○
Gnosis ●●●○○○○○○○ ○○○○○○○○○○
Willpower ●●●●●●○○○○ ○○○○○○○○○○

Health

Bruised		☐
Hurt	-1	☐
Injured	-1	☐
Wounded	-2	☐
Mauled	-2	☐
Crippled	-5	☐
Incapacitated		☐

Tribal Weakness
CANNOT REGAIN GNOSIS IN THE WILDERNESS

The Ones to Watch and Remember

Gianluigi Lucci

One of, if not the most influential Glass Walker of the 20th century, Gianluigi Lucci dominated the Wise Guys while he was alive, and under his guidance the Wise Guys dominated the tribe more powerfully than their successors ever have. Born in the overcrowded West Side of Chicago in 1895, Lucci was brought up in the anti-Semitic beliefs of his family and Catholic neighbors, and by twelve was already a part of an Italian street gang. His First Change in 1908 was in a clash with a Jewish street gang in the area, he slaughtered both gangs in the process.

Making the most of a bad situation, Lucci formed a pack of three Italian Glass Walkers in the city and modeled them on the street gang he used to belong to, keeping the same territory as before. This kept them under the police's radar, since they thought these were just the same guys they already kept good tabs on, as opposed to a new group needing investigation. But this tactic also made them available to infamous Mafia figure Johnny Torrio, and his involvement would indirectly create the Wise Guys.

As the Wise Guys began their ascent into Glass Walker history, Lucci began searching for a deeper meaning to his success. It had all seemed too random and convenient for him, and this gifted young Theurge spent weeks in the Umbra at a time while his pack handled his worldly affairs. Every time he'd come back with new knowledge and old Gifts that no one had heard of in decades, or even centuries. But he never returned with an answer that satisfied his craving for personal meaning, a craving that only grew stronger when the Wise Guys linked up with Al Capone and gained dominance in the tribe. In desperation he would return to the faith of his childhood, but by this stage those who knew him knew he was burning out.

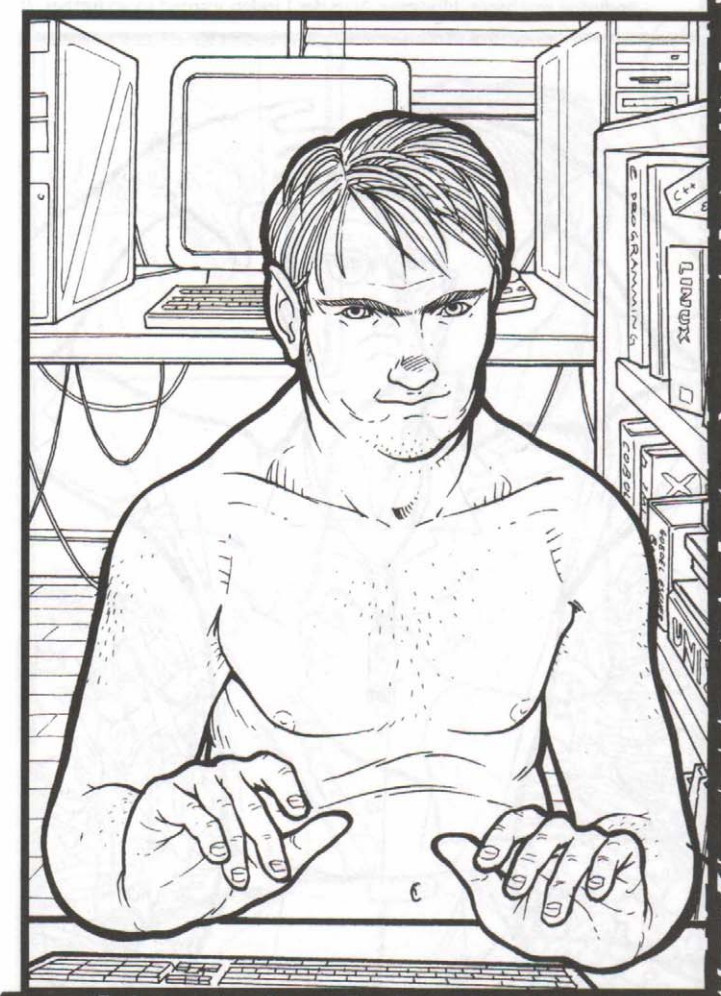
He would never again be the jesting tough of his early childhood, but became more cynical and sadistic as the years went by, a fact that never stopped his pack from being one of the genuine legendary packs of the tribe. In addition to clashing with (and defeating) some of the greatest threats the Wyrm had to offer in the cities, he locked horns with famous human lawmen, including a brief clash with Elliot Ness.

Lucci finally did burn out in 1960 at the age of 65. Even then, he clung to life with a ferocious determination and lived to an age of 103. Some wonder what fear of death the man had and what demons (personal and real) he faced in life, but there's no question that he made the tribe what it is today. Few would recommend trying to emulate Lucci, but there's not a personality in Glass Walker history that can match him.

Kleon Winston

Had Kleon Winston been around in the 1920s, he'd probably have wound up in the Wise Guys, and New York's Mafia might have dominated Chicago's as a result. He's simply that good at networking and forging connections. As it was, he was around in the '90s, and put those talents to work forging a tight system of information sharing among Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers in the city.

This network unveiled, among other things, some of the most extensive information on the Wyrm-cult known as the 7th Generation any collection of Garou on the planet ever possessed. Locations where they held their debased rites, interviews with the victims, and extensive dossiers on the ringleaders — Winston's intelligence was flawless. He long pressured others to try and take action against it but was unable to convince other tribes of the danger the cult presented.



When Lord Albrecht began his move against the 7th Generation, Loba Carcassone mentioned Winston's name to him and Albrecht immediately seized upon the opportunity to gain the still immaculately well-kept folders. Winston hadn't let his information grow dated, and his perseverance paid off. His intelligence was critical to the perfect success of the mission, and his wisdom was greatly renowned throughout both the Glass Walkers and the Silver Fangs, elevating him to the status of Athro. As such, he's managed to earn the favor of Albrecht. For this master of networking, it's simply the perfect contact.

Winston hasn't yet asked any favors of Albrecht, it's well known that he's currently digging into Endron Oil and is learning of some interesting opportunities. However, rumor has it that Endron is also digging into him, and he may need protection from sniper bullets soon.

Gabriel Van der Linden

Once the greatest visionary and hope of the tribe, now one of its most feared enemies, the only thing Gabriel Van der Linden has never been is ignored. Born to a wealthy Belgian family, he became a gifted thinker, engineer and athlete. (He might have been an Olympic 400m runner had he been more interested in pursuing that than academia.) Whilst studying in Paris, he had a spectacularly violent First Change that killed over thirty people.

After recovering from the shock of transition, the young Galliard went back and completed his education (by correspondence whenever possible,) while discussing some of his ideas with three other cubs, who would eventually form the original Cyber Dogs pack. To Gabriel, the Wyrm was destruction by entropy, the slow rotting away of all that was good. How better would it be, then, to proof Gaia against rotting? In only a few decades, man would invent computers that could operate as quickly as a human brain. Soon, he believed, we would all become forever-enduring machines. However, Van der Linden wanted to go further. If Gaia were to become perfect, then all of nature would have to become perfect as well. Thus, Gabriel began experimenting on animals and when that failed, he and the Cyber Dogs abducted a Lupus Garou and attempted to implant him with cybernetics. The experiment had limited success.

Though the Cyber Dogs had much outward success, Gabriel was never satisfied since they came no closer to what he considered their ultimate goal. In 1998 he called the pack to Belgium to regroup and rededicate themselves to their purpose, and from Belgium they made an exploration into the CyberRealm to gain the answers they needed. When they returned, they were part man, part wolf, part spirit and part machine. Gabriel made his announcements and began the Cyber Dogs camp to hasten his goals. Eventually, however, his continual experimentation on Lupus Garou became known, and the camp, along with his dreams, were destroyed.

Image: Gabriel is a striking figure tall, lean and handsome with shortly cropped black hair and eyes framed by small rimless spectacles. Along with his eyewear, he tends to don slacks and open collared shirts, as well as a calm, inquisitive expression on his face at all times. His Crinos and Lupus form have long gray fur with streaks of black throughout, and when he is in either form he displays obvious cybernetic enhancements.

Roleplaying notes: Gabriel is philosophical and awesomely charismatic, but harbors an obvious anger that is currently aimed at the tribemates that he believes betrayed him, the tribe and Gaia. However, he is also capable of showing tremendous affection toward anyone who seeks his wisdom. Sometimes too much, those within the camp knew his predilection for bedding female members of the camp. After all, soon there wouldn't be any more Metis, or Homid or Lupus... just Garou. The one thing he cannot stand is fear of advancement, and if someone had second thoughts about being implanted, he was known to shout at them, "Just take action." When he is disappointed, he is prone to dragging his protégés kicking and screaming toward his ideals. They'll thank him for it later.

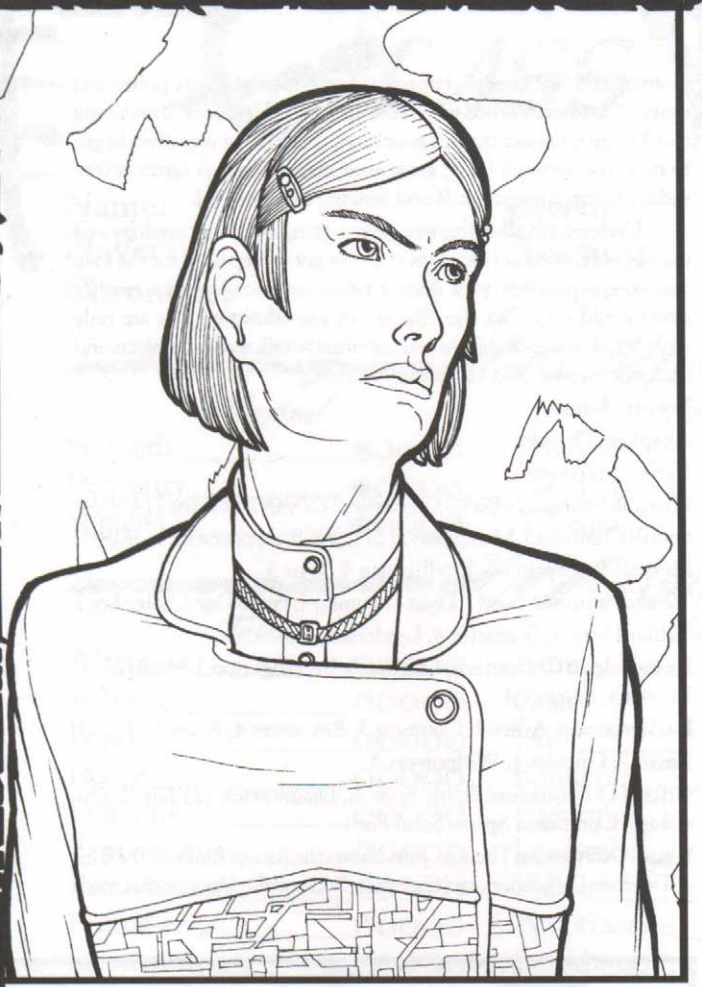
He has a wide selection of Cyberfetishes, including an internal phone and computer, and a selection of tiny blades that pop out of his entire body except for the soles of his feet, turning him into a stainless steel porcupine in battle. His favorite Gift is "Cool Mind"

Elizabeth Genereader

It's just as well that the Glass Walkers don't have a defined central leadership, because if they did, the leader would probably be Elizabeth Genereader, and the news that the tribe had elected a fostern to lead them would have them declared nuttier than the Silver Fangs. But then, it wasn't her decision.

Elizabeth Genereader grew up in Holland, born in 1977, the second child in her family. The first was her brother, a rampantly egotistical child who demanded attention. Elizabeth always felt the need to compete with her brother but never felt comfortable trying to steal his spotlight, so she simply worked quietly but hard. She can't deny his strong personality influenced her, however, and she always ended up pursuing related, but different fields. When he studied computers in *middelbare* school, she studied biology and was to study it in *universiteit* when she experienced her First Change in an argument with a boyfriend. She killed him and was swept up by the Glass Walkers, who covered up the crime and arranged to have her live on campus, away from her family. She completed her degree and became a geneticist working in medical research, from which she took her deed name.

After a few months, the young Philodox discovered that she'd found her niche in the tribe, quietly working in the sept whenever she could to resolve disputes before they flared into full-blown feuds. It was the low-key, necessary work she enjoyed. She even joined an international pack after she met a German named Guy Sims, who



introduced her to the others that formed her pack. She always seemed to be the "last member" of the pack, added as an afterthought and as a support to her more ambitious packmates, which suited her.

But as she was establishing herself, she had made friends with another Glass Walker named Dary Fransz. Fransz was one of the early Cyber Dogs, and Elizabeth began to notice personality changes as he became more involved. Fransz began to quote, at length, the teachings of Van der Linden, began to use his initiative less, and seemed less emotional. The entire movement scared her, a fear only bolstered by the nervous whisperings of the spirits in the sept, who told her that the Cyber Dogs wanted to "replace them." Her conscience outweighing her shyness, she began to speak out against them and made several brilliant arguments against them over GWnet, her most eloquent statement being, "You can't code Gaia."

These arguments resulted in her receiving an email entitled, "You need to do research." Following up this e-mail lead her to a mysterious contact and then to a meeting deep in the Carpathians with none other than the Shadow Lord Margrave, Yuri Konietzko. He offered her, "useful arguments" in exchange for "future favors" and, against her better judgment, she agreed. He informed her of the experiments conducted by Gabriel Van der Linden, which horrified her. Filled with a new resolve, she returned to her sept and made her now famous Promethean Daze address.

Since then, Elizabeth has retreated back into her reclusive shell as much as she can, but it's impossible when the entire Random Interrupt camp, a camp she helped elevate within the tribe, looks to her for inspiration. Many elders within the camp resent being shoved aside by someone so young. Still others look to easily best her for massive political gain. Elizabeth has done little since then except hide herself in her pack where she can happily continue her favored support role, and advise members of her camp personally whenever she can. The "future favors" weigh heavily on her mind, she fears the vengeance of Van der Linden, and even many members of her own tribe. These days, she is trying to remain courageous while clearly in way over her head. Her pack has become her counsel and reassurance, where she can simply do what she's best at.

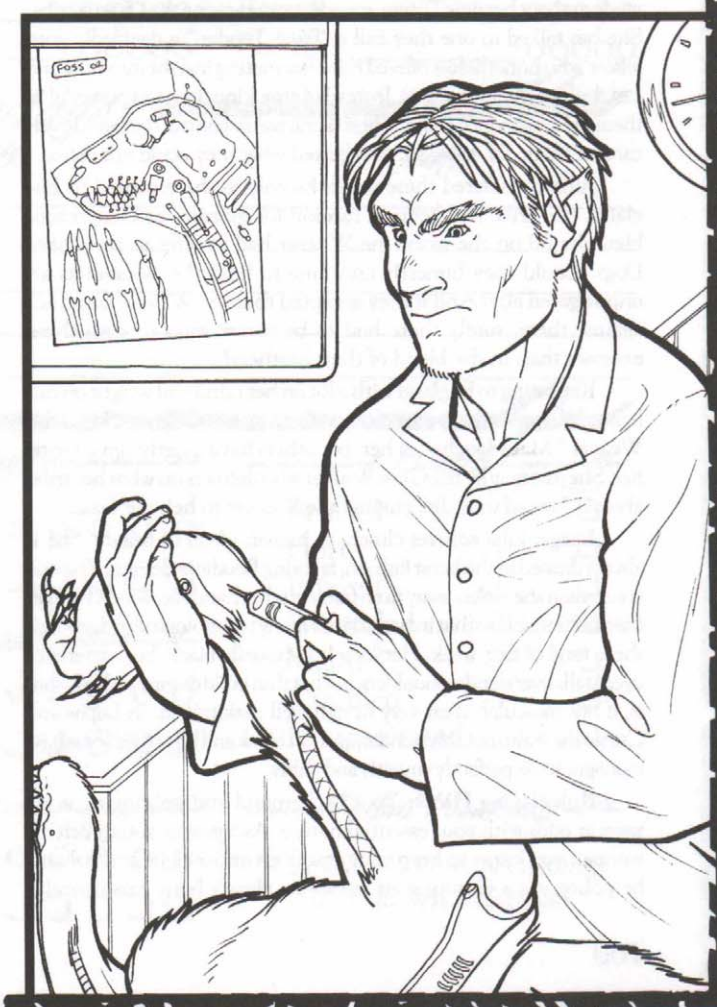
Paul Matzenkopf

When struck by tragedy, some people lose their innocence. Others cling to it as a burning beacon. Matzenkopf is one of these latter types.

When Van der Linden called out to the tribe for followers, Matzenkopf was one of the first to come. An avid science fiction reader in his childhood, Paul saw Gabriel's inventions as a realization of his fantasies and rushed to be a part of it. Gabriel's bold vision and strong, vital leadership enchanted him. He was devastated when he learned of his experiments.

But Matzenkopf couldn't be broken. Inside his body now where the things he dreamed of as a child, and he had enough sense to know he wasn't like his beloved teacher. Matzenkopf struck back, managing to find a few of those he knew from the camp that he trusted and formed a loose alliance. This alliance has grown as a splinter from the camp itself, as the "new" Cyber Dogs, determined to take the invention and philosophy of the camp, regarding them as *part* of a solution, rather than *the* solution.

This new direction has begun with Matzenkopf's first project: Teeth-of-Titanium. Teeth was one of Gabriel's "successful" pre-Cyber Dogs experiments, and was chronically afraid of going insane like so many of the others, almost psychotically looking for death in battle. Matzenkopf has convinced him to instead look for life, and has begun work on trying to reverse the bionic implants that make up his body



now, turning him back into a normal lupus Garou. Should he succeed, Paul believes it will be poetic proof that the Cyber Dogs should not all be held accountable for the sins of their father.

Julia "Firewall" Spencer

Perhaps the most promising young werewolf in the tribe today, Julia Spencer has the unique benefit of blurring nearly all boundaries that could otherwise inhibit her. She is a techno Theurge, but is not an official member of the Random Interrupts. She is a loyal Glass Walker, but belongs to a multi-tribal pack adopted by Uktena. In addition to this, she is ambitious, clever and capable.

Julia was born in London to a wealthy father and a mother she never knew. Raised by nannies and in boarding schools, she never knew why her mother abandoned her until she was sixteen. Spending a day in London shopping with friends, she began to walk to a taxi stand when a group of drunks pouring out of a pub began heckling her and followed her before dragging her into an alley. Terror became fury as something in her snapped, and her First Change ended with her in a pool of blood, beer and broken glass. She ended perversely proud of her First Change, which left little evidence and was easy to cover up.

Most recently, she has gained respect for her part in the Silver River pack. At the Get of Fenris Sept of the Anvil-Klaiven for a concolation, she gained enmity for summoning a Pattern Spider into the caern to assist an escape to London. She continued to America by Concorde with her new pack: Red Talon Storm-Eye, Child of Gaia Cries Havoc, Bone Gnawer Carlita and Wendigo John North Wind's Son. These five Garou, journeying across the world in a battle against the Wyrm-Beast Jo'cllath'mattric, were confronted by Uktena who formed them into the Silver River pack, lead by Storm-Eye as alpha.

Since then, Julia has returned to America again and again to seek wisdom about her new Totem, spending time among the Uktena tribe. She has talked to one they call a "Bane Tender," a decidedly grim fellow who nonetheless offered her a fascinating insight into how one can deal with enemy spirits. Instead of attacking the most powerful of them, he maintained that the best tactic was to control them and even care for them. By doing so, they bested what they could not defeat.

Julia considered these words heavily as she returned to England. Her tribe had been in turmoil for months, as Genereader blew the lid on the worst the Weaver had to offer in the Cyber Dogs. Could they honestly continue to hold the Weaver as an unmitigated ally? And if they accepted that the Weaver could act against them, surely there had to be better ways to curb these excesses than in the blood of their brothers?

Returning to England with a lot on her mind and weight on her heart, Julia posted a project for the first time to GWnet. "Heal the Weaver." Many laughed at her, but others have quietly agreed with her. She just may be the Glass Walker who delivers on what her tribe always claimed they did: guiding the Weaver to helping Gaia.

Image: Julia adheres closely to human ideals of beauty. She is always dressed in the latest fashion, favoring Boudicca designs. The one concession she makes away from fashion is her handbag, which is larger than fashionable so that it can hold her many technological gadgets that she is fond of that week. Her long hair (usually black, but sometimes dyed) falls over slender shoulders, but her thin build disguises a body that is, if not muscular, then very fit and well maintained. In Lupus and Crinos she is also notably slender, and her black and brown fur somehow manages to be perfectly smooth and shiny.

Roleplaying Hints: Your background and upbringing is always at odds with your essential nature. As a proper young British woman, you know to keep your emotions under tight control and be polite. As a Garou, your emotions always burn passionately. Keep up the "ice queen" demeanor and be scrupulously polite and nasty all at once. Barbed wit is your specialty. However, if someone touches on a subject near to your heart, positive or negative, begin to raise your voice a little, grow animated and speak faster before suddenly catching yourself and looking embarrassed.

Underneath all of the wry deprecation, love of technology and the high life, and cool demeanor, you've got a deep need for the love and acceptance that your distant father and non-existent mother never could offer. But the chances of you admitting this are only slightly below impossible, so you continue to talk around subjects and hint when you should be openly confessing.

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Theurge

Rank: 2 (Fostern)

Physical: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 2 (4/5/5/4)

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 4 (3/0/4/4)

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Empathy 1, Primal Urge 1, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 1, Etiquette 4, Leadership 1

Knowledges: Computer 4, Enigmas 3, Investigation 3, Medicine 3, Rituals 3, Science 4

Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Resources 4, Rites 3

Rage: 2; **Gnosis:** 3; **Willpower:** 5

Gifts: (1) Persuasion, Spirit Speech, Diagnostics; (2) Jam Technology, Command Spirit, Steel Fur

Rites: A very young Theurge, Julia knows the Rite of Binding, the Rite of Talisman Dedication, and Greets the Sun and the Moon without fail.

Glass Walkers™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed:
Auspice:
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept:

Attributes

Physical		Social		Mental	
Strength	●OOOO	Charisma	●OOOO	Perception	●OOOO
Dexterity	●OOOO	Manipulation	●OOOO	Intelligence	●OOOO
Stamina	●OOOO	Appearance	●OOOO	Wits	●OOOO

Abilities

Talents		Skills		Knowledges	
Alertness	OOOOO	Animal Ken	OOOOO	Computer	OOOOO
Athletics	OOOOO	Crafts	OOOOO	Enigmas	OOOOO
Brawl	OOOOO	Drive	OOOOO	Investigation	OOOOO
Dodge	OOOOO	Etiquette	OOOOO	Law	OOOOO
Empathy	OOOOO	Firearms	OOOOO	Linguistics	OOOOO
Expression	OOOOO	Leadership	OOOOO	Medicine	OOOOO
Intimidation	OOOOO	Melee	OOOOO	Occult	OOOOO
Primal-Urge	OOOOO	Performance	OOOOO	Politics	OOOOO
Streetwise	OOOOO	Stealth	OOOOO	Rituals	OOOOO
Subterfuge	OOOOO	Survival	OOOOO	Science	OOOOO

Advantages

Backgrounds		Gifts	Gifts
	OOOOO		
	OOOOO		
	OOOOO		
	OOOOO		
	OOOOO		

Renown

Glory
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Honor
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Wisdom
O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Rank

Rage

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❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Gnosis

O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Willpower

O O O O O O O O O O
❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑ ❑

Health

Bruised		❑
Hurt	-1	❑
Injured	-1	❑
Wounded	-2	❑
Mauled	-2	❑
Crippled	-5	❑
Incapacitated		❑

Tribal Weakness

CANNOT REGAIN GNOSIS IN THE WILDERNESS

Glass Walkers™

Homid	Glabro	Crinos	Hispo	Lupus
No Change	Strength (+2)____	Strength (+4)____	Strength (+3)____	Strength (+1)____
	Stamina (+2)____	Dexterity (+1)____	Dexterity (+2)____	Dexterity (+2)____
	Appearance (-1)____	Stamina (+3)____	Stamina (+3)____	Stamina (+2)____
	Manipulation (-2)____	Appearance 0	Manipulation (-3)____	Manipulation (-3)____
		Manipulation (-3)____	+1 Die to Bite Damage	-2 Perception Diff.
Difficulty: 6	Difficulty: 7	Difficulty: 6	Difficulty: 7	Difficulty: 6
		INCITE DELIRIUM IN HUMANS		

Other Traits

_____ OOOOO
_____ OOOOO
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Fetishes

Item:_____ Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____
Item:_____ Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____
Item:_____ Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____
Item:_____ Level____ Gnosis____
Power:_____

Rites

_____
_____
_____
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_____
_____

Combat

Maneuver/Weapon	Roll	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Rate	Clip

Brawling Chart

Maneuver	Roll	Diff	Damage
Bite	Dex+Brawl	5	Strength+1/A
Body Tackle	Dex+Brawl	7	Special/B
Claw	Dex+Brawl	6	Strength+1/A
Grapple	Dex+Brawl	6	Strength/B
Kick	Dex+Brawl	7	Strength+1/B
Punch	Dex+Brawl	6	Strength/B

A=Aggravated Damage
B=Bashing Damage

Armor:_____

Glass Walkers™

Nature: **Demeanor:**

Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Expanded Background

Allies

Kinfolk

Resources

Contacts

Totem

Possessions

Gear (Carried):

Equipment (Owned):

Experience

TOTAL:

Gained From:

TOTAL SPENT:

Spent On:

Sept

Name:

Caern Location:

Level: Type:

Totem:

Leader:

GLASS WALKERS™

History

Prelude

Description

Age:

Hair:

Eyes:

Race:

Nationality:

Sex:

	Height	Weight
Homid:		
Glabro:		
Crinos:		
Hispo:		
Lupus:		

Battle Scars:

Metis Deformity:

Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch

TRIBEBOOK:

GLASS WALKERS™

Wolves of the City

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